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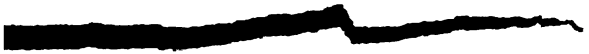

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE PUBLISHERS SELECT THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES OF THE FIRST EDITION OF

Miscellanies, by S. Collins, M. D.

"This volume was written by Dr. Collins, of Baltimore; a gentleman well known for his high character and literary taste. His style is clear, pure, and often beautiful; his perceptions are quick and usually true; and the grasp of his intellect extensive. In mind, character, taste, and genius, we set him down as a disciple of Charles Lamb; and although he does not equal his great prototype—few ever will—yet to say he approaches nearer to that pure and exalted original than any other living writer, is praise enough."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Dr. Collins is a writer of much force, taste, and eloquence; and the volume does honour as well to his head and heart, as to American literature. The tone is lofty, the taste is pure, and the style is meritorious in no ordinary degree."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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"This volume is composed of Essays on literary subjects, critical and biographical articles, select speeches, &c., by Dr. Collins, of Baltimore. We have read some of the papers with great pleasure. The author proves himself well versed in English letters, a discreet critic, and an earnest friend of high-toned morality. Among these Miscellanies we may mention particularly pleasant sketches of Dickens, Lamb, and other familiar names in literature and science."—*Philadelphia North American.*

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"The author of this volume is a physician of Baltimore—evidently a man of instructed mind, sound feelings, and good judgment."—*New York American.*

"This is a volume of which the author has reason to be proud. The style is terse and vigorous, and the subjects on which he has written such as are interesting to every reader. We were particularly pleased with the dissertation on the character and writings of Charles Lamb."—*N. Y. Ladies' Companion.*

"Under the modest name of "Miscellanies" the author presents a series of Reviews and other literary Essays which certainly do credit to his general taste and information. In all these, a cultivated mind and a correct judgment display themselves, with warm impulses towards elegant pursuits. The book is, such as the general opinion of the press has avouched, one of more than ordinary merit. There is nothing dull, nothing affected, nothing immoral in it; and this, for a book of the present day, is saying a good deal."—*National Intelligencer.*

"This modest volume is not a religious work; but bears on every part of it the characters of a religious mind. In addition to the refinement of literary habits which every where reveals itself in these Essays, there is a christian benignity which is very winning, and which, we doubt not a moment, belongs to the author."—*Princeton Review.*

"There is much sense, taste, and more than an usual range of information in these Essays. Though a physician, the author's style is scarcely tinged with certain defects, almost always to be remarked in the literary efforts of that learned profession. The fact is general, although Sir Thomas Browne, Akenside, Smollet, and Goldsmith afford very brilliant exceptions to it."—*Richmond Whig.*

"Dr. Collins has been favourably known for a considerable time, by his able efforts in the Maryland Legislature, and more recently by many interesting and forcible articles in various periodicals. He is a ready, chaste, and natural writer—an acute and discerning critic —a strong and powerful reasoner. The volume now before us is made up of twenty-eight distinct articles, on as many different subjects; and notwithstanding some of these are apparently trite, and, therefore, at first view, would be pronounced uninteresting, yet he contrives to throw into the discussion so much life and animation, intermingled with such just and often novel views, such striking sentiments, and in a style so natural and entertaining that the reader will find it difficult to leave an article till he has read it all."—*Madisonian.*

"The volume before us is a collection of essays, criticisms, biographies, &c. These appear to be the recreations of a gentleman of taste, in hours of leisure, rather than the studied and elaborate productions of the professed literateur. We do not wish it to be implied, however, that the amateur author has been deficient in proper attention to his subjects, so as to present us with crudities of thought and inaccuracies of style, (for the articles give evidence of reading and reflection, and of refined taste,) but that he comes before us in an easy and unpretending manner, without the "pomp and circumstance" of premeditated book-making. His sketches are the quiet unburthening of the mind, rather than the efforts of ambitious display; and the reader participates in the calm and pleasurable feelings in which they appear to have been composed."—*Southern Quarterly Review.*

"This collection of "Miscellanies" is one of the most acceptable volumes which it has been our good fortune to read, in many a day, from the pen of any author, American or English. We can pay Dr. Collins no higher compliment than to say that this book is a copy of

himself. The style, every word drawn from "the wells of English undefiled;" the subjects, combining manly thought with sensibility as pure as ever flowed from the heart, or adorned the page of genius; the entire familiarity with the great thinkers and writers in the English tongue which drops out by accident, in almost every page; and withal the modesty which sheds its gentle grace over the whole, cheat us into the illusion, half the time we are reading, that we are conversing with the author."—*Maryland Temperance Herald.*

"Dr. Collins is not unknown to the public, as a writer of great force and vigour, and much elegance: and this work from his pen will not only extend the knowledge of his abilities, but increase his fame."—*Baltimore Patriot.*

"The style of the author is free, fluent, and copious, and it abounds in allusions which exhibit a great variety of reading. In all the Essays there is a tone of morality giving a characteristic mark of the current of thought and observation. The criticisms on various authors, who, as literary men, are made the subjects of several of the pieces, are written in a kindly spirit, yet with due regard to the claims of critical justice."—*Baltimore American.*

"We confess that on opening the pages of this volume we were impressed with previously conceived sentiments of kindness and respect toward its author, and the consequent hope had been excited that this, his first effusion from the press, might prove worthy of him. The hope has been realized. He has produced within the compass of a small volume a pleasing miscellany of articles that are characterized alike by graceful diction, elevated sentiment, and sound instruction. The style, the pure and elevated vein of thought pervading, the deep and calm research and reflection manifested, all tend to impart satisfaction on perusing the work before us."—*Baltimore Clipper.*

"This is a volume of Essays, from the pen of Dr. Collins, well known and highly respected in this city as a gentleman, a physician and a scholar. That he had devoted himself to the occupations of the closet, and consumed the "midnight oil," was not entirely unknown, though he had not yet ventured before the public "in book form;" hence expectations were to some extent indulged, that he would at some time favour the public with the result of his devotion to literary pursuits. In this case expectation has not been disappointed, either as touching the fact of authorship, or the character of the work, which is such as might justifiably be expected as resulting from that of the author, which needs not the feeble aid of our commendation."—*Baltimore Sun.*

MISCELLANIES:

BY

Stephen Collins, M. D.

I HAUE PLAYED MY SELFE THE INQUISITOR, AND FIND NOTHING TO MY VNDERSTANDING IN THESE ESSAYES CONTRARY, OR INFECTIOUS TO THE STATE OF RELIGION OR MANNERS; BUT RATHER (AS I SUPPOSE) MEDICINABLE.

Lord Bacon.

SECOND EDITION.

Philadelphia:
CAREY AND HART.
1845.

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TO

William H. Collins,

WITH WHOM HE HAS PASSED

SO MANY YEARS

OF UNDIMINISHED FRATERNAL AFFECTION,

AND BY WHOM HIS JOYS AND SORROWS

HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SHARED,

THIS VOLUME OF

Miscellanies

IS DEDICATED BY

The Author.

Preface.

It has been the desire of the author, in writing this volume, that every line may contribute to advance the cause of virtue, literature, or humanity. He can say, in the words of Bacon, that, to his understanding, he finds nothing in it contrary, or infectious to the state of religion, or manners; but rather, as he supposes, medicinable. If such be its character, he beliéves it will be read with that lenity of criticism with which the public is disposed to receive the first production of an author.

Baltimore, *October* 1*st*, 1842.

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Errata.

On page 11, line 7 from bottom, *for* "exception" *read* exceptions.
" " 72, " 2 from top, *for* "Cannæ" *read* Capua.
" " 129, " 3 from bottom, *for* "orbit" *read* orbits.
" " 284, " 14 from top, *for* "Pharoah" *read* Pharaoh.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE recent visit of Mr. Dickens to this country has attached additional interest to his character as an author, and a man. The annunciation that we might expect to see the writer who had contributed so much to our instruction and amusement; who derived his beautiful creations from those conditions of society which are degenerate, degraded, and forlorn; who held up to the contempt of the world meanness, falsehood, cruelty, and oppression, wherever found to exist; who spread before us, on his pages, the lesson taught in the great Book of Nature, that "Nothing is high, because it is in a high place; and nothing is low, because it is in a low one," was received with universal delight. Every age and condition looked with anxiety for the approach of the promised guest; and, on his arrival, gave him a reception which would have been an appropriate welcome to a friend and benefactor, long known and highly loved—a reception in accordance with the republican sentiments of the people of this country, which induced them to offer to genius the homage

which was denied to rank. We need not go far to find the reason for this enthusiasm. It is the influence which mind exercises over mind. One hundred thousand Romans arose when Virgil entered the theatre, and thus paid to the genius of the Mantuan bard the same homage which they offered to Cæsar himself. Petrarch received the laurel crown of Poetry in the presence of all the nobles and high-born ladies of Rome. Two hundred and fifty years later, the same honour was decreed to Tasso: but death interposed between the author of Gerusalemme Liberata, and the distinction which was to "receive from him as much honour as, in past times, it had conferred on others." It is a beautiful sentiment of Schiller, that, Genius, kindling with right affections, can hold the millions in its embrace, and throw a kiss to the whole world.

Although Mr. Dickens has obtained more reputation than any other author of the day, his history is not abundant with incidents. His parentage is respectable, his father having been, for many years, reporter to the London Morning Chronicle. At an early age he was placed in the office of an eminent barrister; and afterwards accepted an appointment as reporter for the same paper which employed his father. It cannot be doubted that this occupation, in a city like London, was the means of developing his remarkable powers for the observation and description of life. The existence of genius is often unknown to its possessor until developed by peculiar circumstances; as the waters of Meribah were concealed in the rock before they were made to flow by the rod of Moses. He is not the only

distinguished Englishman of the present day who has occupied this position. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd was, in early life, a reporter for the Times; and has become eminent as a dramatic poet, an advocate, and a parliamentary speaker. In 1834, Mr. Dickens first appeared as an author, by contributions to the Old Monthly Magazine, and assumed the sobriquet—Boz; a name by which he has long been as well known as by his patronymic. These papers were well received, without obtaining for him high reputation as a writer. In 1836, during the recess of Parliament, when the Morning Chronicle was not pressed with articles for publication, he inserted sketches, by Boz; and the public attention was at once arrested by his merits as an author. These sketches, with his former contributions to the Monthly, were re-published in the same year, in three volumes, with illustrations by Cruikshank. He then commenced the publication of the Pickwick Papers, with a very limited circulation—the third number not exceeding four thousand. When the series was completed, the circulation amounted to thirty thousand copies. Oliver Twist and Nicholas Nickleby followed in rapid succession; and when they were completed, Dickens—who had been a writer only five years—at the age of twenty-seven, was, with the exception of Byron and Scott, the most popular author of the century. In consequence of the reputation he had obtained by these creations of his genius, Master Humphrey's Clock had a circulation much more numerous than any of his previous works.

When I say that Dickens is, with two exceptions,

the most popular author, I do not design to assert that he is the best writer, of the century. His merits as a writer place his works among the standard productions of genius; but will not allow us to assign them, apart from his subjects, as a reason for his extraordinary fame. This arises as much from the character of his subjects, as from the composition. A writer who delights to describe the fashionable life of the nobility of Europe, or the pomp and magnificence of feudal times —subjects which have no connection with the common sympathies of the multitude—must not expect to rival in popularity the author who presents to the public mind the "simple annals of the poor."

Mr. Dickens' style of writing is dramatic; and he was induced, by suggestions from the reviewers, to attempt dramatic composition. He produced an Opera at the St. James' Theatre, entitled, The Village Coquettes; the music of which was the production of an eminent composer: and, subsequently, an interlude, Is She His Wife? was written, and brought forward at the same Theatre. The success of these efforts was not such as to induce him to continue to write for the stage. Some of his writings, as Oliver Twist and Nicholas Nickleby, were dramatized before their publication was completed by the author of these beautiful creations of genius. This probably caused him to introduce, a second time, in Nicholas Nickleby, the family of Vincent Crummles, the country manager; when, in the supper scene, he gives utterance to a caustic, and most indignant philippic against those who dramatize the unfinished works of an author. The

most popular writers of fiction do not usually succeed in dramatic composition. After the publication of Evelina, Miss Burney was urged by many friends—among them Sheridan and Sir Joshua Reynolds—to write a comedy. Dr. Johnson declined to join in the solicitation; and the result proved the soundness of his judgment. The comedy was written, and suppressed by the advice of those judges in whose opinions she placed most confidence. But the failure in the drama did not proceed from any diminution of the talents of the authoress. She afterwards wrote Cecilia, which was esteemed a more finished work than Evelina. It has been said that different talents are requisite for the two species of writing, though they are by no means incompatible. And the writer from whom I borrow this sentiment, explains the difference by saying that, in fiction, the author has as large a range as he pleases to pick, cull, and select whatever he likes: he takes his own time, and may be as minute as he pleases, provided that taste, with a deep and penetrating knowledge of human nature and the world, accompanies that minuteness. The writer can develope, and lay open to the view the very soul, and all its most secret recesses. But these advantages and resources are curtailed in comedy. There, everything passes in dialogue—all goes on rapidly: narrative and descriptive writing, if not short, become intolerable in the drama. The moment the scene ceases to move on briskly, and business seems to hang, the audience lose all patience. But Goldsmith proved that the talents

requisite for the two kinds of writing are not incompatible; he excelled as a novelist, and in comedy.

In 1834, Mr. Dickens married Miss Hogarth, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music; whose father was also a reporter for the Morning Chronicle. She is the grand-daughter of Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh, the friend and correspondent of Burns who published, many years since, a beautiful work entitled, A select collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice; with accompaniments by Pleyel, the most distinguished composer of that day. Pleyel also composed an instrumental prelude and conclusion to each Air, by which they were adapted to public and private concerts. At the solicitation of Mr. Thomson, Burns wrote for this work many of those exquisite songs—as Highland Mary, Bruce's Address, Wandering Willie—which exercised great influence over his countrymen, and have conferred immortality on his name. A sister of Mr. Dickens is married to Burnet, the singer of the St. James' Theatre. His other sister died about two years since; an event which produced such distressing effects on his mind that he was compelled to suspend, for some time, his literary pursuits. This circumstance was probably the cause of the report which prevailed at that time, that he was deranged, and the inmate of a Lunatic Asylum. He has shown his filial gratitude by purchasing an estate for his father, from which he derives an independent support. He has four children; and if we may form an estimate from the crayon sketch which exhibits the group, with flowing locks and sunny faces, no man ever enjoyed, in a higher

degree, the blessing of the Psalmist, Thy children shall be like olive plants round about thy table.

Such are the origin and domestic associations of a man whose genius has introduced him to all the literati of the day, and made him the most popular of living authors. May he long live to be the pride and support of this domestic circle, and to delight and instruct the world with the beautiful creations of a genius which has made him a distinguished ornament of the age.

Mr. Dickens receives liberal pecuniary compensation, as well as fame, in return for his professional labours. The admirers of an author so distinguished for genius, for purity of private and public character, and for the exemplary discharge of all the duties of the social relations, will desire that his emoluments may equal those of the late Wizard of the North. Such has not always been the reward of genius. The manuscript of Robinson Crusoe was long refused by the booksellers; and the purchaser made a profit of one thousand guineas. Goldsmith sold the Vicar of Wakefield for a few pounds. Dr. Johnson received two hundred guineas for the Lives of the Poets, and the bookseller made twenty-five thousand pounds sterling by the purchase. Paradise Lost brought Milton five pounds; and, with the profits, Tonson and his family rode in carriages which rivalled those of the nobility. Fielding offered the manuscript of Tom Jones for twenty-five pounds, and the purchase was declined. It was afterwards bought by Millar for a larger sum; and, before his death, he made eighteen thousand

pounds by the sale. Englishmen are not now allowed to starve in obscure alleys and garrets, while they are producing works which will ever remain the proudest monuments of their country's glory.

The genius of Scott presented Historical Romance in its most attractive form. Every country has incidents and associations which an able writer could describe with effect; but the author who attempts this species of composition must be placed in contrast with him who, with graphic power, presented to the world the men, the deeds, the antiquities, and the scenery of his country. A century may pass before a writer will appear to take the crown of Historical Romance from the head of the author of Waverly. Dickens entered on a field where the scythe of the reaper had not commenced the harvest; unless we consider him a disciple of Fielding, who, in the History of a Foundling, produced the first English work of fiction which was painted from nature, and is therefore called the father of the English Novel. He finds his heroes in the lanes and alleys of a great city; the massive buildings which confine the victims of crime and misfortune, are invested with an interest surpassing that which before had belonged to fabled castles; our sympathies are enlisted in the fate of misery and guilt clothed in rags, and bowed down by wretchedness. He describes the sufferings and patient virtues of those who appear in the humble walks of life, and eloquently appeals to the finest sympathies of our nature, which, under all circumstances, connect man with man.

The characters of Dickens speak in the language

which is appropriate to their respective classes: yet—like the writings of Lamb, without a coarse thought or word—there is not, in any page of his works, a passage which the most discreet mother would hesitate to place in the hands of a young daughter. In this respect he differs from Bulwer, whose powerful and imaginative mind fascinates his readers, and almost makes them insensible to the immoralities of many of his works. He does not describe an Alice, brought up in ignorance and isolation, possessing every charm of feature and person; yet lost to that sense of the preservation of character which, without education, woman is taught by the instincts of her nature: thus admitting that woman may be so artless, and innocent as to cease to be virtuous. Nor does he describe an Ernest Maltravers, with every accomplishment of mind and person, as noble in his character, yet insinuating himself into the sanctuary of confiding woman's affections, and, serpent-like, robbing her of that jewel without which she is "poor indeed:" thus teaching that men may be regarded as noble, and worthy of admiration, although they deprive female youth and innocence of that purity of character, on the preservation of which the foundations of society rest. He does not paint a man as the most noble and generous of his race, and yet the seducer of the wife of his friend; nor give attractive graces to the murderer; nor describe an Eugene Aram as gifted with lofty genius, and noble in thought, feeling, and action, while his hands were stained with the blood of his fellow-man. It is not said that Bulwer is the avowed apologist of such actions: but the

effect is, in a measure, the same when he draws the portraits of his heroes in such colours as to enlist the sympathy and admiration of the reader, and ascribes the criminal actions to a "strong delusion," or an "overpowering necessity." When the play, The Robbers, was first brought out on the German stage, the effect, if the statement can be depended on, was most disastrous on the young nobility, who aimed at imitation of the hero; and the piece was suppressed by the government. Schiller, when he wrote the play, did not design to entice young men to the forests of Bohemia: but Bulwer cannot be allowed to plead ignorance of effect, as an apology for his immoral productions.

Although the class of subjects chosen by Dickens might be supposed to expose him to the danger of vulgarity, there is nothing offensive to the severest delicacy in his delineations; and it is said that, in England, his writings are most popular amongst the women of the higher circles. I have somewhere seen it stated, that a celebrated London beauty jocularly proposed a party, to which none were to be admissible who did not consider Sam Weller essentially a gentleman. The author of Nicholas Nickleby draws admirable portraits, and his characters are well sustained under all circumstances. He excels in pathetic description, and in painting the beauties of nature. I select the following description from the story, The Five Sisters of York, in the sixth chapter of this work: "They were tall stately figures with dark flashing eyes and hair of jet; dignity and grace were in their every move-

ment, and the fame of their great beauty had spread through all the country round. But if the four elder sisters were lovely, how beautiful was the youngest, a fair creature of sixteen! The blushing tints in the soft bloom on the fruit, or the delicate painting on the flower, are not more exquisite than was the rose and lily in her gentle face, or the deep blue of her eye. The vine, in all its elegant luxuriance, is not more graceful, than were the clusters of rich brown hair that sported around her brow.

"If we all had hearts like those which beat so lightly in the bosoms of the young and beautiful, what a heaven this earth would be! If, while our bodies grew old and withered, our hearts could but retain their early youth and freshness, of what avail would be our sorrows and sufferings! But the faint image of Eden which is stamped upon them in childhood, chafes and rubs in our rough struggles with the world, and soon wears away: too often to leave nothing but a mournful blank remaining.

"The heart of this fair girl bounded with joy and gladness. Devoted attachment to her sisters, and a fervent love of all beautiful things in nature, were its pure affections. Her gleesome voice and merry laugh were the sweetest music of their home. She was its very light and life. The brightest flowers in the garden were reared by her; the caged birds sang when they heard her voice, and pined when they missed its sweetness. Alice, dear Alice; what living thing within the sphere of her gentle witchery, could fail to love her!"

This is a tale of deep pathos and surpassing beauty:

a tale in which nature is clothed in her loveliest charms; and woman pencilled with colours which make her to rival the lily of the valley; the social and domestic affections portrayed in a manner that almost disposes us to believe that heaven may be found on earth; but which closes with the stern realities that belong to the lot of man.

Nicholas Nickleby is perhaps the chef-d'œuvre of Mr. Dickens; and if he had written nothing more, would secure the transmission of his name to posterity. The characters are admirably drawn, and well sustained to the end. Squeers is a mean and cruel pedagogue; and a coward, because cruel and mean. Henceforward if you call a man a Squeers, you give him a character. Smike is an admirable illustration of helplessness suffering under oppression; and manifesting, in all his lowliness, traits of character which, in their developement, exalt human nature. Lord Frederick and Sir Mulberry uniformly act as if they believed the world was made for their special gratification. Tim Linkinwater, Brother Charles says, was born a hundred and fifty years old, and was gradually coming down to five and twenty. This one sentence contains a description of a fine character: that of a man advanced in life, whose love of all young and beautiful objects increased with every passing year. This cultivation of a child-like spirit is but a preparation for heaven: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." Ralph Nickleby is a consummate villain, willing to sacrifice his lovely niece to titled profligacy,

for the gratification of that meanest and most debasing of all passions—the love of money for its own sake, and not for the comforts it enables us to enjoy, and the blessings we may scatter around us. The interview between him and Arthur Gride is admirable; Ralph seated on a high office-stool—bold, calculating, cold, cunning: Gride crouched on a low seat—timid, mean, sensual, devilish. Nicholas and Kate are almost perfect characters; and all their words and actions are prompted by a noble nature—the only true nobility. Nicholas is intelligent, chivalrous, honourable, compassionate—the very man to produce in woman the feeling which Othello excited in Desdemona, "She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd." What shall I say of Kate? No Italian master ever painted a more beautiful portrait on canvass than Dickens has delineated in this lovely character. Like Rosamund Gray, she is "gentle as a smiling infant—affectionate as a weaned lamb." But this soft and delicate creature, whose elastic step would scarcely crush the lowliest floweret of the field, when ensnared by her uncle, and surrounded at his house by those whose presence was contamination to angelic purity like hers, acted with energy and decision far more deserving of commendation than the conduct of the Roman Lucretia.

Who could describe the glorious old twins—Brothers Charles and Ned? They are descended from Sir Roger de Coverly, who flourished more than a century before the time of the Brothers Cheeryble. The reader will be pleased, for the honour of human nature, to learn from the author that they are not the creations of his

own fancy; but that they lived, and by their munificent and generous deeds became the pride of their town. One of the originals of the Brothers Cheeryble —William Grant, of Manchester—died during the visit of Mr. Dickens to the United States. Mr. Munro, of Manchester, delivered an eloquent eulogy on his character, as that of a "merchant-prince" whose heart was a fountain of generous compassion, always gushing forth in the cause of humanity: whose affection for his parents while living, and deep reverence for their memory when dead, was crowned by unostentatious piety, and a grateful recognition of Divine Providence in the prosperity which attended him through a long life of successful commercial pursuits, and of benefaction to the poor. The hearts of the Brothers—to use a very expressive phrase—are in the right place; full of all kind and tender emotions; manifesting unbounded benevolence and beneficence towards suffering virtue, and equally unbounded abhorrence of vice. What son, whose beloved parent has gone home to heaven, does not feel that some sympathetic chord in his own bosom is touched, when the Brothers Cheeryble drink, "To the memory of our Mother!"

We might have supposed that the author had a sufficient number of prominent characters on his hands to give ample employment to his powers of delineation: but, after having completed more than half the work, he boldly introduces another, and sustains it with a success which proves it is safe to follow the inspiration of genius. Madeline Bray displays the virtue of the Roman daughter who daily visited her father in prison,

that the pure fountain of her own bosom might pour out for him its life-preserving stream. With what delicacy Brother Charles contributes to the relief of this daughter of his early love! He purchases, at a high price, the work of her delicate fingers; and thus enables her to support a worthless father, who, having broken the heart of one loving, gentle, and confiding woman—that greatest blessing which heaven in its kindness can bestow upon man—did not deserve that this almost angel, before she departed from earth, should leave him a daughter to comfort and sustain him in his lonely, helpless wretchedness. As the reward of virtue how beautifully does Dickens exclaim, "There is one broad sky over all the world; and whether it be blue or cloudy, the same heaven is beyond it." The manner in which Madeline is to be supported was evidently suggested by the beautiful scene between Boaz and Ruth, where we observe the refined delicacy of the order privately given by Boaz to his young men, to let fall in her way handfuls of the harvest, that she might gather them, and thus have her gleanings increased without the appearance of receiving charity. Sterne, the founder of sentimental writing, often imitated the delightful simplicity of the story of Joseph and his brethren.

If Nicholas Nickleby be the best work of Dickens, the little Nell of the Old Curiosity Shop is his best character. She is one of the finest and sweetest creations of modern times. He raises this lovely floweret from its lowly bed and scatters the perfume on the air, as the rose, sparkling with dew, exhales its sweetness beneath the young morning's sun. Mr. Dickens stated,

at a dinner given to him at Edinburgh, and in reply to an allusion to Nell by Professor Wilson, that as the work approached a close, and the fate he intended for her broke on the minds of his readers, he received numerous letters remonstrating against his purpose. He was inflexible; and afterwards they were foremost in approving his determination. It is proper that the tender flower—before it is prematurely blighted by the winds and snows of winter—should be transplanted to a more genial clime, where it may flourish in immortal freshness. When little angels are lent to the world, it is but for a short period: they are soon recalled to the more peaceful society of heaven. They said Nell would be an angel before the birds sang again. The Spring arrived—that beautiful and happy time—and the birds renewed their songs; but, "She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one that had lived and suffered death.

"She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

"Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. His was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

"Oh! It is hard to take to heart the lesson that such

deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it with their light. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven."

I have said that Mr. Dickens is the most popular of living authors. Will he retain his popularity? is a question which it would be difficult to answer. If we attempt to answer it, we must not forget that he owes his popularity as much to his selection of subjects, as to his ability as a writer. He gives us graphic delineations of the impulses, habits, and passions of individuals and classes; and reveals the mysteries, and excites the finest sympathies of human nature, in connection with scenes of the deepest interest, and the manifestation of his own true regard for his fellow-man. He has a deep and genuine love of the beautiful in man and in nature. Dr. Lever—author of Charles O'Malley—is thought by some readers to be superior to Dickens as a writer. He has a free, manly, dashing mode of sketching life, manners, and humorous incidents; but for the attainment of a wide-spread popularity, it is one thing to sketch scenes in the Peninsular War, and at Lady Richmond's ball; and quite a different thing to describe Dotheboys Hall, and Oliver,

and little Nell. It was said, five years since, by an English writer, that, "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club is regarded as his great work by which —if ever—the names of Boz and Dickens are to descend to posterity." That writer must have felt proud of his prophetic skill as he read, in succession, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, and the Old Curiosity Shop.

The continuance of the popularity of Dickens, as an author, will depend on the answer to three questions. Has he the ability to continue to write fiction as good as the above mentioned works? Would such works continue to interest the public, in an equal degree? If, from want of ability to continue to produce, or from satiety in his readers, he fail in his own peculiar species of composition, could he find, or create another road to popularity? At the age of thirty, and carried along by the flowing tide of popular favour, these questions cannot be answered. His last work—Barnaby Rudge—is not equal to its three nearest predecessors: but no man of genius, whether conversationist, orator, or writer is, on every occasion, equal to himself. The great Homer sometimes nods. We cannot, with Dr. Johnson, define genius as, A mind of large general powers accidentally determined by some particular direction; as this is, more properly, a definition of universal genius. In another place he describes genius with more accuracy, as, The power of mind that collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the energy, without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert. But the mind of Dickens is scarcely matured. He has not yet arrived at the age beyond

which, Dr. Johnson says, the mind never advances, inasmuch as the powers of nature have attained their intended energy. Unless he tax his powers too far, the age of forty, or forty-five will present him to us in full intellectual manhood. If he have only one rich vein in his mine, and works that day and night, the abundance of the precious metal will not continue to reward the toil of the miner. The mind of Shakspeare was inexhaustible: it was, as Ben Jonson finely says, the sphere of humanity. Goethe compares his characters to watches with dial-plates of transparent crystal, which shew the hour, and enable us to see the inward mechanism. It has been said that the fertile genius of Shakspeare as a poet, and that of Bacon as a philosopher, exhausted the whole world of nature. But the mines of intellect, like those of the natural world, must be worked with judgment. Our modern Hogarth writes too often and too fast; taking advantage, I suppose, of that tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune. I have no doubt that one prominent motive which prompted him to visit this country, was a consciousness that his mind had been overworked, and required rest and a new train of associations. Like Scott, he indulges too much in the impromptu style of writing. The facility with which a given amount of extempore composition is produced, increases by habit: the quality is a very different matter. Literary men might recollect, with advantage, the remark of Bentley, who, when a critic threatened to write him down, replied, No author was ever written down but by himself. The advice of Horace to an

author is to keep his book nine years in his study, that he may review and correct. Gray's Elegy has perhaps been more read and admired than any composition in the English language. The author commenced the piece seven years before it was completed: it has had many imitators, but has never been equalled. Shakspeare and Milton would never have been the glory of England if they had not thought with intensity before they wrote. Such were the labour and enthusiasm of Milton, that he refused to abandon one of his works, notwithstanding he was assured by his physicians that its completion would produce a loss of his sight.

Some are disposed to predict the failure of Dickens: comparing him, perhaps, to a noble three-year-old which accomplishes wonderful feats on the course, and then "lets down." Others think he has "bottom" as well as speed. Scott was more than thirty years old when he commenced his Metrical Romances. The public interest in his poetry was maintained beyond half a score of years; and when it began to manifest satiety, his Prose Romances appeared, and procured for their author the title of The Great Magician. When he wrote Waverly he was forty-two years old; at the present age of Mr. Dickens he was unknown to fame. At that age he was Sheriff of Selkirkshire: twelve years later he commenced the works which made him Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford. Goldsmith was near his fortieth year when he published his most popular poems. Milton had passed his half century before he began the composition of Paradise Lost; and

he completed it in seven years—a period exceeding that employed by Dickens in writing all his works. What will be the estimate placed upon these works in the next century? That is a very different question. But the same may be said of Scott. If we may judge from the reception of Zanoni, Bulwer, who has so long been eminent as a writer of fiction, has produced satiety, and must find a new road to popularity. Works written for amusement are generally produced with rapidity. It is easier to write a work in three volumes than in one—condensation being more difficult than amplification. A celebrated orator of antiquity having detained a public assembly with a long speech, apologized by saying he had not had time to make it shorter. Sheridan says, "Easy writing is sometimes • • • • hard reading." Hence works written for amusement lose, with their novelty, half their charm. Our age receives with favour one style of writing: the close of the century may require a very different style. Many authors —before and since the time of Lope de Vega—have attained unbounded popularity with their own age, whose names now are but little known. Cervantes and John Bunyan were very obscure in their life-time; and wrote Don Quixotte and Pilgrim's Progress while confined in prison, with sufficient time for thought. Their names and works are alike immortal. Dante says he is "growing grey" while writing the Divina Commedia; but that work was not written for his own century. Montesquieu wrote an article, for his *Esprit des Loix*, on the origin and revolutions of the civil laws in France; and says, "You will read it in three

hours; but I do assure you that it cost me so much labour that it has whitened my hair." It has been computed that of the one thousand books published annually in Great Britain, scarcely ten are thought of after twenty years. Paradise Lost and Shakspeare's Plays are numbered among the ten: but Milton and the Avon bard were not easy and extempore writers. If a laborious writer should be asked why he composed with so much care and thought, he might answer, with the artist who replied to a similar question, I paint for eternity.

Three years ago I called Dickens the Hogarth of prose fiction; the comparison between them failing in this, that the painter is often coarse, as will be recollected by those who have examined his Progresses: the writer is always delicate. His subsequent productions have not destroyed the points of the parallel. An English author, during the last year, drew a comparison between them, and says, "The same species of power displays itself in each. Like Hogarth, Dickens takes a keen and practical view of life; is an able satirist; very successful in depicting the ludicrous side of human nature, and rendering its follies more apparent by humorous exaggeration; and is peculiarly skilful in his management of details. He is a very original author, well entitled to his popularity, and is the truest and most spirited delineator of English life among the middling and lower classes of society since the days of Smollett and Fielding." He makes men act as they appear in real life. He has no mock-heroics —no overstrained descriptions—no sickening sentimen-

talities. Artificial manners are false manners. Simplicity is essential in our estimate of high polish and refinement. And what is true of personal accomplishment, is no less true of writing. The object of the writer of fiction should be to,

"Catch the manners, living, as they rise."

The unexampled success of Dickens has produced imitators of his style of writing. There is something so easy, so natural, in the works of genius which produces the conviction that it would not be difficult to equal them: but the imitator shares the fate of Icarus who rashly attempted, with his wings of wax, to follow the course of the eagle in his flight towards the region of the sun. A description of vulgar, or profligate life may be made to attract attention for the hour, even when the author possesses moderate powers. But it requires genius of a very high order to describe human nature in its lowest grades, so as to excite those sympathies of our character which connect the outcasts of our race with the great human family: to portray man, corrupted from childhood by profligate association, and debased by sensual indulgence, yet having a spark in his bosom which may be kindled into a burning light; and which, as the feeblest pulsation shews the presence of life, proves that the soul within him came down from heaven. It is then we feel that God is our common Father; and that man—even when debased—is still our brother. Human nature is never so far degraded as to lose all the sympathies which connect us with our species; and even a reprobate son, when standing

in the presence of a mother whose life he had embittered, may feel the inextinguishable impulses of his nature swell within his bosom. A fountain may be concealed from the view, and its existence unknown; but, if you remove the obstruction, it gushes forth, and imparts its living waters to the weary traveller.

Ainsworth is one of the imitators of Dickens, without an approach to rivalship. One of his female characters is well drawn. Her nature is truly feminine; and there is that quiet, meek submission to accumulated misery which belongs to the character of woman. Stern man, like the mountain oak, is uprooted and prostrated by the violence of the storm; while woman —delicate woman—bends before it like the osier bough, and rises again. Her husband had died ignominiously; she was steeped in poverty; temptation, in that form more repulsive than death to virtuous woman, had assailed her: and—as if to make the cup of misery overflow, and then present its very dregs to her lips—her son was outcast and outlawed. The cords of that delicate instrument—the human mind—snapped asunder, and she became a raving maniac. But there is a striking contrast between the moral tendency of the writings of Dickens, and of those of Ainsworth and others of the same school, which tend to convince active and uneducated youth that, by following the examples of Dick Turpin, Guy Fawkes, and Jack Sheppard, they may acquire a romantic immortality. If the love of his species be a part of the character of Ainsworth, he will, after having read the Sixth Report of the Inspector of Prisons in England, regret having written Jack Shep-

pard, and other contributions to Felon Literature—a species of writing so common in the present day.

The remark has often been made, that we cannot judge of the personal character of an author from his writings. The remark may be true if confined to portions of his works; but the view of the whole will give us some defined idea of his moral creed. A licentious man could not easily be a voluminous, and a chaste writer. The volcanic fire within the mountain would sometimes burst out, and melt the snow on its summit. Sterne should not be judged by his chapters on Le Fevre, Maria of Moulines, and the Dead Ass. They give us no reason to suppose the writer would refuse to make provision for his suffering mother. His true character is better inferred from Tristram Shandy. The Tale of a Tub, and Gulliver's Travels furnish the correct view of the man who could break the heart of poor Stella. But all the writings of Dickens allow us to infer that he would provide an independent support for his father; that he would be most exemplary in the discharge of all the duties of the domestic and social relations; that he would suffer intense agony from the loss of a sister. He confers honour on his country and his species; and every admirer of genius in union with virtue, will wish that he may live to erect—if he have not already accomplished the work—an imperishable literary monument for England,

"That land of scholars, and that nurse of arms."

CHARLES LAMB.

If the reader have ever seen the sketch—Yours ratherish unwell—in which Lamb is represented as resting his arms on a table, and poring over some of his old favourite books, the impression made on him will not be easily effaced. The slender limbs, and diminutive and ungraceful body, are in striking contrast with a head of the finest and most intellectual cast; such a head as is said to be occasionally seen in the best of the portraits of Titian. The view of this sketch enables us to judge of the correctness of the description of Lamb by Leigh Hunt: "As is his frame, so is his genius. It is as fit for thought as can be, and equally unfit for action." Wordsworth describes him as, The rapt one of the god-like forehead. Barry Cornwall—Mr. Procter—gives his portrait as, "A little spare man in black, with a countenance pregnant with expression, deep lines in his forehead, quick, luminous, and restless eyes, and a smile as sweet as ever threw sunshine upon a human face." When we recollect that, with bodily structure so unfit for active life, he passed thirty-five years in the India House, we will be prepared to believe that the incidents which attracted the public view to the monotony of his existence, were the

appearance of those productions of his genius which have conferred immortality on his name. The lives of literary men are generally passed in retirement. What is true of piety is also true of literature: eminence is attained by deep self-communion.

Charles Lamb was born in London, February, 1775, of humble, but highly worthy parents. We may apply to him, with peculiar propriety, the remark which has been made of men of genius: "These men have neither ancestors nor posterity; they alone compose their whole race." At the age of seventeen he entered as a clerk in the India House, and continued in that employment until 1825, when he retired on a pension equal to two-thirds of his salary. This pension was settled on him by the Company with great liberality, and supported him during the ten remaining years of his life. He received a slight injury on the face by an accidental fall: this caused erysipelatous inflammation of the head, which terminated his life, after a few days of illness, in December, 1834, at the age of sixty.

Lamb was not an author by profession. The early age at which he entered the India House, and his continuance in that employment until he was fifty years old, did not allow the ardent pursuit of literature during that important period of his life. This will account for the fact, that one of the finest minds of this, or any other age, did not produce more for posterity. But, as he was not dependent on his pen for support, he did not write until his mind was full of his subject; and then he had leisure to bestow a proper

degree of attention to the composition. He confined his reading, chiefly, to the old authors of the Elizabethan Era; and perhaps this circumstance contributed to make him so great a master of the English language, and one of the most correct writers of the age. He was delighted with old authors, like Thomas Fuller, who said, Though reasons are the pillars of the fabric, similitudes are the windows which give the best lights. By an intimate acquaintance with such authors, he cultivated the wit which, Barrow says, Lieth in pat allusions to a known story, in play with words and phrases, in seasonable application of a trivial saying, in tart irony, affected simplicity, odd similitude, quirkish reason, acute nonsense, humorous expression, and startling metaphor. His writings may not be appreciated by those who delight in the perishing literature of the day: the reader of his Essays must consent to think, as they abound in thought. The delicate texture of the most beautiful marble is not seen, except by the curious eye. He derived his materials from the portions of society which are too humble to attract public attention; but every subject which he touched, received importance and grace from his genius and delicate taste. The old houses, and streets, and book-stalls of London furnished subjects for his pen; and, in whatever he wrote, he shewed the connection of his sympathies with all that is human. Sweet Elia, who that has read thy charming pages can ever forget thee!

Lamb commenced authorship at an early age, by writing and publishing poetry. These pieces did not

meet with a favourable reception from readers, or reviewers; and when one of his sonnets was rejected, he exclaimed, "* * * the age, I will write for Antiquity." He was conscious of the spirit that stirred within him; but he had not yet discovered, as Samson did, in what his strength consisted. When he wrote poetry—like him of Gaza, when his hair was shorn—he was "weak, and like any other man." It is not to be denied that there is some merit in his poetry: but, had he written nothing else, his memory would have perished from among men. His reading and amusements were intimately connected with the drama; and he contributed largely in directing attention to the old dramatic authors. He wrote a Tragedy and a Farce without success, as he did not possess the invention to enable him to form the plot necessary for a play, or a novel; and he derived no high pleasure from the romances of Scott. He has given a fine view of this part of his own intellectual character in the Essay, Mackery End. It was his fate to be long treated with neglect, and even derision, as an author; and his Essays, which have become English classics, did not at once establish his fame. The little tale, Rosamund Gray, attracted far more notice and commendation than his poetry; and its comparative popularity was sufficient to have convinced him that he should cease to invoke the muses. Nature makes all the poets and orators. This opinion is contained in that beautiful fiction of the Greeks, which represents the bees as visiting the cradle of the infant Plato, and distilling their honey on his lips—thus presaging the future greatness of him

who, on account of the elegance, sweetness, and eloquence of his speech and writings, was styled the Athenian bee: and also in that other fiction in which the night before Plato, at the age of twenty, became the pupil of Socrates, the philosopher dreamed he had a young swan in his bosom, which, when its feathers had grown, spread its wings, and, singing with inexpressible sweetness, soared away into the highest regions of the air. A man may be able to dress thoughts in lines which have a succession of harmonical sounds, without being a poet. In poetry, mediocrity is failure: there must be the, *Est Deus in nobis.* But in this pathetic little story, Lamb is evidently at home. Read the following description of his heroine: "Rosamund Gray was the most beautiful young creature that eyes ever beheld. Her face had the sweetest expression—a gentleness—a modesty—a timidity—a certain charm—a grace without a name. There was a melancholy mingled in her smile. It was not the thoughtless levity of a girl—it was not the restrained simper of premature womanhood—it was something which the poet Young might have remembered when he composed that perfect line,

'Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair.'

She was a mild-eyed maid: her yellow hair fell in bright curling clusters, like

'Those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.'

Her voice was trembling and musical. A graceful diffidence pleaded for her whenever she spake—and if she said but little, that little found its way to the heart.

Young, and artless, and innocent, meaning no harm and thinking none; affectionate as a smiling infant—playful, yet unobtrusive as a weaned lamb—every body loved her." With what delicacy he draws the veil over the fate of this lonely, unprotected virgin: "Rosamund Gray, my soul is exceedingly sorrowful for thee—I loathe to tell the hateful circumstances of thy wrongs. Night and silence were the only witnesses of this young maid's disgrace." The following apostrophe to the moon is very beautiful: "See how she glideth, in maiden honour, through the clouds, which divide on either side to do her homage. Beautiful vision! as I contemplate thee, an internal harmony is communicated to my mind, a moral brightness, a tacit analogy of mental purity; a calm like that we ascribe in fancy to the favoured inhabitants of thy fairy regions. I marvel not, O Moon, that heathen people, in the olden times, did worship thy deity—Cynthia, Diana, Hecate. Christian Europe invokes thee not by these names now—her idolatry is of a blacker stain: Belial is her God—she worships Mammon.

"Lady of Heaven, thou lendest thy pure lamp to light the way for the virgin mourner, when she goes to seek the tomb where her warrior-lover lies. Friend of the distressed, thou speakest only peace to the lonely sufferer, who walks forth in the placid evening beneath thy gentle light, to chide at fortune, or to complain of changed friends or unhappy lovers." He was only twenty-three years old when he wrote this pathetic and interesting story, abounding with rational and moral sentiment.

Lamb particularly excelled in that very difficult department of literature—letter-writing. A letter is a conversation with a friend; the pen being substituted for the tongue, as the mode of communication. The same rules apply to both; a combination of good sense and wit being equally essential. "Nonsense," says one who excelled in conversation, "talked by men of wit and understanding, in the hour of relaxation, is of the very finest essence of conviviality, and a treat delicious to those who have the sense to comprehend it; but it implies a trust in the company not always to be risked." Gibbon says, in his memoirs, that he sought society for simple relaxation; if he wished more serious occupation, he returned to his books. With this object in view, he selected his company, and the topics of conversation. I have been told by a gentleman who was personally acquainted with Dr. Thomas Brown, the celebrated Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, that he delighted in frequenting brilliant evening-company, when he would lay aside the metaphysician, and invest nonsense with the most captivating graces of eloquence and wit. The object of letter-writing is the same as that of conversation. An essay is not a letter; the form in which it is written does not alter its character. You do not change the "thing" when you change its name. A dissertation is not conversation; and hence Coleridge was not, as he has been styled, a great master of this delightful accomplishment. The speaking was all done by himself, and his friends listened with great delight. It was in allusion to this, when Coleridge

asked Lamb, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" that he replied, "I never heard you do any thing else." The conversation of Bacon was remarkably skilful and graceful. When he spoke, his hearers were so enchanted that they did not wish him to cease. But he desired rather to listen than to speak—"glad to light his torch at any man's candle." This great philosopher was eminently free from the infirmity which Shelley ascribed to Byron, "It is his weakness to be proud." Sir James Mackintosh, who was a great master of conversation, says, "Letters must not be on a subject. Lady Mary Wortley's letters on her journeys to Constantinople, are an admirable book of travels, but they are not letters. A meeting to discuss questions of science is not conversation; nor are papers written to another, to inform or discuss, letters. Conversation is relaxation, not business, and must never appear to be occupation; nor must letters. A moment of enthusiasm, a burst of feeling, a flash of eloquence, may be allowed; but the intercourse of society, either in conversation or in letters, allows no more." Men of genius do not always excel in conversation. Their retired and contemplative habits often disqualify them for social intercourse. It has been finely said of them that, It is in the world they borrow the sparks of thought that fly upwards and perish; but the flame of genius can only be lighted in their own solitary breast.

In his letters, Lamb holds up a mirror in which we see himself. We discover the workings of his mind and heart: his quaint conceits expressed in clear and nervous English—genuine English: his wit, his plea-

santry, and all his warm affections. The letters of Cowley—the melancholy poet, as he styles himself—were suppressed by Sprat and Clifford, because, as Bishop Sprat remarks, "In this kind of prose Mr. Cowley was excellent. They had a domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity. In letters, the souls of men should appear undressed; and in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the streets." That "domestical plainness," and "peculiar kind of familiarity" which give letters all their value, are assigned as the cause for their suppression! Women excel in letter-writing because, as has been finely remarked, "The extent to which their intellectual powers dwell in, and are developed by the affections, constitutes their characteristic weakness and characteristic strength." Cowper and Lamb were remarkable for affectionate regard for their friends, and their interest in all that belongs to humanity; and hence they are among the best letter-writers in the English language. Pope wrote better poetry than letters. It has been asserted that they were written for publication: and letters thus prepared, must always be deficient in that natural grace, and careless ease which constitute their chief excellence. They may be fine compositions; but will lose the character of letters. Could any man converse with ease and grace, if a reporter were present, taking down his remarks? The published report would be a lecture, or dissertation—not conversation. Perhaps Dr. Johnson knew that Boswell kept a record of his observations. Horace

Walpole was, from his position and amusing talents, eminently qualified to write charming letters; but they are the letters of a courtier. His education, habits, and associations, enabled him to describe the court, fashion, politics, belles-lettres, and nonsense of the times of the second and third George: but if he give a living picture of character and manners, it is in connection with the vices and follies of the period. They are such letters as we would expect from one who has been described as an "agreeable letter-writer, dandy-historian, and heartless man." He was not a man of genius, but is unrivalled as a writer of letters. The letters of Cowper and Lamb surround us with an atmosphere of affection, while they present to us the loving intercourse of friends. The letters of Walpole shew us he was not free from many of the weaknesses and follies of the time and society in which he lived. The letters of Lamb and Cowper make us better, more wise, and more happy. We cannot expect such effects from the letters of Walpole, whose predominant traits of character were avarice and vanity: who, after being convinced he could never acquire reputation, beyond mediocrity, as an author, affected a contempt for authorship. He was a "heartless and volatile man of literature and rank:" and has been styled, "That thing of silk."

The Essays of Elia, and his Criticisms, are the most popular of the writings of Lamb; and although, in a moment of irritation, he said he would write for Antiquity, these Essays will convey his name to posterity. The first—The South Sea House—was published in

the London Magazine, and he adopted the signature, Elia; the sobriquet of a gay, light-hearted Jewish foreigner who had been a clerk in that House; but whose real name was Lomb. He continued to use this signature to various essays during the remaining fourteen years of his life, and the sobriquet of the old clerk of the South-Sea House has become that of Charles Lamb. These Essays "are not merely, exclusively English, but townish—belonging to London —Hogarth's, and Handel's, and Pope's London—the London of coffee-houses and theatres, of the South-Sea House, and the book-stalls of Holborn—the same city as that which held Johnson in such powerful thrall. They are, in short, whimsically, breathingly, kindly individual." The knowledge, wit, and tender pathos of Elia place him in the same rank, as an essayist, with Montaigne, Addison, and Steele. Reader, the next time you leave home to enjoy a Summer excursion, take with you the Essays of Montaigne and Lamb, and they will enable you to pass many pleasant hours. His descriptive powers are displayed in the following view of the home of the very poor man: "That face, ground by want, in which every cheerful, every conversable lineament has been long effaced by misery—is that a face to stay at home with? Is it more a woman, or a wild cat? Alas! it is the face of the wife of his youth that once smiled upon him. It can smile no longer. What comforts can it share, what burdens can it lighten? Oh, 'tis a fine thing to talk of the humble meal shared together! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard? The innocent prattle of

his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children; they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature—reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it; no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that a babe is fed with milk and praise. But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby tricks and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier play-thing, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense—best sense to it—the wise impertinences, the apt story interposed that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passions of young wonder. It was never sung to—no one ever told it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die, as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. It is never its parent's mirth; his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again with recalling his young times. The child of the very poor has no young times. It has come to be a

man, or a woman, before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs: it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?" This is intellectual portrait-painting. Why, Hogarth's Progresses are not presented to the eye in characters more impressive, than Lamb here presents to the mind the child of the very poor man.

As a critic, Lamb is almost without a rival in English literature. It has been said of him that, in criticism, he was "a discoverer like Vasco Nunez or Magellan." Read his criticism, On the Tragedies of Shakspeare; in which he explains the causes of the different effects produced by a play when read, and by the same play when acted; and sketches the character of Hamlet—of Richard—of Lear—of Othello. Can you find, in any author, a nobler criticism—one that more irresistably proves the mind of a master? Let us select an extract: "The truth is, the characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation, rather than of interest, or curiosity as to their actions, that while we are reading any of his great criminal characters—Macbeth, Richard, even Iago—we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompts them to overleap these moral fences. So little, comparatively, do the actions of such characters in Shakspeare affect us, that while the impulses, the inner mind in all its perverted greatness, solely seems real; and is exclusively attended to, the crime is, in comparison, nothing. But when we see those things repre-

sented, the acts which they do are, comparatively, everything; their impulses nothing. The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of night and horror which Macbeth is made to utter, that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan—when we no longer read it in a book, when we have given up that vantage ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man in his bodily shape before our eyes, actually preparing to commit a murder, if the acting be true and impressive—as I have witnessed in Mr. K's performance of that part—the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it seems yet unperpetrated, the too close-pressing semblance of reality, give a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence. It rather seems to belong to history—to something past and inevitable, if it has anything at all to do with time. The sublime images, the poetry alone, is that which is present to our minds in the reading.

"So to see Lear acted—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic

the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon the stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporeal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up, and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on, even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporeal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage. While we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear: we are in his mind; we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms. In the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty, irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old.' What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice, or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art: Lear is essentially impossible to be represented upon the stage."

The private character of Lamb, with one melan-

choly exception, was without reproach. His purity of character may be inferred from his writings. It has been said that, "Licentious writers may be very chaste persons: the imagination may be a volcano, while the heart is an Alp of ice." This may be true; but the converse would not necessarily follow, that licentious persons may be very chaste writers. If the imagination do not affect the passions, the criminal indulgence of the passions will affect the imagination: but the history of literature may furnish exceptions to the general rule. Lamb was not more remarkable for his genius, than for a kind, amiable, and gentle nature. Southey said, "Others might possess the milk of human kindness, but Charles Lamb had monopolized the cream." In his early life he thus wrote to a friend: "I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister, and my poor old father. Oh! my friend, I think, sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid,' which I have so often, and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I not give to call her back to earth for one day, that, on my knees, I might ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper, which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain?" His father died when he was twenty-one; and from that time he devoted his whole life to his sister,* who was ten years older than

*Lamb did not marry; and the following great authors also decided for celibacy: Michael Angelo, Boyle, Peiresc, Newton, Locke,

himself. She had been a mother to him when he was a delicate and helpless child; when he arrived at man's estate, he became the protector of her who had been to him in the place of a mother. She is the Bridget Elia of his Essays—a kind-hearted and gentle creature—admirably suited to beguile the loneliness, and soothe the sorrows of such a brother; and their

Bayle, Shenstone, Leibnitz, Hobbes, Voltaire, Adam Smith, Pope, Swift, Thomson, Akenside, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Goldsmith, Gray. It would not be difficult to extend the list. Michael Angelo replied to one who asked him why he preferred celibacy: "I have espoused my art, and it occasions me sufficient domestic cares, for my works shall be my children." To this decision of the great artist, we may oppose the following beautiful sentiment: "A wife who re-animates the drooping genius of her husband, and a mother who is inspired by the ambition of beholding her sons eminent, is she not the real being whom the ancients personified in their Muse?"

The following remarkable array of facts, in relation to the family history of men eminently distinguished for genius, is taken from a late number of the London Quarterly:

"We are not going to speculate about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power, of any sort, very rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so—men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot, at this moment, point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as in the third generation, of any English Poet; and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down, even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and Spenser, we are not aware of any great English author, of at all remote date, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet, prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort, except Clarendon and Shaftsbury, of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless.

life-long association of undiminished, ever-increasing affection, from his infancy to three-score years, was most beautiful. In one of his essays he says of her, "We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy." He once expressed the desire that he could throw into a heap the remainder of their joint existences, that they might share them in equal division. The most affectionate and earnest watchings on her part, were repaid by deference and gratitude. If she were unusually silent, or languid in company, he would ask:

Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny: nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison,* nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. M. Renourd's last argument against a perpetuity in literary property is, that it would be founding another *noblesse*. Neither jealous aristocracy, nor envious jacobinism need be under much alarm. When a human race has produced its 'bright consummate flower' in this kind, it 'seems commonly to be near its end.' The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and literature of our time were Davy and Sir Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter left four children, of whom three are dead, only one of them (Mrs. Lockhart) leaving issue, and the fourth, (his eldest son,) though living, and long married, has no issue. These are curious facts."

*This is an error. Addison had a daughter, whose mother was Countess of Warwick; who was taught contempt for authors, and was proud of her alliance, through her mother, with nobility—blushing to acknowledge the name of her father, more illustrious than that of all the Warwicks that ever lived.

Mary, does your head ache? Don't you feel unwell? and it was not easy to quiet his apprehensions. The world has never produced an union—unselfish, deep, and long-continued—between a brother and sister, more attractive from its moral beauty.

I know a man to whom these scenes of fraternal affection recall former days, when he indulged ardent wishes that he had had a sister: one whom he might have cherished, and guided, and loved. He once had a sister, a few years his junior—himself too young to recollect her. He has heard her little prattle and ways described, giving early promise of ardent feeling, and woman's nature. When two years old, she was said to be most interesting and lovely. And then, this sweet little flower, which had just begun to expand her leaves, fragrant with the drops of morning dew, to the first rays of the morning sun, calmly and gently laid her head on its natural resting-place—a mother's bosom—and looked, and smiled, and died. Died? Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel. She was only transplanted from this scene of tumult, and sorrows, and storms, to a more genial clime where she will flourish in immortal bloom: and he may adopt the language employed by David, when told his child was dead, I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.

So kind was the nature of Lamb—so constant his friendships—that but one instance is recorded in which he assumed a hostile position. Several articles in the Quarterly Review, which was conducted by Southey, had commented, unjustly, on his theological creed and

his single frailty. I have read the "Letter of Elia to Robert Southey, Esq." with admiration that a man, who was able to defend himself with such manliness of spirit and keenness of sarcasm, should not, by the consciousness of his powers, have been oftener tempted into controversy. But his gentle nature enabled him to overcome the temptation. Mutual explanations soon restored the confidence of these long-attached friends. His acquaintance with Coleridge commenced in his youth, and he remained his "fifty-years-old friend without a division." In one of his essays, he thus apostrophizes him: "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!" He thus apostrophizes another friend: "Magnificent were thy capricios on this globe of earth, Robert William Elliston! for as yet we know not thy new name in heaven."* Lamb was a fine exemplification of the beautiful sentiment of Sterne, All hail, you small sweet courtesies of life, for pleasant do you make the way of it. Like grace and beauty, that attract us at first sight, 'tis you that open the door and let the stranger in.

When speaking of the personal character of Lamb, I remarked that, with one exception, it was without reproach. He had a delicate frame, a nervous temperament, was fond of study and society, with

"Affections warm as sunshine, free as air;"

* I find the same beautiful thought used by Dr. Young in the first line of Night Sixth: "She—for I know not yet her name in heaven."

and, when exhausted by labour, or partaking of the enjoyment of convivial circles, he too often indulged in artificial excitement. But his memory should be vindicated from the charge that his Essay, The Confessions of a Drunkard, was designed as a picture of his own sad condition at the time it was written. It is a representation of the tendency of convivial habits, drawn with graphic power; and may be read with advantage by those who find themselves approaching the verge of that dreadful precipice. The Essay was written fourteen years before his death; and if he had then been so far prostrated by intemperance, how could he, during this period, have produced the works that have made Elia immortal in English literature? Yet it cannot be denied that his otherwise fair fame was, in a measure, obscured—especially during the last years of his life—by this deplorable frailty. His letter of self-condemning apology to Mr. Carey, at whose table he had indulged imprudently; and his poignant reflections on the pain he gave his sister by such deviations, combine, with other circumstances, to attest the melancholy fact. He had nobly struggled against another bad habit, and immortalized his victory by, A Farewell to Tobacco; but this tyrant, beneath whose power many strong men have fallen, held him in a grasp so firm, that he has become another proof of the infirmities of genius. A man, who is insensibly forming destructive habits, should read the letters of Lamb on the progress and effects of intemperance; and those of Coleridge on his subjugation by opium. Gin did not improve the verses of Byron; nor wine the essays

of Elia; nor opium the poetry of Coleridge. Such are not intellectual pleasures; and all they can ever effect is thus finely stated by Lamb: "It is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties, by repeated acts of intemperance, may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear day-light ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation."

It was unfortunate for Lamb that, ten years before his death, he was released from his duties at the India House, where he had been employed in arduous labour for thirty-five years. He once sportively remarked that the most delightful of all employments was doing nothing. After his emancipation from the service of the Company, he said, "No work is worse than overwork," and complained that, "When all is holiday, I have no holidays." During his confinement to the desk, he sighed for freedom to wander over fields and woods, and luxuriate in the beauties of nature: after his discharge, and retirement to the country, he longed for crowded streets and the busy haunts of men. Why should man wish to be discharged from labour? It is the law of his nature, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;" equally essential to his happiness and usefulness—like the mass of the great waters, whose purity is preserved by their constant motion. If Lamb had not been a devotee to literature while employed in the India House, he might have found occupation in that, when his labours

ceased. But his labours, and the pursuit of literature had co-existed for thirty years, and the one had palled when the other had closed. He had none of the tender charities of husband and father on which to repose: charities which, down to the close of life's long pilgrimage, are a never failing fountain of emotions—ever fresh, and ever young. A century before the time of Lamb, the Earl of Peterborough said: "If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a temple to laziness." This is a false view of human happiness. A life of idleness never can be, under the most favourable circumstances, a life of true enjoyment. The pleasure of the sportsman consists in the pursuit, not in the possession, of the game. "No human being, however exalted his rank and fortune, however enlarged and cultivated his understanding, can be long happy without a pursuit. Life is a ladder on which we climb from hope to hope, and by expectation strive to ascend to enjoyments; but he who fancies he has reached his highest hope is miserable indeed; or who enjoys the utmost of his wishes; for many, who have been most successful in their respective undertakings, have given the gloomiest description of the emptiness of human pleasures. The pursuit alone can yield true happiness: and the most trifling object that has power to fascinate the hopes of man, is worthy of his attention."

The life of every man contains its moral; and, in that view, belongs to posterity. The lessons of virtue which are thus taught, make it proper to lift the curtain on acts which, otherwise, had better lie buried in

our graves. The genius and the gentle nature of Charles Lamb excite our admiration and our love; but, even weeping virtue is not allowed to interpose the veil which would conceal his frailty from our view.

HENRY MARTYN—JOHN S. NEWBOLD.

THE character of Henry Martyn is one of the most beautiful presented to us in Christian biography. Refined in taste, gentle and affectionate in disposition, accomplished in attainments, brilliant in genius, pure in life, ardent and devoted in piety, he was justly styled by his friends, a bright and lovely jewel. His conversion took place when he was a student at Cambridge; and the reader of his memoirs is forcibly impressed by the contrast between the degree of his religious experience at that time, and the unreserved devotedness of his subsequent life. The fruit was beyond the promise of the early blossomings. The child, at birth, scarcely gave evidence of life: but, when he attained his manhood, he filled England, and Persia, and India with his fame; and, having relinquished all the bright and alluring prospects of worldly advancement, he lived daily on the bread that was sent down from heaven. What was the cause of this disparity between his early, and subsequent religious experience? He was a candidate for the highest honours of his College; and he ascribed the low state of his piety, at that period, to the eagerness and intenseness with which he pursued that object. The view he took of

the subject was, I have no doubt, correct. Knowledge is useful; and its attainment is an object of legitimate pursuit for the Christian, because its possession enlarges his sphere of action. But, I contend that the ardent pursuit of academical honours has a direct and invariable tendency to repress and extinguish religious emotions; and I do not believe any man ever advanced in true Christian character while engaged in the contest; or even retained the piety with which it was commenced. And I make this broad assertion, because I believe no man ever pursued that particular course of study, indispensably necessary to obtain the highest collegiate honours, without having had his mind more occupied with his own advancement, than with a desire to promote the glory of his Maker. In other words, he makes the honours his idol, which occupies, in his affections, the supremacy that belongs to the Giver of all good. He might, under other circumstances, pursue his studies as intensely, and without injurious consequences, because pride and self-exaltation would not be cherished. But, within the walls of a College—that world in miniature—contests for pre-eminence manifest the same love of glory that is displayed by the statesman in the halls of legislation, or by the soldier on bloody fields. Ambition has been called the last infirmity of noble minds. Christianity finds it in the heart of its votary, and does not extinguish, but sanctifies, this natural emotion. She teaches, Blessed are the poor in spirit; and that no man, who entertains an exalted opinion of himself, can hold high communion with heaven. If there be any truth in Christianity, her tendency is to

teach man humility, that God may be all in all. I wish to be understood. I am not opposing the acquisition of knowledge, but inculcating purity of motive. Circumstances, to which I shall not make further reference, have called my attention to the consideration of this subject. Brainerd, when at Yale College, made this note in his diary: "I grew more cold and dull in religion by means of my old temptation, viz. ambition in my studies." Martyn obtained the honours for which he had so intensely toiled, and made this record: "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow." Such is the brief and true history of earthly glory. Expectations of happiness, based on any object beneath the sun, are built too low. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

Brilliancy of genius, and extensive acquirements, would have secured to Henry Martyn position and competence in secular pursuits. His original design was to study law; chiefly, as he confesses, "Because I could not consent to be poor for Christ's sake." But his piety increased after he had completed his collegiate studies; and he determined to devote himself to the cause of his Master. Had he chosen to remain in England, his qualifications and high reputation would have placed him in a distinguished position in the Established Church: but, having determined to give up much for the holiest of causes, it was comparatively easy, for a noble mind like his, to resolve to give up all. He selected Asia as the field for his missionary labours; and effected more for the great cause of human happi-

ness, by giving this direction to his efforts, than could have been accomplished if he had remained in England. He did not want the eagle's eye to endure the blazing sun, nor the eagle's wing to bear him to it; but the beauty and splendour of the flight would not have been so conspicuous in a land of abundant light and great men, as when he hovered over heathen lands, and scattered in his path the Word of Life. If he had remained in England, he would have gone down to posterity as an accomplished scholar, and devoted Christian. Now, his name stands in high connection with the greatest cause that ever engaged the attention of man; and will remain, through all coming time, as a beacon-light to guide the steps of other noble spirits, in making the same self-sacrifice on the same holy altar. The splendid tomb of Francis Xavier will never cease to arrest the attention of the Christian pilgrim, when he sojourns at Goa. When he rests at Tocat, he will visit the humble monument of Henry Martyn: and, as memory calls up the lovely spirit which once animated the ashes that repose beneath its base, he will dwell, with admiration and delight, on the heroic greatness of him, who consumed a feeble frame by the action of the mighty principle which caused him to dwell, and die, far from friends and home. "*Paucioribus lacrymis compositus es*," is the lamentation that might have been addressed over his departing hour. The last words he entered in his diary, written ten days before his death, were: "I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God; in solitude my company, my friend, and

comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven, and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness! There, there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth: none of that wickedness which hath made men worse than wild beasts; none of those corruptions which add to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen, or heard of any more." He died, October 16th, 1812, at Tocat, in Persia, at the early age of thirty-one.

I cannot abstain from a brief mention of one part of his private history. A noble nature is ever susceptible of all tender emotions; and his affections were irrevocably placed on one worthy of his devoted attachment. She did not consent to accompany him to India; and, when he left England, he felt that he "parted with L—— forever in this life." During the voyage he landed at the Cape of Good Hope, and wrote: "In my walk home by the sea-side, I sighed on thinking of L——, with whom I had stood on the shore before coming away, and of the long seas that were rolling between us." And again, five years after he had left England, he made this record: "I was walking with L——, both much affected, and speaking on the things dearest to us both. I awoke, and behold it was a dream! I shed tears. The clock struck three, and the moon was riding near her highest noon: all was silence and solemnity, and I thought, with pain, of the sixteen thousand miles between us. Good is the will of the Lord, even if I see her no more." These emotions were experienced at Cawnpore, far from the abode of civilized man, and amidst surround-

ing paganism. His pure and gentle spirit, with that of her he loved, has bathed in the river which flows by the everlasting throne; and the union, not permitted on earth, has taken place in heaven.

JOHN S. NEWBOLD was also a member of the Episcopal Church, and resembled Martyn in genius and piety. When he commenced his collegiate studies, he was not serious; but, during his terms, he became the subject of a very extensive revival. Before this period, he was incomparably the most distinguished member of his class; and it was conceded that he would take the highest academical honours. He particularly excelled in mathematics and philosophy; a knowledge of which he acquired with great facility. After his conversion, his views received a different direction; and the attainment of honours ceased to be an object of pursuit, or desire. Yet he always maintained a high position in his class, and diligently pursued his studies, as far as was necessary to obtain accurate knowledge of the subjects, without effort to recite so as to receive the highest commendation. Newbold was not my contemporary at Princeton College; but his collegiate history was as familiar to the students as household words. Years have rolled by, and thousands of other forms and scenes have arisen before me since that lovely spirit passed away; yet, memory calls him back to life, and he now stands before me, invested with almost living reality. That manly form, that cordial grasp, that child-like simplicity of character—the invariable attendant on a truly noble mind—those soft and touching tones of suppli-

cation with which he led the devotions of others; that calm, almost heavenly smile which indicated the pure, benevolent, devotional spirit that dwelt within! Other forms may fade beyond the power of recall, but this is ineffaceable. It is with great pleasure my unpretending pen offers this humble tribute to the memory of one, who always, as he grasped my hand, called me brother. He was comparatively unknown to fame—having died in the early morning of life, and before he commenced to discharge the duties of the profession to which he had devoted his powers. Possessing a strong mind, correct taste, and laborious habits, had his life been prolonged, he would have been one of the most useful men of the age. Time did not wait to touch his person with the decay of years; but used his scythe before he had attained the vigour of his intellect, or the maturity of his manhood. His friends, and the Church, expected fruit from his prolonged life, and useful labours. In one sense he did not die young; because, that life is long which accomplishes its great end. Men of piety, and men of genius! "Tread lightly on his ashes—he was your kinsman."

Newbold was remarkable for the union of genius, great simplicity of character, and ardent piety which seemed daily to increase: thus indicating—as was also the case with Summerfield and Spenser—that the body in which the burning spirit dwelt, was rapidly tending to dissolution, and that another bright star would soon shine in heaven. He was a contemporary of Sylvester Larned, at the Princeton Theological Seminary; who, like him, met the fate so common to those

who possess goodness and genius—an early grave. But the contrast between these highly gifted men was very striking. Newbold was all meekness and gentleness; and would have offered to men the winning invitations of divine mercy. The character of Larned was bold and daring; and he presented to his hearers the denunciations of coming judgment. Newbold had more of the true character of genius—the power of conducting intricate analysis, and investigating abstract science. Larned arrested attention by the manly eloquence with which he was able to invest any subject with importance. Newbold was tall and well proportioned, and exceedingly modest in his carriage. Larned was the finest specimen of man I ever knew—his form cast in the most perfect mould; his face chiseled without a fault; his eye of a piercing brightness; his spirit without fear. Had a maniac approached Newbold with a drawn dagger, he would have been disarmed by the almost heavenly mildness of his countenance, and his gentle bearing. When a lunatic once met Larned alone in the fields, and stood before him with uplifted weapon, he bared his bosom, and, fixing his eye upon him, told him to strike. The maniac looked in his face, and his arm fell by his side.

Newbold had determined on going to Persia, as a missionary; and would have been a worthy successor to Martyn, who left the Persian and Hisdoostanee Scriptures as an enduring monument to his energy, and his genius. The character of Newbold eminently qualified him to occupy that field of labour.

Like David, he had it in his heart to execute a work: it did not please his Master to allow the servant to accomplish his desires. He offered himself a living sacrifice upon the altar: the fire was sent down to consume the victim, and then conveyed the spirit back to heaven.

Jonah thought he did well to be angry when his gourd prematurely withered. But friends should not repine, when Christians are early taken away from the "evil to come." It was beautifully said by an ancient sage, They whom the gods love, die young. The reason of this was obscure to the heathen philosopher: it is made plain by the light of Revelation. Why should the gentle, the pure, the lovely, be long detained in a world where every passing storm rocks the tenement; every inbred corruption pains the heart; every view of human misery sickens the sensibilities? The rude blast withers the tender flower: let it then be transplanted to its native clime. The most beautiful tree of the woods has often a concealed worm preying upon its heart. Birds that sing sweetest, do not live longest. The swan, as he gently swims over the bosom of the lake, pours forth his softest notes when near his dying hour. So, the Christian, whose soul has been tuned to the music of heaven, departs early, that he may join the choir composed of the "general assembly and Church of the first born."

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

HUMAN nature does not change with passing ages; and the question, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? is asked now, as it was eighteen hundred years ago. A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, is a truth, the confirmation of which we daily witness. Who has not observed the magic of a name? The mass of mankind admire a beautiful painting, if it be the acknowledged work of a master whose pencil confers immortality. The same painting, if ascribed to an inferior artist, would be divested of half its beauties, except to those who are skilled in the art. Who reads an American book? tauntingly asked a proud Briton. Englishmen think more favorably of us now, than they did when this question was asked. At the meeting of the British Association for the promotion of Science, held at Manchester, in June, 1842, Sir John Herschel—referring to Mr. Schoolcraft, an American geographer, who had communicated to the Geographical Society of London a series of observations on the Lakes of America—said, "It is impossible for me here to allude to any member of the United States, with reference to matters by which the least national feeling is awakened, without paying a tribute

to the high estimation in which science is certainly held by that great and rising country. In every department of science, especially those which receive their impulse from Europe, they appear to take so warm an interest and part, that they may be regarded, in that sense at least, as more completely our brethren than formerly. I pay this humble tribute to the scientific ardour of our American brethren; and I hope that they will perceive there is a feeling prevalent amongst the scientific men, and amongst all classes, of Great Britain, which, we trust, will draw closer the ties of brotherhood between the two countries."

But we cannot expect entire liberality, towards our literary men, on that side of the "big pond." National jealousy will cause Englishmen to depreciate our literature, as they did our seamanship until they were taught that, gun for gun, and man for man, the proud lion-flag of old England was humbled beneath the stripes and stars. No American would admit that he failed to appreciate a work because it was of American origin; but, although his pride of country reject the admission, it does not follow that he has disproved the secret existence of what he so indignantly disclaims. Encouragement and protection are terms unknown, as applied to American literature.

I confess anxiety to see the elevation of our national literature: and I believe the time will come when our country, in this, as in other departments of a nation's glory, will occupy a proud position. Why should the authors of England be superior to those of our country? We have the same blood in our veins; we derive

our mental cultivation from the same immortal works. Is there any thing Bœotian in the nature of our climate to make "genius sicken and fancy die?" Authorship is a business in England; and writers pass their lives in the production of works which procure bread and immortality. Macaulay receives five hundred dollars for one of his articles in the Edinburgh Review. In this country, men who feel the immortal energies of genius kindling within them, might starve on the product of literary labour. Hence, they do not aim to attain high literary excellence; but employ their time in felling the oaks of our mighty forests, and cultivating the bountiful soil; or, in the pursuits of commerce, they spread our canvass on the bosom of every sea, and furl it in the ports of every land. We have statesmen and orators, of the present day, equal to any others that now live; and, with the same cultivation, perhaps Patrick Henry would have surpassed his great contemporaries, Chatham and Burke. Our men of genius become statesmen and orators, because the nature of our institutions developes talents of that order. When our people will consent to wear American cloths and silks, our manufactures may rival those of England and France. American artisans, with sufficient encouragement, would soon equal those of Birmingham and Sheffield. I deny that Englishmen are superior to Americans in genius; and I have no objection to compare our soldiers, our sailors, our manufacturers, our machinists, our agriculturists, our statesmen, our orators, with those of England. The name of an American occupies the proudest position on the page of

history. Hannibal was the greatest soldier that ever lived; but Washington was never conquered at Cannæ. A Chief Justice of the United States has left a reputation, unsurpassed by that of any man who ever wore the ermine. It is thought, by competent judges, that America has produced a metaphysician equal to any other of any age of the world. Who taught the Englishman to draw down the forked lightning from heaven, and cause it to play harmlessly by his side? Who gave to the world the application of that mighty agent which now regulates the intercourse and commerce of nations? Who invented the machinery which has proved such an incalculable blessing to the poor, by reducing, ten-fold, the price of cotton fabrics? In the two wars with Great Britain, as well as under other circumstances, Americans have proved themselves equal to all emergencies with any competitors; and, when hardly pressed, have shewn, even in the infancy of political existence, the strength of a giant. It would never have been supposed that the infant Hercules had the power to strangle the two serpents, had not the trial been offered by the jealousy of Juno. In like manner, the sleeping, yet giant-like energies of our manufacturers and mechanics, can only be called into action by the encouragement of competition with the older nations of Europe.

Englishmen write better books than Americans, for the same reason that they make better cutlery and cloths: they receive compensation for labour. No man, who is dependent on his labour for bread, will devote his talents to literature, unless he can look for-

ward to the prospect of honourable support, in connection with a life of literary toil. The literary man, the man who acquires, but does not produce—so beautifully compared, by the elder D'Israeli, to the streams that flow under ground, and contribute to supply and swell the lake, themselves unseen and unknown—may exist in any country, if he have leisure, and the means to indulge his tastes. But the author is made of different materials; and something more exciting, more propelling, is required for authorship. Genius alone will not make authors, for the same reason that a rich virgin-soil will not, without cultivation, produce a harvest. And, as every product of the soil requires its appropriate culture to ensure a reward for the labour of the cultivator, so with the human mind. The Poet forms no exception to the general rule, although the remark of Horace be true, *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* Burns cultivated his poetic genius as he followed the plough; or when he lay on a mass of straw in his barn-yard, and, looking on a planet in the clear, starry sky, composed that noblest of all his lyrics, "To Mary in Heaven." Hogg cultivated his genius as he watched his flocks on the banks of the Ettrick; or became familiar with the scenes and legends of the hills and valleys of Scotland. The Oneida Chief displayed a genius for oratory when he said, "When Jesus Christ came into the world, he threw his blanket around him, but the God was within." So, the Moslem General who exclaimed to the army, dismayed and confused by the fall of their Commander in the midst of battle, "What if

Derar be dead? God still lives and beholds you: March." Here was natural eloquence, cultivated by the scenes amidst which they had lived. We cannot expect to find the same cultivation and produce in the immense valley of the Mississippi, acre for acre, as we find in England, which has been made a fruitful garden by the labour of a thousand years. We must wait for our population to increase, until every "rood of ground maintains its man." It is by a similar argument I wish to defend American genius from the charge of inferiority.

I will take another view of this subject. The supremacy of English genius existed in the Elizabethan Era; and England has not produced an equal to Shakspeare, since the death of the immortal bard of Avon. Englishmen live on the reputation of a few names, as some men wish to preserve a character for virtue by reference to former actions. They refer to Milton, Newton, Shakspeare, Bacon, as evidences of their intellectual superiority as a nation. And are they not also our countrymen; descended from the same Anglo-Saxon race? Did the fact, that religious persecution drove Englishmen to America, change their nature? It is a weakness in Englishmen to attempt to depreciate the genius of America. Intellect is not confined to any country. Africa has produced a Hannibal and a Terence, and Portugal a Camoens. The civil, political, and religious institutions under which a people live, control their genius. The germ does not swell, and bud, and blossom, unless it receive the refreshing rain and the warming

sun. "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more." And why? Let history answer. The modern Greek lives in the country of Homer and Plato; but the burning lava, from the volcanoes of despotism, has overflowed the land, and withered all that is noble in his nature. Where are the countrymen of Virgil, of Dante, of Ariosto, of Tasso? They dwell on the same sunny plains of Italy; but the heavy yoke of the tyrant has crushed their noble aspirations, and bowed them down to the dust.

In the writings of the present day, we want the unfolding of deep and absorbing passion: the concentration of power, which, although it belongs to excited virtue, is not denied to despairing guilt: that highest effort of the mind of man, when he puts forth all his energies in one grand conception. In this consists the supremacy of Shakspeare. In his writings, the gentle flow of the river fills our imagination with images of beauty; and, before we are aware of the change, the swollen and impetuous torrent rushes on to the ocean. Lady Macbeth exhibits the dark and terrific passions of human nature; and, as we read the description, we see her standing before us with her extended and blood-stained hand, exclaiming, "Out, damned spot!" There is nature in the poetry of Sappho, and in the burning words of the Abelard and Heloise; and, without following her guidance, no writer could adequately describe the first consciousness of love—the turning of the warm affections into a channel where they had never before flowed—the first-born offspring of the heart of man. If a writer wish to portray scenes

which prove that, while virtue is its own reward, vice is its own punishment, he must learn, from the observation of life, that the hours of revelry, the place of business, the closet, or the crowded hall, do not banish the one thought from the mind of the guilty; that the dying groan of the murdered, the despairing cry of the violated, are ever present with the perpetrator of dark and damning crimes, denying all rest to his troubled spirit. Genius and talent are not the exclusive birthright of any nation. Wherever found, their tendency is to exalt our common nature, since they belong to no clime and no country, but are the treasure of the human race. The Great Father of us all is bountiful to his children; and we are taught by a common origin, common desires, and common destiny, that man is the brother of man. We all depend on the same sun for light, the same air for breath: hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, health and decay, are attendants on our journey; and we alike bow in submission to the same irreversible destiny, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

LORD BACON.

THE genius of Bacon has been compared to the tent which "Paribanou, the fairy, presented to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it, and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade." While he stood on an eminence, and extended his view over the great ocean of knowledge, his attention was attracted by the pebbles that were scattered along the shore. He was the most profound thinker and accomplished orator of his age—unequalled for closeness and vigour of style, and richness of fancy. It has been well said of him, that, with great minuteness of observation, he had an amplitude of comprehension, such as has never yet been bestowed on any other human being.

Bacon is the father of Experimental Philosophy. Aristotle lived almost two thousand years before this Prince of Philosophers appeared. The Stagirite wished to establish the same dominion over the minds of men, which his illustrious pupil Alexander desired to establish over nations. The master was more successful than the pupil. The philosophy of Aristotle continued to direct the intellect of the world, long after the empire of the son of Philip had gone down in darkness.

Plato taught his philosophy in the groves of Academus. Their systems triumphed at Rome, and at Athens, in the age of their founders. Four hundred years later, they were the systems of the illustrious men of the Augustan period; and they prevailed during the darkness of the Middle Ages. The essence of this philosophy was the inculcation of the abstract beauty of virtue; but, it did not devise the plans by which men might become virtuous and happy. Its principles could not sustain Cicero, with dignity, during his banishment from Rome; and Cato—after having read the treatise of Plato on the immortality of the soul—fell upon his sword, that he might not be compelled to wear the chains which Cæsar had forged for him, and for his country. In all their arguments, its teachers aimed at victory over disputants; and they thought philosophy would be disgraced by attempting any practical improvement, which had reference to the happiness of their species. They invented syllogisms, by the use of which confusion became worse confounded; and the schoolmen supposed they were well employed, when they disputed how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. They endeavoured to prove that pain, and exile, and poverty were not evils; but they could not destroy their own senses, nor the senses of their disciples; and mankind were left to mourn under accumulated miseries, without the attention of philosophy being directed to the discovery of the means by which they might be avoided, or relieved. The Church did not escape the influence of the prevailing systems. Scholastic theology went, hand in hand, with

scholastic philosophy—a knowledge of which the records of the period have transmitted to our age. Bacon describes this celebrated philosophy by saying, "It ended in nothing but disputation; it was neither a vineyard, nor an olive ground; but an intricate wood of briers and thistles, from which those who lost themselves in it brought back many scratches and no food."

Such was, essentially, the condition of philosophy, until the memorable events of the sixteenth century produced a revolution in the intellectual world. The effects of that revolution are felt at the present day, and will extend to the end of time. The giant, MIND, then burst the chains with which he had been bound for ages; and, having tasted the blessing of liberty, will forever continue to "walk abroad in his own majesty." It would be as easy to place the shoulders to the orb of the rolling sun, and push him back into night, as now to arrest the progress of philosophy. The Reformation was the most remarkable of the events of that period: and, by the action of untrammelled genius, the mists of scholastic philosophy and scholastic theology were dispersed, like the thick vapours of night before the risen sun. The highest use of the revival of philosophy—said Erasmus, the most accomplished scholar of the age—will be to discover, in the Bible, the simple and pure Christianity. Bacon said that a little, or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism; but, when properly understood, as a man passes on, and sees the dependence of causes and the works of Providence, philosophy produces veneration for God,

and renders faith in him the ruling passion of life. Thus the ancient order was unsettled; the dogmas of the schoolmen were overthrown; and the anarchy of the intellectual world invited the action of some master spirit, to reduce chaos into order.

Such were the circumstances under which Bacon, the High Priest of Philosophy, appeared. When a boy, he was not delighted with the sports of children; but separated himself from his youthful companions, that he might discover the cause of an echo, and meditate upon the laws of the imagination. At the early age of sixteen, when he departed from Cambridge, he had an unconcealed contempt for Aristotle and his followers;* and, it has been said, that he then had a glimpse of the mighty intellectual revolution he was destined to accomplish. Such remarks on the life of mind must be received with due allowance, as they have been made of many great men. Thus—according to an anecdote, told by himself at the age of fourscore—Warren Hastings also afforded an instance of the early formation of a scheme, which was never abandoned during his subsequent life of glory and disgrace. When seven years old, as he reclined on

* The Aristotelian philosophy substituted words for things. Aristotle taught that there were four modes by which all things in nature must exist: the *materialiter*, or material cause, *ex qua*, out of which things are made; the *formaliter*, or formal cause, *per quam*, by which a thing is that which it is, and nothing else; the *fundamtaliter*, or the efficient cause, *a qua*, by the agency of which any thing is produced; and the *eminenter*, or final cause, *propter quam*, the end for which it is produced. Such was the philosophy which long reigned in the schools, and was regarded as the perfect model of all imitation.

the bank of a rivulet that flowed through the old domain which had once belonged to his ancestors, he resolved that he would restore Daylesford to his family. Stimulated by this never-dying ambition, he passed in India forty years of a life stained by the murder of Nuncomar, the capture of Benares, and the oppression of the Princesses of Oude; and returned to die at Daylesford, the possessor of the estate his fathers had lost. From this early period of the life of Bacon, common sense, and the desire to accomplish what was useful, were predominant in his character: and he united—a combination so rare—minute observation with great comprehension. Without these qualities, even his great genius would not have enabled him, at the close of three centuries, to exercise predominant influence over the minds of his race. He says of himself that his desire was to be engaged "in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions, and discoveries." He did not seek to excite surprise by his efforts, but to produce "fruit." He did not aim to display what was brilliant, but to discover what was useful and true; and possessed, perhaps, the most common-sense mind the world has ever produced. He says, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." Instead of indulging visions of what men might obtain by the sublimations of a false philosophy, he considered them in their true nature, and endeavoured to promote their usefulness, and consequent happiness. Hume says he was, A man universally admired for the greatness of his genius, and

beloved for the courteousness and humanity of his behaviour—the great ornament of his age and nation.

The Essays of Bacon are the portion of his writings best known to the popular mind. They discuss subjects relating to the interests, and adapted to the comprehension of the multitude; and, if he had written nothing else, they would have made his name immortal. Dugald Stewart calls them, "The best known and the most popular of all his works, where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage; the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of the subject. The volume may be read in a few hours; and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings; and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties." But, it is by his more strictly philosophical writings that he has erected an imperishable monument to his name. He is not the inventor of the Inductive Method, by which we are taught that observation and experiment are the only true guides to the formation of just theories. Reasoning by induction has been performed by men ever since their creation; and the method had been analyzed, and its history written, long before his time. But, in his great work, he explained the uses of the inductive process; and thus called attention to its employment, by which a direction was given to the human mind which has remained for ages.

Shakspeare and Galileo were contemporaries of Bacon; and their names will alike descend, with reverence, to the most distant ages of civilized man. Bacon has claims, beyond the other two, to the beautiful eulogy bestowed on the "High Priest of the Stars." "The noblest eye," says father Castelli, speaking of the blindness of Galileo, "The noblest eye which nature ever made, is darkened; an eye so privileged, and gifted with such rare powers, that it may be truly said to have seen more than the eyes of all that are gone; and to have opened the eyes of all that are to come." Bacon said of himself, "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age." Thus, with a proud consciousness of his genius, he, who called himself "the servant of posterity," appealed to future ages for the just appreciation of his works; and posterity has nobly repaid the confidence, by placing him in the constellation composed of two ancient, and seven modern names.

An English poet has placed Bacon on an eminence, like that which the Jewish Lawgiver occupied on the mountain of Nebo. From that position, the Prophet looked back to the wilderness in which, during forty years, he had wandered with his people; and surveyed before him the land of promise, flowing with milk and honey. So, from the proud elevation which he had attained, we may suppose the Philosopher to have looked back on the intellectual wilderness of two thousand years. It might be deemed an extravagant supposition, that he

comprehended the true nature of the glorious land of promise which lay before him—to which men would be guided by the light of his genius. But we find, in his writings, these remarkable sentences: "I have held up a light in the obscurity of philosophy, which will be seen centuries after I am dead. It will be seen amidst the erection of temples, tombs, palaces, theatres, bridges; making noble roads, cutting canals, granting multitudes of charters, the foundation of colleges and lectures for learning, and the education of youth; the foundations and institutions of orders and fraternities for enterprise and obedience; but, above all, the establishing good laws for the regulation of the kingdom, and as an example to the world." If he could now re-appear upon earth, he would witness the fulfilment of these predictions. The influence of the Inductive Philosophy has led to the discovery of machinery in the various mechanic arts. Two hundred and fifty years ago, he held up a light in the obscurity of philosophy; and we may almost believe that, when he predicted it would be seen amidst the "making noble roads, and cutting canals," he foresaw that continents would be intersected by Rail Roads; and that steam would propel mighty ships over every sea, independent of the tides and winds, by the action of which the commerce and intercourse of nations was then maintained. Did not Cowley justly compare Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah? He has claims to the character bestowed on him by the bard of Twickenham, The wisest, brightest of mankind.

WOMAN AS A MISSIONARY.

THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions having sent out, from Boston, missionaries to Siam—a part of the mission consisting of the wives of the clergymen—a New York paper published a list of the missionaries, and commented on the cruelty of taking delicate women to die with pestilential diseases in barbarous lands, and find a grave in the sands of the desert. The writer assumes that the sole use of the wife is as a "special comfort" to the missionary; and then indulges in severe remarks against the selfishness of those who feel it a duty to preach the mild and benevolent principles of Christianity to heathen nations.

The assumption of the writer—that woman, as a missionary, acts only a negative part—is not true. If true, it would not prove that her self-sacrifice was useless. Suppose a missionary lives longer, and labours more energetically and efficiently, by having kind woman to commune with him when fatigued with arduous toil, or discouraged by opposition; to solace and relieve him when burning with fever, or tortured with pain? Is not the increased amount of good effected, instrumentally, her work? Had Henry Martyn been thus attended, he might not have closed his career

so soon as he did, when he sat under a tree in an orchard at Tocat, and "thought of God" and died. And, surely, no one will say that a Christian woman had lived in vain, had she been the instrument of prolonging the continuance, above the horizon, of that glorious missionary star, whose reflected light still shines on the idolatrous plains of Asia. When the Author of missions sent out his Apostles, he did not require them to go alone. He well knew what human nature demanded—the advantages of companionship—and sent them by two and two. What was essential to an Apostle then, is no less essential to a missionary now.

But the position of woman at missionary stations is far from being negative. Education is the handmaid to religion. The adult heathen is too strongly wedded to the customs and institutions of his fathers, to be easily won to the faith and practice of the Christian. His caste must be abandoned; his licentious indulgences restrained; all the associations of his former life severed. In a word, he must be changed from that inveterate corruption of the Gentile world, so forcibly described by Paul in the first chapter of Romans. If the children can be collected into schools, they may receive the light of civilization, and be taught the doctrines of the Bible. Is not the mother, in civilized lands, more successful in teaching the child, than the father? And the mild, and forbearing, and gentle, and loving nature of woman, gives her the best qualifications for instilling into the minds of heathen children, the principles of that religion whose essence is love.

The practice of the Apostles cannot be adduced as an example for the modern missionary. The circumstances of the world are essentially different. Then, all was pagan, except the Jewish community—at that time more hostile than the heathen nations to the new system: and the Apostles were driven from city to city, reviled, persecuted, stoned: evincing the sincerity of their belief in the doctrines they taught, amidst the fagot and the flame. But now, Christian nations send missionaries to stations among the heathen, with the expectation that they will pass their lives amidst the terror of the climate they have braved, and lay their bones beneath the sands of the sultry deserts. Under such circumstances—having a settled home—why should they be forbidden to indulge the tender charities of husband and father?

The writer of the article says he is tired of reading accounts of the death of our country-women in Asia and Africa. But is he tired of reading accounts of pagan rites and superstitions—of infanticide—of the immolation of widows on the funeral pyre of husbands —of the deplorable degradation into which heathen lands are irredeemably plunged, unless they are raised by the arm of Christian benevolence? If woman's nature be so gentle, and her frame so delicate, that she must not be allowed to endure privation and suffering in attempts to enlighten the benighted, she was not the proper subject, in the early days of Christianity, to die a martyr's death, in order to witness a martyr's faith: and this writer would have had her to deny her risen Lord, that she might escape the torturing rack and the

consuming flame. Read the history of the ten persecutions, and you will find woman "mighty to suffer"—the gentleness and delicacy of her nature being supported by the principle within her: thus giving a glorious illustration of the sincerity of the faith by which she lived, and for which she died. I shall never forget a remark made by the venerable Dr. Green to his class at Princeton: "You may never be called to die at the stake: but, unless you have the spirit of a martyr, you are no Christian." Had not woman been enabled to die, sooner than renounce her faith, much of the glorious light of martyrdom had never shined: much of the blood that has watered the tree, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations, had never flowed.

Who is so much indebted to Christianity as woman? It found her, not the companion of man, but his slave. The so much boasted philosophy of the ancient world did not essentially improve her condition. And, up to this hour, whether you trace her history amidst the darkness and superstitions of India—in the islands of the sea—with the Osmanlee—among the red men of the forest, or the African tribes, you find her debased below the men of her country. But the light of Christianity arose upon the nations, and her condition was changed. And, as if to show the connexion between the position of woman, and the existing state of Christianity, the same enthusiastic age which sent the Crusader to prove the sincerity of his faith by attempts to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the possession of the Infidel, saw the knight throw down his glove, and assert the superiority of his "Ladye-faire" amidst the

splendid pageantries of the tournament. With Christian man, woman is not the slave of his passions, but the mother of his children—the sharer of his sorrows and his joys—his fellow-traveller to the same happy and eternal home. And shall she be prevented from labouring for the extension of that system which has done so much for her?' On the introduction of evil into the world, "woman being deceived, was in the transgression." Let her then be allowed to aid in spreading that light which alone can scatter the darkness herself has caused.

When the Saviour hung upon the cross, woman did not forsake him in that hour of agony and death. On the morning of the third day, when it was yet dark, she hastened to the sepulchre, and complained they had taken away her Lord, and she did not know where they had laid him. The disciples came, and departed; but woman remained, and stood without the sepulchre, weeping. When asked by the two angels why she wept, she reiterated the complaint, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." When interrogated again, "Why weepest thou?" she replied, "If thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." The sincerity, and the urgency of her sorrow were rewarded by receiving, from the Master himself, the annunciation that he had arisen. And such will always be the character of woman,

"Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave."

CHEVELEY; OR, THE MAN OF HONOUR.

Lady Bulwer has succeeded in producing a work of some literary pretension, and of most abominable morality. I am not aware that she has ever before appeared as an authoress. If she have not written, she has thought; and that is the best preparation for writing. Many of the characters are well drawn: and, as she has evidently designed to give a picture of the self-styled lords of creation as little favourable as possible, she has succeeded in that of Lord de Clifford. Many passages might be quoted which would do credit to Bulwer himself: indeed, they sometimes remind the reader of the author of Eugene Aram. I will select one or two:

"There are feelings on the mysterious altars of the human heart, so subtle, so holy, so impalpably delicate, that the realities which rivet, destroy them, like the fairy hues on some rare flowers; too beautiful to last, they perish at the touch."

"Beautiful Naples! whose sapphire waves flow on in music, and whose flower-heathed air laughs out in sunshine, as if primeval Eden's youth still lingered on thy shores, mocking at sin and time! Beautiful Naples! Venus of cities rising from the sea—begirt with beauty

like a zone, and diademed with palaces! Shall I ever again behold you? No—never at least as I beheld you once; for, to the winter of the heart, no second spring succeeds."

"Memory is the conscience of love; and from the moment we leave what we love, its murmurs allow us no peace."

It would not be difficult to select other passages.

Criticism does not consist, alone, in finding faults to condemn. Its more delightful and legitimate task is to unfold beauties to admire: and a true critic will rather desire to dwell on excellencies, than imperfections. I regret that this last part has been performed in what has been already said. Any further remarks must be those of unqualified condemnation.

It is lamentable that genius is so often prostituted to corrupt the taste and morals of society. This is too frequently the fact with the writers of novels: perhaps more so in the days of Fielding and Smollett, than in our own. Public opinion must correct the evil. Whether there will be more, or fewer novels written when that correction takes place, might admit of discussion. The friends of theatres have sometimes said that plays, as moral as sermons, might be written. True: but when only such plays are acted, theatres will be deserted. Sermons can be heard elsewhere, and in more appropriate places.

I shall not enter upon an extended examination of Cheveley: nor instance the examples of bad taste which its pages would furnish. On the work, as a whole, I will remark, that it affords conclusive proof,

that Bulwer must have had strong inducements to separate from a woman who could entertain, and publish to the world, such sentiments. It is probable the keenness of invective, the distortion of portraiture in this work, arose from wrongs she supposed she had suffered. But I presume Bulwer is not so wretched a character as Lord de Clifford; nor Lady Bulwer quite so good as she paints Lady Julia.

Julia was young and possessed of great personal attractions, but poor. Lord de Clifford meets with her, and, attracted by her charms, proposes; and she is persuaded to marry him. As is always the case with marriages, without any congeniality of character, or true love on either side, she soon loses all attraction for him. She endeavours, by kindness and gentleness, to win him back, and retain him. Having failed in this, she meets with Mowbray—afterwards Cheveley—the very man to excite every dormant passion of her ardent nature. After various struggles with a sense of propriety, and every better feeling, a mutual disclosure takes place. The opportune occurrence of Lord de Clifford's death makes her Lady Cheveley.

The doctrine of Cheveley is, if a woman marry a man who is unkind to her, and who does not reciprocate those blandishments which she knows so well how to lavish, she is free to bestow her heart upon another. And the man is styled, emphatically, "The Man of Honour," who wins, and retains the affections of a married woman. I should not be so much surprised to find this view inculcated by one of our sex: but, that a woman should teach such enormity "'tis

passing strange, 'tis wondrous pitiful." Lady Bulwer may argue, as she appears to do in the second volume, that no more restraint should be placed, by public opinion, upon the morality of women, than upon that of men. The prevalence of that doctrine would be damning to her sex. Contrariety of temper, and unkindness, have been urged as good and sufficient reasons for divorce; but never can, without the interposition of law, release woman from the vows of her virgin heart. What is the value of the casket after the jewel has been stolen? A woman cannot be required to love a husband whose conduct towards her is brutal. "Nothing on compulsion"—especially love. Yet she can banish from her presence the man who is stealing from her those affections which, if she cannot bestow them upon her husband, she ought to bury, while he lives, deep in her own bosom. When she married, she "staked her life upon a cast:" having consented to that, she must "stand the hazard of the die." Who has not admired the beautiful stanzas of Goldsmith, commencing with, When lovely woman stoops to folly, in the Vicar of Wakefield? If the marriage of a woman prove unfortunate, and the laws do not afford her relief, all that is left for her "is to die." The lines in Addison's Cato may, with peculiar force, be applied to a married woman:

> "When love once pleads admission to her heart,
> The woman that deliberates, is lost."

When Cleopatra wished to die, she applied an asp to her arm, that the infusion of its poison might accomplish the object. But a serpent far more deadly

than that—as deadly as the one which whispered in the ear of Eve amidst the bowers of Eden—instils its poison into the very heart of a married woman, who does not, cannot "love her lord," when she listens to the impassioned tale of unhallowed love. *That* lost Eve the happiness of Paradise. *This* wrests from woman—like the glorious works of art, lovely even when in ruins—not only the joys of earth, but the hopes of heaven.

THE DYING HOUR.

A PHILADELPHIA paper gives a sketch of an Address delivered by a distinguished Citizen on, "The Ruling Passion," in which he uses the following language: "The happiest thought in the last hours of the dying mother, is the hope that she will meet her offspring hereafter: heaven would hardly be heaven to her without that meeting." No man can be more deeply impressed, than I am, with profound admiration of the deep devotedness of a mother's love. The same Great Creator who teaches a hen to gather her chickens under her wings, has implanted the love of offspring as the pure, irresistible, unselfish passion of a mother's nature. Matilda, Queen of William the Conqueror, used the following remarkable words: "If my son Robert were dead, and hidden far from the sight of the living, seven feet deep in the earth, and the price of my blood could restore him to life, I would cheerfully bid it flow." The distinguished lecturer and myself cannot differ in opinion, as to the all-absorbing character of a mother's love. But I object to his estimate of the happiest thought in the last hours of a dying mother: and to the opinion, that heaven would hardly be heaven, without meeting the child there.

A dying Christian mother has thoughts far more important to occupy her mind, than the future meeting with her children. Anticipations of such a meeting are appropriate, and would, no doubt, be indulged in that solemn hour. But thoughts, far more important than these, would now engage her attention. She would look back to her condition by nature, and be lost in contemplation of the richness of the grace which saved her from the condemnation to which she was exposed. Her mind would be employed in the review of her life—the turpitude of which was only surpassed by the mercy which condescended to visit her who was so undeserving. And now, in her departing hour, she would experience a joy which no earthly relations or possessions could bestow; while, filled with the present Deity, she anticipated the blessedness of that heaven on which she was about to enter. When Dr. Payson was asked if, in his anticipations of heaven, he thought of meeting friends, he replied; "If I meet Christ, it is no matter whether I see others or not." I cannot better express my views of the thoughts that would occupy the mind of a dying Christian, than by quoting some of the last remarks of Brainerd. A few days before he died, and with an entire certainty of the nearness of his departure, he exclaimed: "My heaven is to please God, and glorify him, and to give all to him, and to be wholly devoted to his glory: that is the heaven I long for; that is my religion, and that is my happiness, and always was ever since I suppose I had any true religion; and all those who are of that religion shall meet me in

heaven. It is impossible for any rational creature to be happy without acting all for God: God himself could not make him happy in any other way. I long to be in heaven praising and glorifying God with the holy angels; all my desire is to glorify God. My soul breathes after God. When shall I come to God, even to God my exceeding joy? Oh! for his blessed likeness! I am almost in eternity; I long to be there. My work is done; I have done with all my friends; all the world is nothing to me: I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God, with all the holy angels. All my desire is to glorify God."

If such be a correct view of the thoughts that fill the mind of the dying Christian, is it true to say, in the language of the lecturer, that the happiest thought in the last hours of the dying mother, is the hope that she will meet her offspring hereafter? I am aware that the Prophet asks, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" But in that dread hour, the duties of the mother have expired, and the subject is about to stand in the presence of her Judge.

The other part of the sentence of the distinguished lecturer, is still more objectionable; "Heaven would hardly be heaven to her without that meeting." Is it not strange that, with the Bible in our hands, our notions of what constitutes the happiness of heaven, should be so vague and unscriptural? I shall not here discuss the question, Shall we recognise our friends in another world? The solution of that question has no important bearing on the point, in the discus-

sion of which we are now engaged. I believe the relations of father, mother, child, with all their attendant affections, were designed for man in his social state. I will not say they all expire when the social state is dissolved by death; but I deny that they constitute a material part—I had almost said any part—of the happiness of heaven. Is not the love of offspring strongly implanted in the brute creation? But, as soon as the necessity for support and protection has passed, the parent and the offspring mix together in the same herds and flocks, without the slightest recognition. But, I repeat, I do not deny that we shall know our friends in the other world. The belief in that opinion is comforting to our nature. Even if the opinion be not true, to disprove it could answer no good purpose. But will any man, with the Bible in his hand, and the experience of a Christian in his heart, deliberately say, "Heaven would hardly be heaven to a mother, unless she meet her offspring there?" What makes heaven, even on earth, to a Christian? Is it communion with friends? It is communion with God. He retires from the observation and presence of man; he calls off his thoughts from all earthly objects, even his dearest friends; he looks up to the great I AM, and asks that the Holy Spirit may come and touch his heart; he looks upon the Saviour on the cross, and with bowed head, and broken heart, and flowing tears, he prays, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And then the Spirit comes, and he is filled with a joy which no language can describe—no mind, without experience, can conceive. "Or ever I was aware, my

soul made me like the chariots of Amminadab." What makes the joy of the Christian "in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart"? It has no connexion with the presence or existence of friends; but it is the first-born emotion of the soul which gives a foretaste of heaven.

If the happiness of heaven consist in meeting with children there, in what does it consist with a Christian woman who is not a mother? Are there two heavens? Are there two distinct sources of happiness in the same heaven? God is the Sun of that system, and the shining of his countenance constitutes, alike, the happiness of all. Even in this world, a high degree of religious enjoyment produces almost an insensibility to impressions from surrounding objects. It may be objected that when the Saviour hung upon the cross in the agonies of death, he exclaimed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" But this desertion, in that hour of agony and blood, was a part of the accomplishment of his mission. I believe that many a holy martyr has been measurably unconscious of the torture of the rack, the tearing of the pincers, or the burning of the fagot, when his soul has been filled by the presence of HIM who walked in the midst of the burning, fiery furnace, and whose "form was like the Son of GOD." How then can the happiness of a glorified spirit depend on the presence of any of the relations of this world? Father, mother, child, are classifications here; but, holy and unholy, are the classifications beyond the grave. I admit that the Christian parent, in his hours of deepest devotion,

PHILIP SYNG PHYSICK.

With the exception of Dr. Rush, no medical man of this country has died, whose departure produced such deep sensation as that of the late Dr. Physick. Occupying, during a long succession of years, a pre-eminent position in the most celebrated medical school of the country; regarded as the father of American Surgery, and scarcely less distinguished as a physician, his character, his talents, and his fame, became the property of the profession and of the nation. Students from all parts of the country sought the University which he adorned; and the victims of the various diseases which belong to our race, when other hopes had failed, turned their steps to the abode of this distinguished man, with a devotion almost approaching that which directs the Osmanlee to the tomb of the Prophet.

Dr. Physick passed four years in Europe, engaged in the completion of his medical education, and was a favourite pupil of the celebrated Hunter; the inestimable benefits of the association to the pupil being repaid by the honour he conferred on the master. He returned to this country in 1792, settled in Philadelphia, and took a distinguished part in the treatment of the yellow fever which, in the following year, devastated

that city. Enthusiastic devotion to his profession, with favourable opportunities for the exercise of his talents, gave him the character which, in 1805, elevated him to the chair of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania. It is not necessary for me to say with what ability he discharged the duties of that situation. When the writer of this sketch pursued his medical studies in Philadelphia, Dr. Physick had been transferred from the chair of Surgery to that of Anatomy. It was unfortunate for him that, with the infirmities of advancing life, such a transfer should have been made. He was most passionately devoted to surgery, and all the enthusiasm of his character must have been displayed when lecturing on that subject. He had not been accustomed to the dry and minute details of anatomy. The contrast in his manner, on the two subjects, was vividly presented to those who attended his courses when Professor of Anatomy. At the close of a lecture he often expressed his views on the surgical diseases of the parts in the demonstration of which he had been engaged, and then he was eloquent. The kindling of the eye, and the fixedness of the features shewed he was treating a subject which called forth his powers. No part of his lectures made half the impression on his class as these incidental remarks on surgery.

Several years before his death he was made Emeritus Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, having retired from the active duties of his chair and profession, and not attending to patients, except at his office. He closed his brilliant surgical operations by the removal

of a cataract: an appropriate termination of the professional career of one who had contributed so much to enlighten the world, when he relieved him who was suffering the privation so feelingly described, because personally felt, by the great master of English Epic, as, "Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out." Had he died at the zenith of his fame and usefulness, the impression produced by his exit would have been increased. The associations connected with the fall of the vigorous and wide-spreading oak—the pride of the forest—differ from those which arise, when the fury of the tempest prostrates the sapless trunk with its withered branches.

Dr. Physick had a mind peculiarly adapted to the successful prosecution of his profession. Other medical men have attained great eminence and popularity by having vivid imagination, forcible elocution, and other captivating powers, combined with solid professional attainments. But, when they stand by the bedside, and engage in the investigation of the hidden causes of disease, these qualities of the mind often become the "ignes fatui" by which they are led astray. He had no imagination—no various learning. I do not recollect, during the three winters I attended his lectures, ever to have heard him illustrate the subject he was teaching by drawing on other branches of science. He did not attempt oratorical display. A perfect master of the point he wished to impress, he used the fewest words; and his style, in an eminent degree, was simple, chaste, and clear. His mind was patient of labour; accurate in investigation. He made

his profession the object of his intellectual love. Like the traveller having a long journey before him which he is resolved to accomplish, he did not turn aside to wander over beautiful parterres, and pluck sweet flowers. His mode of reasoning, in his inquiries after truth, was that of the Inductive Philosophy of Bacon: a philosophy which teaches, as a great principle, that, in all the investigations of nature, the only true guides to just theory are experiment and observation. That is the only true mode: the one to which we owe the gigantic strides science and the arts have made since 1560—a year illustrated by the birth of that Prince of Philosophers. They who have had the privilege of standing by Dr. Physick, when investigating the disease of his patient, must have been forcibly impressed by his method. He did not permit him to give a long and unsatisfactory description of his case, but asked him questions. He pressed him on points where he supposed the truth was to be found. His mind was eminently practical. He did not aim at the support of pre-conceived theories: he sought after facts. I have said he had no imagination; but I have not said he had no enthusiasm. He had genius, and, of necessity, enthusiasm. What is genius* but susceptibility of emotion?

*The following is a fine description of the difference between genius and talent: "A man may possess talent without possessing a spark of genius. Talent is the power of exertion and acquisition; and of applying acquisition in a judicious and effective manner. Talent is cool-headed; genius is hot-headed: talent may be cold-hearted; genius can never be other than warm-hearted: talent is generally prudent; genius is often imprudent: talent moves steadily

I have observed that the mind of Dr. Physick was practical: and this was the true source of his great eminence; the reason why the value of the contributions he has made to medical science has not been destroyed by time. In this intellectual endowment he formed a striking contrast with the most popular medical teacher this country has ever produced. Dr. Rush had a bold, energetic mind; was full of enthusiasm; confident of his great powers; and possessed, in a remarkable degree, the ability to inspire his pupils with a conviction of the truth of his doctrines; with a propagandist spirit which disseminated them through all parts of the country. But he was a man of theories, and exerted all his powers for their support. A quarter of a century has elapsed since his death; yet, long before the close of that brief period, his doctrines had ceased to have any influence with the profession. His fame remains, and will long remain, as a brilliant example of the control a man of genius exercises over all minds that come within his influence. He displayed the same order of genius that enables the warrior to inspire his soldiers with the assurance of victory; or the statesman to impart his own convictions to admiring senates.

Dr. Physick was remarkable for simplicity of character. He displayed no arrogance—no self-conceit on

and regularly forward; genius springs on impetuously, and lags indolently, by turns. The feeling of talent is judgment; the judgment of genius is feeling. Genius is proud and confident; talent is humble and unpretending. The mind in which both are united, makes the nearest approach to perfection; since the coolness of talent corrects the impetuosity of genius, and the conceptions of genius dignify the operations of talent."

account of his acknowledged pre-eminence—no contempt for those beneath him. True greatness is always united with simplicity.* Wealth, honour, station, attainment, genius, do not affect the bearing of that man who is truly great and noble. He has feelings of warm affection for all his race; and is humbled, rather than exalted, when he considers how many blessings heaven has bestowed on one who is so unworthy. The possession of knowledge does not inflate the truly great man with high opinions of himself. It serves to shew him he is standing on the shore of a boundless ocean, on whose bosom he may sail, but the extent of which he can never explore.

A very natural transition from the contemplation of this simple nobility of his character, is to consider him as a believer in divine Revelation. His integrity and morality were always remarkable; but, it was towards the close of his life, that his inquiries on the subject of the future condition of man became more apparent and urgent. The fervor of youth and the ardent pursuit of ambitious prospects may long divert man from the consideration of his other home; but, when the passions

*A distinguished writer, speaking of Lord Chatham, says, "He was an almost solitary instance of a man of real genius, and of a brave, lofty, and commanding spirit, without simplicity of character." But, the testimony of the same writer—who, in another place, describes him as, "A man whose errors arose, not from a sordid desire of gain, but from a fierce thirst for power, for glory, and for *vengeance*"—proves that he was deficient in true nobility of character. With a slight variation, we may employ Lord Chatham's words, and say, *Vengeance* is a plant of slow growth in a *truly noble* heart.

of his nature begin to expire; when the possession of wealth and honour has failed to confer happiness; when incipient decay admonishes man that the beauful temple in which his spirit dwells is tending to dissolution, it is then "the divinity that stirs within him," prompts him to inquire into his capabilities and his destiny. What consolation can man enjoy amidst changes and sorrows and decays, unless he believe "there is one broad sky over all the world; and, whether it be blue or cloudy, the same heaven is beyond it."

It has been said that the pursuit of medical science has an irreligious tendency: the habit of tracing the connexion of parts in producing results, leading to a forgetfulness of the Great First Cause. The charge cannot be true. It is contrary to all the established laws which control the human mind, in deriving conclusions from testimony. In all ages of the world, nations have been taught the existence of *a* God by the contemplation of his works. I do not say they have been taught the existence of *the* God; possessed of the attributes of the God of the Bible. Such is not the fact. But, although the divinity they worship be made of wood or stone, it confirms the argument. The profession furnishes many illustrious names, besides Boerhaave and Physick, in refutation of the charge.

The personal appearance of Dr. Physick was very imposing. I have known men more majestic in bearing, more commanding in figure: who trod upon the earth with a step more firm and proud, as if they felt they were born to control its destinies. But that clas-

sically formed head and face; that eye which reposed in calm, almost melancholy expression, unless when lighted up with intellectual fire; those lips which seldom smiled; but, when they did, were surpassed in expression only by the smile of woman! Who does not wish some Praxiteles had lived in his day, that he might have chiselled those features in Parian marble, and thus convey them down to all coming time? Often, when I have called to recollection the noble features of this great man, I have thought of the eulogy pronounced on the Baron Cuvier by his wife—the noblest eulogy ever pronounced by a wife on the character of her husband. When, after his death, his portrait was presented to her, and she was asked if it resembled him, "It is he," she exclaimed, "It is he; it is his noble, pure, and elevated mind; often melancholy; always benevolent and calm, like real goodness. It is the great man passing over this earth, and knowing that there is something beyond."

THE DEAF ELDER.

THE "Christain World" contains an article, by the Rev. T. B. Balch, on the Presbyterian Churches in the lower part of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, viz: Rehoboth, Pitt's Creek, and Snow Hill—the oldest Churches, of the Presbyterian connexion, in the United States. They were founded by McKemie at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sketches of several eminent Christian characters, who adorned these Churches during the period the writer ministered to them, are drawn in these Reminiscenses: among them, that of the Deaf Elder of the Rehoboth Church, in Somerset county. The following is part of that sketch:

"My memory has been occupied more than once about the Deaf Elder, who came to Westover, and gave me there the right hand of welcome. My first impressions of him were not prepossessing. No person was ever pleased, at a first interview, with Dr. Johnson; and yet his house was always filled with the children of misfortune. What a tender heart the great moralist must have had, to have taken to his house the blind, the crippled, and forlorn.* So with our Elder. His

*The part of the character of Dr. Johnson, to which MR. B. here

difficulty of hearing was a sad trial. To him the loud thunder of the Alps would have been little more than the murmur of the Hyblæan bee. But this affliction he bore with exemplary patience.

"He magnified his office as an Elder. He reminded me of a Scottish nobleman, to whom some person had enumerated all the honours he had ever received. 'But,' replied the nobleman, 'you have forgotten the best of all, and that is my being a Parish Elder.' Our Elder had all the qualities for a valuable officer of the Church. He was popular, influential, and generous. His purse, his house, his conveyances, were all at the service of ministers. He was a man of moral courage, united with acute sensibility. Had he been living at the time of the crucifixion, instead of the period when his existence was conferred, he would have urged his way to the summit of Calvary, and have bathed the feet of his Saviour in tears. He would have been awed, but not stricken into servile consternation, at the meridian twilight that shaded the mountain: would have bent his ear, and lifted his trumpet to catch the dying words of the Son of God. He would have stood, unmoved, at the rending of the rocks. He would have begged the body—prepared the spices—and watched the sepulchre. * * * * *

refers, is described in the following extract: "For severe distress he had sympathy; and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. He would carry home, on his shoulders, a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum: nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence." This is a fine view of the character of the great English moralist.

"His dwelling was a kind of moral nucleus to the neighbourhood. Thither the poor sent for bread, the sick for medicine, the dying for consolation, and the perplexed for counsel. It was a caravansery where the weary and benighted were wont to call; it was kept by a good Samaritan, and there was nothing to pay. It was more. It was a spiritual light-house to which they looked who were about to be wrecked by misfortune, or were already plunged into a sea of affliction: where penitents heard of an Ark; where prodigals were pointed to rings for their fingers, to sandals for their feet, and to choirs of angels who rejoice over returning sinners.

"He had lowly views of himself, but exalted apprehensions of the Saviour. This last was the theme on which he loved to expatiate. In seed time and harvest, Summer and Winter, when he moved by day or watched by night, he was equally alive to the glory of Redemption.

"The writer could not help admiring the punctuality with which the Deaf Elder attended Church. No weather prevented. He would enter the sanctuary, dripping with rain, and would ride over snow-drifts with his ear-trumpet dangling at his side. When the weather was mild, and the air was balmy, and all Nature was breathing forth through the channel of a thousand voices, he would ride leisurely along, and study the picture with the love of a Christian. As a hearer of the Word he is worthy of special mention. He generally sat in the pulpit. This was a privilege conceded to him, on account of his deafness, in all the

neighbouring Churches, and by ministers of the various denominations. In the pulpit he would thrust his ear-trumpet as far forward as modesty would allow. Sometimes the preacher would purposely incline to him; and his countenance was an unerring index of the extent to which he heard. On communion occasions he would pass down the table to distribute the elements, and then promptly return to the side of the preacher. With this good man the writer maintained years of familiar intercourse. Many were the rides we took in company; and the woods through which we passed were gilded by his words. * * * * *

"One day I reached his dwelling, and my surprise was considerable that he did not come out and bid me welcome. I went into the house, and found the Elder lying in his bed. Not a feature was ruffled. A sign was made to him to take his ear-trumpet. When he had done so, I said, 'Are you much indisposed?' He replied, 'All the days of the years of my pilgrimage are threescore years, and my hour has come.' 'But,' answered I, 'do not forget the words of the Idumean Patriarch, All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come.' 'For that change,' said he, 'I now wait.' 'On what,' I asked, 'do you depend for acceptance?' 'Not,' he replied, 'on the dust and ashes of my own obedience, but on One who is a Rock that will hold every insect that lights upon Him.'

"Our conversation was protracted. Its detail would be needless, as it was but a repetition of truths that have stood the test of time, and in which all Christians

agree. He lingered but a short time longer on this side the Jordan: and here we pause; for

> 'In vain my fancy strives to paint
> The moment after death.'——"

The Editor of the Presbyterian, in the early part of his professional labours, passed some months in that section of the State; and, I have no doubt, he can say, with the writer of the preceding sketch: "One of my best pleasures has been to cherish a remembrance of that part of the country; and more than once its scenery, its morning mists, its rites of redundant hospitality, its seats of opulence, and, especially, its stars of devotion, have passed before me in the panorama of the imagination." The Editor, I believe, was also well acquainted with the Deaf Elder—his noble and intellectual character—his generous hospitality—his kind and sympathising nature—his pure and deep devotion.*

*These recollections are fresh in our memory. It was at the kind and earnest solicitation of the late Dr. James P. Wilson, that we visited the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and Virginia, soon after licensure to preach the Gospel. Inexperienced in the world, and the high calling of the ministry, we appeared amidst these strangers with fear and trembling; but we were soon reassured. The kindness of many friends encouraged us in our work; and among these we must ever prominently remember Captain Duffield, of Snow Hill, and the Deaf Elder, at Rehoboth. The former was once a thoughtless sea captain, but was made a trophy of grace, and, as a private Christian and Ruling Elder, was an amiable example of humility and devotion. The Deaf Elder was a remarkable man; characterized by strong intellect, deep acquaintance with the Scriptures, and the most cheerful piety. It seemed to us that his pleasant and confident hopes of heavenly felicity were always betraying themselves in his smiling countenance. We remember our own fears in first preaching before one who was so well qualified to judge;

He lived a life of comparative retirement, employed in the cultivation of his estate: but I never knew a man who was more universally respected and beloved. He had native genius that would have enabled him to fill high stations with honour and usefulness: but he was more a student of the Bible than of any other book. From a very intimate acquaintance with him, I can affirm that I never knew a finer specimen of what I conceive to be the true character of a Presbyterian Elder. When the Church was supplied with a Pastor, he was ever ready to aid—to advise—to execute. When the Church was vacant, he would cause assemblies for social worship to be held within the parish. He would visit, converse, and pray with the sick; counsel the perplexed inquirer, and comfort the bereaved. He was well read on theological subjects, practical and doctrinal: and, on such points, could maintain an argument with any of the clergymen of his day. He was a man of strong and impetuous passions, beautifully subdued and chastened by the influences of religion; and, in his intercourse with the world, he was meek and gentle. Who that ever heard him lead in social or family prayer, can forget his subdued and earnest tones of supplication? And his soul appeared almost to depart in the chariot of Elijah, when,

and we recall the kind and paternal encouragement which he gave us to go onward in our work. The memory of the just is blessed. *Editor of the Presbyterian.**

*This Sketch was originally published in the Presbyterian. The memory of an eminently virtuous and pious man belongs to posterity: and the author, in preparing this article, was not restrained by the consideration that his subject was his Father's Brother.

with choked utterance and flowing tears, he asked for mercy, and longed for Heaven. It caused no surprise when, in 1825, Stephen Collins, the Deaf Elder of Rehoboth, died—full of years and full of honour—that he was followed to his grave by all classes, who mourned for him as for a Friend and a Father.

JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

Some men of genius are not appreciated in their own day and age. They pass their lives in the production of works which they leave behind them; and by which their names will be transmitted to the most distant generations. The intellectual, like the natural sun, appears the more brilliant after a temporary obscuration. Other men of genius appear with the greatest brilliancy to their contemporaries; and are indebted to them for their reputation with posterity. Eloquence of a very high order, in connexion with youth and interesting personal appearance, takes captive the judgment of the audience, and excites unbounded admiration. But, when the discourses are published, they who never heard the orator, are at a loss to understand how the brilliant reputation was gained. It is one thing to behold the living being, with all the captivating graces of speech, and person, and feature, and motion; and a very different thing to see the same being, after inexorable death has removed the spirit which gave beauty and animation to the living body:

> "So mildly sweet, so deadly fair!
> We start, for soul is wanting there."

Memorable examples of this truth exist in our own day. They have existed in all past, and will be found in all coming ages. When the curtain falls and closes the drama with men of this description, their friends would act wisely if they left their reputations to be preserved by tradition. Bacon was the most profound thinker, as well as the most accomplished orator of his age. But this union is rare; and, when the reputation of a man is acquired by the captivating graces of eloquence, more than by vigour of thought, the publication of his works will always diminish his fame. It has been beautifully said that, Every attempt to present on paper the splendid efforts of impassioned eloquence, is like gathering up dew-drops, which appear jewels and pearls on the grass, but run to water in the hand; the essence and the elements remain; but the grace, the sparkle, and the form are gone.

John Summerfield was born in 1798, in Lancashire, England. He received a very liberal education, and, at the age of twenty, became a preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He commenced his ministerial labours in Ireland, to which country his father had removed with his family. He acquired distinguished popularity in Ireland: and, in 1820, he visited England, and preached with great acceptance. In 1821, he came to America; and, shortly after his arrival, he made a memorable speech at the fifth Anniversary of the American Bible Society, in New York. This speech produced a great sensation, and added to the popular estimation in which he had been advancing during the few weeks he had preached in that city. It

also prepared the way for the enthusiastic reception which awaited him when he appeared in other sections of the country. A contemporary writer, speaking of one of his sermons, says, "The man realized the ethereality of his nature: then he felt, at least while the lucid rays of eloquence divine were emitted from the almost irradiated speaker, his high and holy calling. Powerful, indeed, was the effect produced by this memorable sermon. Long and deep was the respiration which the audience drew, when the speaker sat down amid the commingling scintillations of light which himself had kindled. From this time he was followed by applauding, delighted multitudes: neither did that voice cease to charm, nor that divinely illumined intellect fail to pour light into the understanding, and to carry conviction to the heart, until death closed those lips, and the soul, as in a chariot of fire, ascended to our God and his God." His popularity was great—beyond all precedent. All denominations crowded to hear him; when he was expected to preach, multitudes of all classes of citizens surrounded the Churches before the doors were opened; and hundreds were excluded, as the buildings could not contain them. He walked up the aisle, looking to neither side: his motion being neither slow nor rapid; but graceful, calm, meek, and saint-like. So great were the crowds, that Mr. Summerfield was repeatedly obliged to enter by the windows. The celebrated Dr. Mason, of New York, when in the ripeness of intellectual vigour, visited London; and such was his popularity, that the crowds compelled him to adopt the same mode to enable him to ascend the pulpit.

In 1822, Mr. Summerfield was brought to the lowest stage of bodily health by a violent hæmorrhage of the lungs; and, by the advice of his medical attendants, sailed for France at the close of that year, and passed several months in Marseilles and Paris. During this period, the Anniversary of the Protestant Bible Society of France was held in Paris; and he attended as the bearer of the official congratulations of the American Bible Society, of which he was a director. He prepared an address for this occasion, which was translated into French by the Duchess de Broglie—daughter of Madame de Staël—and was read to the Society by a friend, as the author stood by his side. This address, which is the best published production of Mr. Summerfield that I have read, was received with enthusiastic applause; and, like the one delivered before the Bible Society, in New York, caused him to be cherished with distinguished honours.

His health improved slightly during his residence in France; and he sailed for England, where he remained until March, 1824. During this period, he preached very seldom—causing his friends great anxiety as they witnessed his pale and emaciated appearance. After an absence of fifteen months he returned to America, with some improvement of health; and immediately commenced his ministerial labours; which were continued in feebleness of body, but with great acceptance, until disease laid him low. He died, in New York, in June, 1825, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. A long procession, composed of various denominations, followed the corpse through densely crowded streets:

and weeping friends deposited it in that mouldering sanctuary where, "Death, the mighty huntsman, earths us all." His last words were, Good night, as he kissed his sister when she retired to rest for a few hours. He reposed with the calmness of a good man who enjoys sweet sleep—at peace with the world, his conscience, and his God; and he realized the wish he expressed to a friend, three years before his death: "Perhaps it may be thought strange, but I have never desired that mine should be the triumphant end; singular to say, I have ever coveted the end of peace—peace—peace." How wonderful is it, says a fine writer, that the young and the innocent are also the early-called! Thousands there are of the old, the grey-haired, the withered, all bending to the earth as if seeking for their graves to rest in; and upon none of these will the spoiler set his seal; none will he have, of what would seem his lawful prey. But the young, and the bright, and the beautiful are all his; and the warm heart that has not throbbed half its season, is the one that disease selects to train for the tomb.

I never saw Mr. Summerfield, except in the pulpit; and his appearance there was interesting in the highest degree. No man ever more strongly impressed me with the thought, that he was a being who did not belong to this world; but was sojourning for a short period, that he might direct the minds of men to a preparation for that untried state on which he was so soon to enter. His person was slightly built: and the paleness of his face, with the general evidence of want of bodily vigour; his youthful features, and a countenance re-

markable for loveliness, calmness, and solemnity, gave to his appearance in the pulpit a high degree of fascination. I never heard a man who read poetry so well—with such entire freedom from all affectation. His addresses to the Almighty were, perhaps, the most remarkable of his pulpit performances. When clergymen engage in such addresses, at public celebrations, it is common with the press to style them, "eloquent prayers;" using the same modes of expression that are applied to the orations which succeed them. If by eloquence, in that application, were meant that mysterious power which comes from the heart of the speaker, and touches the hearts of the audience, the term would be without exception. But, when thus used, it means forcible thoughts, expressed in beautiful language, and well turned periods, without any reference to the spirit of devotion. The prayers of Summerfield weré eloquent because they were devout. They shewed he did not think of recommending himself; but that he felt he was addressing a pure and holy Being, in whose presence he was unworthy to appear, but to whose mercy he must be indebted for pardon, and the hopes of heaven. They opened every heart to perceive the beauty of holiness; and caused the audience to exclaim with Jacob, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. This is none other but the house of God; and this is the gate of heaven. He made confession of sin as if he felt he deserved condemnation: he asked for mercy with the importunity of the Patriarch, who said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. I have heard Summerfield pray

with humility so unaffected, importunity so earnest, intercession so urgent, and adoration so profound, that I have almost expected he would, like Elijah, "go up by a whirlwind into heaven;" and I was prepared to exclaim, with Elisha, "The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

No written description could convey a proper conception of the sermons of Summerfield, when his intellect, and his spiritual emotions were highly excited. Under such circumstances, they were superior to any I ever heard. His interesting personal appearance, with his sweetness and simplicity of manners, prepared the mind to receive the arguments, united with entreaties, by which he appealed to his hearers, in the tenderest tones of expostulation, Why will ye die? The language and gestures were exceedingly chaste; the topics stated with distinctness, and strongly enforced; the imagery natural and captivating; the discourse, in all its parts, under the control of good sense, and good taste. His humility was very remarkable. Notwithstanding the homage paid to his eloquence, he constantly reminded the audience of the declaration of the great Apostle of the Gentiles: We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. The late Dr. William Nevins, of Baltimore, said: "I have been astonished that, in all my intercourse with Summerfield, I never heard any thing from him, even by accident, that savoured of vanity. He was literally clothed with humility, nor was the garment scanty. What popular preacher but he, ever passed before the world, without

being, at least, accused of affectation? That he was, I never heard."

Such is the character of the inimitable pulpit eloquence of the "fervent, fearless, self-sacrificing preacher, who was the delight of wondering, weeping, and admiring audiences." He had his inspiration; but it was the inspiration of genius and devotion—existing in one who was, in appearance and manner, the personification of meekness. The published works of Summerfield do not contain much posthumous evidence of the power of his genius. It would be as easy to transfer to canvass the beautifully-blended colours of the rainbow, as it spans the heavens before it disappears amidst the storm; or the georgeousness of the clouds, as I have seen them, suspended over the mountain-top, and reflecting, in a thousand combinations, the rays of the setting sun, as to place on paper the lively and beautiful illustrations—the living, breathing, speaking eloquence of John Summerfield. His reputation with posterity must rest on the descriptions of those who heard the touching pathos of his eloquence, proceeding from devotional inspiration, combined with cultivated imagination and intense animal feeling. Dr. Nevins expressed the following just conceptions of his character: "I almost compassionate the biographer of Summerfield, however great his graphic talents may be. I anticipate that the best written memoir of him will be to the living, speaking, and acting Summerfield, very much what his best printed discourse was to the unwritten eloquence that he used to pour forth from his heart, in

his most ordinary sermons; for the eloquence of our friend was, pre-eminently, that of the heart. It was the oratory of nature: and I have often remarked that, in any age, in any country, in any language, and under all circumstances, he would have been the same magic master of the human heart that we felt him to be."

In early life, Summerfield was a frequent attendant on the preaching of Thomas Spenser, who, by his youth, his piety, and his eloquence, produced such decided impressions on the inhabitants of Liverpool. When that admirable young man met an early death by drowning, while bathing in a stream, and a well written account of his life was published, Summerfield read it with great interest and delight, and thereby increased the spark of piety already kindling in his own heart; and was filled with anxious desires to adopt the same sacred profession. Premature death has, in every age of the world, often been the fate of genius and of virtue. Virgil has celebrated, in immortal song, the early removal of the virtuous and gifted son of Octavia from the idolatry of Rome, before he occupied the throne of Cæsar: and the Christian world has often been required to bow, in profound submission, to the mysterious providence which has plucked from their orbit, in the morning of life, many of the brightest suns that have ever arisen to delight and bless mankind.

WILLIAM COWPER.

I HAVE seen an article containing a quotation from, The Task, the author of which is described by the writer of the article as, "The Misanthropic Poet." Cowper has long continued to be a favourite with the literary and religious public; and they will not consent that misanthropy shall be considered as a part of his character. If he had been a misanthrope, literature would never have been enriched by those works upon which his genius has conferred immortality. A misanthrope may possess high intellectual endowments; but his efforts will be simply intellectual, without the moral emotions which address themselves to the sympathies of the great family of man. Diogenes, in his tub, might have given to the world a great work on abstract science; but he could never have lamented, in the delightful strains of Cowper, over the misery and oppression under which man is made to mourn; or have led his readers to repose by the pure fountains of which they drink who hold communion with Nature.

That such was the character of Cowper, is abundantly evident from his poems, his correspondence, and his friendships. I do not know an author to whom I would not as soon ascribe misanthropy as to him.

Take the following well-known lines as an evidence of the kindness of his nature:

> "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumours of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach me more! my ear is pained
> My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
> Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
> There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
> It does not feel for man; the natural bond
> Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax
> That falls asunder at the touch of fire."

This is the quintessence of benevolence; and almost every page of his works contains evidence of the same kind and loving nature.

If we consider his Christian character, do we not find it to be most beautiful? It was too often dimmed by interposing clouds: but, afterwards, it shone with more lustre because of the temporary obscuration. The character of the sun is not altered when, for a day or a week, he is concealed from our view. The devotional poetry of Cowper is admired by Christians of all denominations. Penitence, reverence, humility, and the desire of holiness, breathe in every line. All the objects of animate and inanimate nature are so many conductors to lead his thoughts up to the Good Being who made them all. And is it possible that he, whose heart was filled with such love for the Great Creator, could have been a misanthrope—a hater of his fellow? Religion and misanthropy are perfect incompatibles. "Shew me a man," said Lactantius, "in whose heart the fury of the tiger is found,

and, by a few words of the Book of God, I will make him gentle as a lamb." Such is the invariable effect of Christianity, in all ages, on those who feel its power. Misanthropy cannot dwell in the bosom of the Christian man, of whom we may say, "Happy is thy cottage, and happy the sharer of it, and happy are the little lambs which sport themselves around thee."

Look at his friendships. No man ever had more devoted friends. It was the misfortune of Cowper that he never formed that domestic association which might have prevented, or would have mitigated, the development of his constitutional melancholy. But, he numbered among his friends the Unwins, the Thorntons, the Throckmortons, John Newton, and the sprightly Lady Austen to whose animated companionship the world is indebted for, The Task, which placed its author at the head of the poets of the day, and proved that excellence might exist in English versification, although the writer did not imitate the artificial elegance of Pope. These friends cherished him, with great kindness, amidst all his gloom and miseries; and he remained an inmate of the Unwin family more than thirty years. Do these facts prove him to have been a misanthrope?

The great defect in the character of Cowper was melancholy, not misanthropy. The cause of this melancholy has been a subject of much discussion with the biographers of this great poet. Medical men understand how intimately the health of the mind is connected with that of the body: how a slight defect in physical organization may entail acute and protracted

mental suffering. Cowper was aware of the cause of his miseries, and says, "Could I be translated to Paradise, unless I could leave my body behind me, my melancholy would cleave to me there." Again, he says, "I arise in the morning like an infernal frog out of Acheron, covered with the ooze and mud of melancholy." But, if the day was bright, its progress diminished his gloom. The intelligent reader will perceive, from this statement, that his disease was hypochondria, caused by dyspeptic habit; and thus, the well-known morbid sensibility of such sufferers was imparted to body and mind. A few years since, dyspepsia was a very common disease; and, perhaps, every one who did not feel, had opportunity to observe its painful effects. The degree of morbid sensibility often approaches insanity; and I have seen patients, whose minds in health were admirably well-balanced, restrained, by moral and religious considerations alone, from plunging the murderous dagger in their own hearts; thus seeking, in suicide, a refuge from sorrow. It has often been said, that Cowper's religion was the cause of his insanity. The charge shews that those by whom it is advanced are equally ignorant of the nature of religion, and of our physical organization. Religion cures us of insanity, because, in one sense, every man is insane who lives, year after year, without an abiding reference to another state of being. The melancholy, or insanity of a diseased mind may assume a religious character; but, that does not prove religion to have been its cause, any more than the well-known fact, that insane persons often deem their best

friends and nearest relations to be their deadliest foes, proves the severance of the tenderest ties by which society is bound together. Sound reasoning does not confound effect with cause. The tendency of true religion is to make men pure and happy. She teaches that all men are our brethren; that we should minister to the wants of those who occupy the dwellings of poverty and sorrow. She clothes external nature with a thousand beauties, unseen by those who do not trace the character of the Creator by finding,

> "Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

She mitigates our misfortunes by teaching that they are inflicted, for wise purposes, by a kind Father who loves his children; she leads to an eternal home of happiness in heaven. Can the tendency of such a system be to produce insanity? I believe in the natural corruption of our nature; that the most innocent being on earth could not endure a full view of the depravity of the heart, the sinfulness of the life—and the consequent exposedness to the divine displeasure—unless the convictions of sin were met by the promises of pardon. A conscience thus awakened, attended with hopeless despair, constitutes the very essence of the misery of the damned. But these convictions do not drive man to insanity. When all expedients have failed to procure peace, the Spirit leads the sinner to the cross; he looks, and believes, and lives. Let not religion be charged with the misery and insanity arising from disease, or physical organization. It has been said of Cowper, that, after he became a Christian, he

never, amidst all his depressions, renewed his attempts to commit suicide.

The last six years of Cowper's life were passed in pitiable suffering. That was a long eclipse for genius so exalted, character so pure, affections so strong. The sun may be obscured by clouds as he plunges beneath the Western waters; but, he will arise and shine on other lands in other climes. The light of his genius and of his Christian hope, were concealed in darkness—not extinguished. His writings will be the delight of the Christian scholar as long as the productions of genius shall live. They contain

> "Not one immoral, one corrupting thought;
> One line which, dying, he would wish to blot."

KING JAMES' BIBLE.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the labours of literary men of any age, is, that the translation of the Holy Scriptures, made two hundred and thirty-one years ago, in the reign of James I., is the version of the Bible *now* in use. Whether our increased acquaintance with Oriental customs and manners, and the changes the English language has undergone since the time of James I., will be considered as arguments sufficiently strong to require a new translation, or a correction of that now in use, we cannot predict. One thing is certain: suggestions of that nature have not been received with favour, except, perhaps, by some denominations who suppose that particular words, or phrases ought to be translated in accordance with their distinctive opinions. Every person must have a desire to know the care with which the Bible has been translated into various languages, at different periods; and will be interested with tracing the steps which led to the translation which is now—and has been for more than two centuries—daily in the hands of every Protestant reader, in all countries where the English is the vernacular language. I propose to give a very condensed account of King James' Bible: but

will, as preliminary, place in connexion some facts—derived from various authorities—in relation to different translations of the Scriptures.

The collection of writings, says a distinguished writer, which contains the standard for the faith and practice of Christians, has been called Scriptures, by way of intimating their importance above all other writings—Holy or Sacred Scriptures, because they were written by authors who were divinely inspired—Canonical Scriptures, either because they are a rule of faith and practice; or because they were inserted in ecclesiastical canons or catalogues, in order to distinguish them from such books as were apocryphal or of uncertain authority, and unquestionably not of divine origin—Bible, a Greek word which means a book, but is applied, by way of pre-eminence, to this collection, as being the Book of Books.*

The first translations of the Old Testament—which, with the exceptions of a few words and passages that are in the Chaldæan dialect, is written in the Hebrew language—were made after the Babylonish captivity; and were called Targums, from a Chaldee word which

*The Jews divided the books of the Old Testament into three classes—the Law, comprising the Pentateuch—the Prophets, which were divided into *former* and *latter;* the *former* consisting of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings: the *latter* embracing Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Twelve Minor Prophets which were counted as one book—the Hagiographa—so called from two Greek words which mean Holy Writings—comprehending Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Song of Solomon, Ruth, Lamentations of Jeremiah, Ecclesiastes, Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and the two books of Chronicles. This division was called Cetubim, or Holy Writings, because they were not, like the law of Moses, orally delivered; but were com-

means version or explanation. They are also known by the name of Chaldee Paraphrases, as they are rather comments and explications, than literal translaations of the text. Some of these Targums are yet extant, and they are often mentioned in the writings of the ancient Fathers of the Church. The most ancient, valuable, and memorable Greek translation of the Old Testament, now extant, is that called the Septuagint, made in the joint reigns of Ptolemy Lagus, and his son Ptolemy Philadelphus, 286 years B. C. It derives its name from its being supposed to be the production of seventy-two Jews, usually called the seventy interpreters—seventy being a round number. If the Pentateuch, and the Book of Joshua were translated into Greek before the time of Alexander the Great—as some have affirmed—all the copies have perished. It is supposed that the Church at Antioch possessed a Syrian translation of the Bible, A. D. 100. In Abyssinia, there is an Ethiopic version of the Bible, ascribed to an author of the fourth century. Chrysostom, who lived at the end of that century, and Theodoret, who was fifty years later, state that they possessed Syrian, Indian, Persian, Armenian, Ethiopic, and Scythian versions of

posed by men divinely inspired, yet without any public mission as prophets.

The books of the Old Testament are *now* generally divided into four classes—the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses—the Historical Books, comprising from Joshua to Esther, inclusive—the Doctrinal or Poetical Books, consisting of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon—the Prophetic Books, comprising Isaiah, Jeremiah with Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Twelve Minor Prophets. *See Horne's Introduction.*

the Bible. The ancient Egyptians possessed a translation into their language; also the Georgians. The most ancient German translation is that made by Ulphilas, A. D. 360. In all these versions, except the Syrian, the Old Testament is translated from the Septuagint, and not immediately from the Hebrew, in which language it was originally written. Notwithstanding the great excellence of the Septuagint, competent judges decide that it should not, as has sometimes been done, be considered as equal to the Hebrew text.

The Old and New Testaments were translated into Latin by scholars among the primitive Christians. During the continuance of the Roman Empire in Europe, the Scriptures were every where read in Latin, which was the universal language of that Empire: before the Christian æra, the Greek had been the general language. But, after its overthrow, and the erection of various kingdoms upon its ruins, the Latin language gradually fell into disuse; and hence the necessity for having the Bible translated into as many modern languages as there are different nations professing the Christian religion, not using the same language. The total number of dialects, in all parts of the world, is supposed to be about five hundred: and of these, more than one hundred constitute languages generically distinct. The Sacred Scriptures have been translated, either wholly or in part, into upwards of one hundred and fifty of these various dialects. The chief translations of the Scriptures, which have been made into the different modern languages of Europe,

amount to about forty-two. The Vulgate is a very ancient translation of the Bible into Latin; and is the only translation acknowledged by the Church of Rome to be authentic. Latin translations were made for the Latin Church, soon after the first introduction of Christianity: one of which obtained a more extensive circulation than the others, and was called by Jerome the Vulgate, and the Old translation. Jerome made, towards the close of the fourth century, another Latin translation, which surpassed all that preceded it. There are three classes of the Vulgate; the ancient Vulgate, translated from the Septuagint; the modern Vulgate, the greater part of which is translated from the Hebrew text; and the new Latin translation, by Sanctes Pagninus, made in the sixteenth century—also from the Hebrew text.

I will now give a very condensed account—derived from several authorities—of the translations of the Bible, at different periods, into the English language. The assertion that Adelme, Bishop of Sherborne, who lived early in the eighth century and was a man of great learning, translated the Psalms into the Saxon, is supposed, by some authorities, not to be supported by sufficient evidence. Egbert, Bishop of Lindisfern, who died in 721, translated the four Gospels into Saxon; and, about the same period, the venerable Bede made a Saxon version of the entire Bible. Two hundred years later, King Alfred made another translation of the Psalms: and, in 995, Elfred, Archbishop of Canterbury, translated into Saxon, the Pentateuch, Joshua Kings, and Esther. The first English translation of

the Bible, known to be extant, was made in 1290—the author unknown. Of this there are extant three manuscript copies, in the Bodleian, Christ's Church College, and Queen's College libraries.

In 1382, Wickliffe, who has been called the Apostle of England, completed his translation of the Bible, which was made from the Latin Vulgate. This was not printed; but, there are several manuscript copies of his work still extant in some public and private libraries. Wickliffe's translation of the New Testament—the price of a manuscript copy of which, in 1429, was £40 of the present currency—was printed in 1731.

Several English versions of the Old and New Testaments were published in the reign of Henry VIII.—the most remarkable of which was that of William Tyndal, printed at Antwerp or Hamburg, in 1526. The New Testament was translated from the original Greek: it is supposed the Old Testament was translated from the Latin of the Vulgate, or the Greek of the Septuagint. After the death of Tyndal—who, at the time of its occurrence, was engaged on a second edition of his translation—the work was prosecuted by Coverdale, and the Proto-Martyr John Rogers who revised the translation of Tyndal by comparing it with the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and German; and he also added notes taken from the Bible of Luther. This was the first translation of the whole Bible *printed* in the English language; and was the first English Bible allowed by royal authority. This work was published in 1535; and, as Rogers assumed the name, Thomas Matthew, the edition of 1537, was called Matthew's

Bible. It was first printed at Hamburg, and afterwards in England, in virtue of a license obtained by the influence of Cranmer, Latimer, and Shaxton. In 1539, a large folio Bible was published under the direction of Cranmer, styled the Great Bible: and, in the same year, another was published, called Travener's Bible, from the name of its conductor, Richard Travener. Cranmer wrote a preface for the Great Bible—hence called Cranmer's Bible—and every parish Church throughout England was required, by royal proclamation, to have a copy of this Bible in the Church; and the curates and parishioners were commanded, by like proclamation, to have it, under a penalty of forty shillings for every month they should be without it. By the order of Henry VIII. Tonstal and Heath, Bishops of Durham and Rochester, superintended a new edition of Cranmer's Bible, which was published in 1541: but, as it did not please Henry —who added the title of Defender of the Faith, to that of King of England—it was suppressed, by authority. It is doubtful whether another translation was made in the reign of Edward VI.; or, as has been said, two editions printed—in 1549, and 1551.

In the reign of Mary, seven English exiles residing at Geneva made a new translation, which was published in 1560; and was called the Geneva Bible.* This was the first English Bible in which the chapters

*John Knox was one of the translators of the Geneva Bible, among whom, we may readily suppose, he occupied a distinguished position. The Geneva version of the Bible is considered, by some eminent theologians, as more accurate on what are called the Doctrines of Grace, than that of King James I.

were divided into verses: an invention of Robert Stephens, in 1551. In connexion with this fact, it may be remarked that the Law—called the Pentateuch, or Five Books of Moses—was originally written in one volume: and this is the form of the manuscripts which are now read in the synagogues. It is supposed—from the Greek origin of the names—that the writings of Moses were divided into the Five Books by the authors of the Septuagint Greek version, or, as it is sometimes called, the Alexandrian Greek version. The divisions of the Bible into chapters appears to have been invented by Cardinal Hugo about the middle of the thirteenth century. In the reign of Elizabeth, Abp. Parker resolved to have a new translation for the use of the Church; and the work was executed by the Bishops, and other learned men. It was printed in 1568, in large folio with short annotations, and was called the Great English Bible; or, more commonly, the Bishops' Bible, as eight of those employed were Bishops. This work was translated from the Hebrew of the Old Testament, and from the Greek of the New Testament: and the chapters are divided into verses as in the Geneva Bible. Each learned man employed took a part for translation; and, when the whole was completed, the different portions were added together to form the volume—the Archbishop overseeing, examining, directing, and finishing the whole. In 1572, this Bible was re-printed in large folio, with corrections, amendments, and prolegomena; and was called Matthew Parker's Bible. An octavo edition of this version, in fine black letter, was printed in 1569.

The Bishops' Bible was used in the Churches for forty years: but, during that period, the Geneva Bible was the book most used in private houses; which caused twenty editions to be printed in as many years.* The Roman Catholics, at Rheims, published a translation of the New Testament, from the Latin Vulgate, in 1582, called the Rhemish Translation: and, in 1610, that denomination published, at Doway, a translation of the Old Testament, also from the Vulgate; and hence their English translation of the Bible is called the Doway or Douay Bible. These two translations form the English Bible of the Roman Catholics.

The following are the most celebrated of the Polyglott Bibles. 1. The Complutensian Polyglott —so called from Complutum, a town of Spain, the residence of Cardinal Ximenes, who spent 50,000 ducats on the work. This work was published in six folio volumes, in 1522—the Old Testament in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; the New Testament in Greek and Latin. 2. The Antwerp Polyglott; published in 1572, in eight folio volumes, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and Chaldee. 3. The Paris Polyglott; published in 1645, in ten folio volumes, in Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, Greek, Syriac, Latin and Arabic. 4. The London Polyglott, or that of Bishop Walton; published in 1657, in six folio volumes—nine different

*The first French Protestant Bible was published, in 1535, by Olivetan, assisted by his relative John Calvin, the illustrious reformer. This translation was made by Calvin to conform to the Hebrew. But nearly all the French Bibles are translated from the Latin Vulgate.

languages being used in the work. There are several other Polyglotts: also, Diglotts, Triglotts, Octoglotts.

During the Conference held at Hampton Court, in 1604, the correctness of the Bishops' Bible—which had been used in the Churches since 1568—became a subject of discussion; and, as the result, King James I., who attended the Conference and took an active part in the discussions, issued an order for the execution of a new translation. This important work was entrusted to fifty-four learned and pious men. They did not commence their labours before 1607; when forty-seven of the number originally appointed—men eminent for piety, and profoundly versed in the languages in which the Bible was originally written—entered upon the translation. The other seven had died, or declined the task. The character of the work was defined by their instructions: "Not a translation altogether new; nor yet to make of a bad one a good one; but to make a good one better; or, of many good ones, one best." When they assembled, the first procedure was to arrange themselves into six Classes or Committees, to each of whom a portion of the Bible was given for translation. The Deans of Westminster and Chester were the directors of the two Companies or Committees which met at Westminster: and the King's Professors of Hebrew and Greek in the Universities, were the directors of the four Committees which assembled at Cambridge and Oxford.

The manner in which the distribution of the portions was made, and the whole completed, is thus described by the learned Selden, who is styled by Gro-

tius the glory of the English nation: "The English translation of the Bible," says Selden in his Table-Talk, "is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original best; taking in for the English translation the Bishops' Bible, as well as King James'. The translators in King James' time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue; and then they met together, and one read the translation; the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault, they spoke; if not, he read on." Such is the opinion of Selden, of whom Lord Clarendon says, "He was one whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue." Bishop Lowth says of this version, "The vulgar* translation of the Bible is the best standard of our language." Similar testimony is borne in its favour by other eminent English scholars; as Adam Clarke, Beattie, Taylor, Horsley, Doddridge, Middleton, Geddes, Whittaker. The work was commenced in 1607, and completed and published, in 1611—some authorities say, in 1613—and is the translation of the Bible now read, by authority, in the Churches of the Establishment in England; and is the same in use in this country by Protestant denominations, and is called King James' Bible.

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that, by the word *vulgar*, in this connexion, is not meant, ordinary, mean, low, gross; but, *of, or pertaining to, the multitude or many.*

After this period, all other versions of the Bible ceased to be used, with the exception of the Psalms, and the Epistles and Gospels, in the Book of Common Prayer, which were still continued—the Psalms according to the version of Cranmer's Bible; the Epistles and Gospels according to that of the Bishops' Bible—until the revision of the Liturgy, in 1661. The Epistles and Gospels were then taken from King James' Bible; but the Psalms are still retained as translated in Cranmer's Bible.

Dr. Blayney published, at Oxford, in 1769, an edition of King James' Bible, which, on account of its accuracy, was considered the standard edition until the publication of Woodfall's edition—or, as it is sometimes called, the edition of Eyre and Strahan—at London, in 1806. Several important *errata* were discovered in Dr. Blayney's edition: but, it is said that only one *erratum* has been found in that of Woodfall of 1806. This is a very near approach to an *immaculate text*. In 1820 the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, recommended the Edition of Eyre and Strahan to the members of that Church, as the standard edition of the Bible.*

I have known very intelligent persons who supposed the *italics* in King James' Bible were used as marks of emphatic words. The italics are designed to shew that the words so printed are not found in the originals from which the version is made. This plan appears to have been adopted from the Great Bible, printed in

*See Horne's Introduction—fourth edition.

1539; in the text of which those parts of the Latin version which are not found in the Hebrew or Greek, are inserted in a smaller letter. The Geneva Bible also contains, inserted in the text with another kind of letter, every word that seemed to be necessary for explaining any particular sentence. The same mode is also used in the Bishops' Bible.

The following judicious Rules, which prescribed the manner in which the translators were required by the King to accomplish this most important work, will give the reader a view of the great care with which the translation was perfected:

RULES.

1. The ordinary Bible read in the Church, commonly called the Bishops' Bible, to be followed, and as little altered as the original will permit.

2. The names of the prophets and the holy writers, with the other names in the text, to be retained, as nigh as may be, accordingly as they are vulgarly used.

3. The old ecclesiastical words to be kept; viz: the word "Church" not to be translated "Congregation," &c.

4. When any word hath divers significations, that to be kept which hath been most commonly used by the most eminent Fathers; being agreeable to the propriety of the place, and the analogy of the faith.

5. The division of the chapters to be altered, either not at all, or as little as may be, if necessity so requires.

6. No marginal notes at all to be affixed, but only for the explanation of the Hebrew or Greek words,

which cannot, without some circumlocution, be so briefly and fitly expressed in the text.

7. Such quotations of places to be marginally set down, as shall serve for the fit references of one scripture to another.

8. Every particular man of each Company to take the same chapter, or chapters; and having translated, or amended them severally by himself, where he thinketh good, all to meet together, confer on what they have done, and agree on their parts what shall stand.

9. As any one Company hath despatched any one book in this manner, they shall send it to the rest, to be considered of, seriously and judiciously; for his Majesty is very careful in this point.

10. If any Company, upon the review of the book so sent, shall doubt, or differ upon any places, to send them word thereof, note the places, and—there-withal send their reasons; to which, if they consent not, the difference to be compounded at the general meeting, which is to be of the chief persons of each Company, at the end of the work.

11. When any place of special obscurity is doubted of, letters to be directed, by authority, to send to any learned man in the land for his judgement of such a place.

12. Letters to be sent from every Bishop to the rest of his clergy, admonishing them of this translation in hand, and to move and charge as many as, being skilful in the tongues, have taken pains in that kind, to send their particular observations to the Company, either at Westminster, Cambridge, or Oxford, accord-

ing as it was directed before in the King's letter to the Archbishop.

13. The directors in each Company to be the Deans of Westminster and Chester, for the two Companies at Westminster: and the King's Professors in the Hebrew and Greek, in the two Universities.

14. The following translations to be used, when they agree better with the text than the Bishop's Bible; viz: Tyndal's, Matthew's, Coverdale's, Whitchurch's, Geneva.

15. Besides the said directors before mentioned, three or four of the most grave and ancient divines in either of the Universities, not employed in translating, to be assigned by the Vice-Chancellor, upon conference with the rest of the heads, to be overseers of the translation, as well Hebrew as Greek, for the better observation of the fourth Rule above specified.

Such is a condensed account—designed for the use of the general reader, not for that of the biblical scholar—of King James' Bible, which, for two hundred and thirty-one years, has, for its fidelity, literary excellence, and perspicuity, been so highly esteemed by Christians in all parts of the world where the English language is read. It has been asserted, as a very remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding the numerous versions of the Scriptures which, during so many centuries, have been made by scholars, no translations but those known as the great Germanic or Luther's Bible—which, with the aid of Melancthon and other eminent scholars, Luther translated from the original Hebrew and Greek, and published in 1530—and King

James' Bible, have been regarded as classics of the language in which the versions are made.

It will not be contended that this translation is perfect. Perfection does not belong to human works. A distinguished biblical scholar of Baltimore pointed out to me what he thinks is an incorrect translation in II Cor. iii. 18. He says, "as by the Spirit of the Lord," should be "as by the Lord the Spirit"—certainly a stronger mode of expression in confirmation of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. The words in the Greek are ἀπὸ Κυρίου πνεύματος, which—the preposition ἀπὸ governing the genitive case—may mean, by the Spirit of the Lord; or, by the Lord the Spirit. The true translation will he determined by ascertaining which word—both being in the genitive case—is properly governed by the preposition. If the first letter of the word πνεύματος were the Greek capital Π—which is not the fact in our editions—the argument might be stronger. The letter is a capital in our English version, the Latin Vulgate, and the French version; viz: *by the Spirit of the Lord—à Domini Spiritu—par l'Esprit du Seigneur.* Whether the letter be small, or a capital, in the original Greek, I do not know. But the discussion of this question belongs to the biblical scholar.

We should touch with great caution the Book which has, for more than two centuries, been the rule of faith and practice to the Protestant Christian who reads the English language. In this instance, I had

> "——— rather bear those ills we have,
> Than fly to others that we know not of."

I hope it will be long—very long—before such men as Bellamy and Burges will be able to convince that portion of the Protestant Christian world which reads the English language, that the "Reasons in favour of a New Translation of the Scriptures," are so urgent as to require that a new version should be made.

ENGLAND IN 1841.

THE following article is taken from a London paper:

"THE WHIG GOVERNMENT. Many persons suppose the country, in dismissing the late government from the public service, has taken leave of them forever. By an act passed 4 and 5 W. IV, c. 24, the people pay the following very *nice* snug retiring pensions upon the present quarterly deficient Consolidated Fund:

Lord Cottenham	£5,000
Lord Melbourne	2,000
T. Baring, Esq.	2,000
Lord J. Russell	2,000
Earl Minto	2,000
Sir J. G. Hobhouse	2,000
Right Hon. H. Labouchere	2,000
Lord Morpeth	1,400
Two Joint Secretaries of the Treasury	2,800
Secretary to the Admiralty	1,400
T. B. Macaulay	1,400
Under Secretary of State, Clerk of the Ordnance, Second Secretary of the Admiralty, Secretary of the Indian Board, each £1,000	4,000."

It is thus seen that the members of the late administration of public affairs, on retiring from office, receive pensions to the amount of twenty-eight thousand pounds sterling, paid by taxes imposed on the people of England. A ministry, turned out of office by a large majority, retire on pensions exceeding, by eighteen thousand dollars, twice the amount paid annually to the President of the United States and all the Heads of Departments! This example affords an illustration that the word pension has been properly defined, An allowance made to any one without an equivalent.

This is by no means a solitary case in the history of England. Officers of the Civil Government, Judges, Governors of dependencies, Commanders of armies, and foreign Ambassadors, when they retire from positions where they were well remunerated for their services, receive pensions which are paid by a tax-ridden population. This is occurring annually in a country whose public debt is *four thousand millions* of dollars: for the payment of the interest on which, about *one hundred and twenty-five millions* of dollars are required. Why is not the pension system of England abolished; or the money used as a fund to aid in paying this enormous debt? This debt will never be paid. It will continue to accumulate until the occurrence of some mighty convulsion, when the people will arise in their majesty and abolish the system by which they have been oppressed: when oceans of blood drawn by gleaming swords, will, like the deluge of Deucalion, overwhelm the existing privileged orders in one universal ruin. The sword can sometimes pay off debts,

as well as sever Gordian knots. Let no one suppose I advocate such a payment of the national debt of England. I know how that debt has accumulated: sometimes in attempts at oppression, as in the two American wars; by the first of which it was increased £121,000,000: but often in the defence of liberty against all-grasping ambition; as in the great contest of the present century, which, from 1793, to 1817, added to the debt £699,000,000. I am only stating what may occur. Deucalion was ordered by the oracle of Themis to repair the effects of the deluge by throwing behind him the bones of his grand-mother. The people of a country over which rolling floods of revolution shall have passed, and in which earthquakes shall have occurred—more desolating than that which overwhelmed the beautiful valley of Goldau—may adopt a plan which would have some analogy to that of Deucalion.

As an illustration of the manner in which the nobility of England are often pampered by the lavish distribution of wealth drawn from the public coffers, look at the case of a great man of the present day. Do not suppose I would detract from the reputation of this great soldier and benefactor of the world. He contended gloriously for his country in India, and for the world in the Peninsula and at Waterloo; and has just claims to the gratitude of his own nation, and the homage of the friends of freedom of every land. He opposed his genius to the genius of the modern Scourge of Nations, and the sceptre was wrested from the hands of him who was controlled by no law but his own lust

of power. He rolled back the mighty flood which threatened to sweep liberty from Continental and Insular Europe; and, after it had accomplished that work of desolation, would have passed the Ural Mountains, overwhelming the kingdoms of Sapor, Timour, and Zingis. Allowing then, in the largest sense, the obligations of England to the occupant of Apsley House, was the gift of great possessions the appropriate reward for his great services? Would it not have been more honourable for him to have been content with the glory he acquired by the great deeds he had accomplished for England and the world? Was it in keeping thus to increase the debt of the country, and the taxes of the people? Cincinnatus has come down to posterity with a name more illustrious because, having delivered Rome, he returned to the plough which he had left to lead her armies, than if his country had bestowed upon him splendid palaces and extensive domains. Contrast the position of Washington with that of Wellington. No one will deny that he rendered equally important services to his country and the world. For the one, he established her independence in defiance of the efforts of her mighty oppressor: and America produced the first written constitution the world had ever known, proclaiming the equality of man, liberty of speech, of the press, and of conscience; and thus constructed a model-government which, by the force of example, has caused long established thrones to rock to their foundations, and will ultimately lead to the establishment of universal freedom. When his work was accomplished, he re-

signed the power which he might have employed for the subversion of the fabric he had reared; when, in imitation of other soldiers, he might have decorated his brow with an imperial crown. When the temptation was presented to him he put it aside, but not with the mock-moderation of Cæsar; and he refused to receive payment for the time employed in such inestimable services. Centuries hence the name of Washington will be pronounced with reverence wherever freedom shall live; when, perhaps, that of Wellington will only be found on the page of history.

The necessity for supporting the Aristocracy is, I know, the cause of the extensive pension system of England. And, in further support of the same part of their social system, whenever a Commoner performs great services, he is created an Earl, or a Lord, or a Knight; as if it were an admitted truth that greatness should not exist beyond the "charmed circle" of the nobility. And thus the influence of distinguished men is enlisted to support the existence of an order to which themselves belong. Was it ever designed by the Great Father of us all, that a class of men, in any country should, century after century, continue, "booted and spurred, to ride over the people, by the grace of God?" And what, as a mass, is this boasted Aristocracy of Europe? I will answer in the words of General Foy, in the French Chamber: "Aristocracy in the 19th century, is the league, the coalition, of those who wish to consume without producing, live without working, occupy all public places without being competent to fill them; seize upon all honours without meriting them; that is Aristocracy."

If any one wish to know the class of men who are often received into the Aristocracy by the favour of their King, and on whom the broad acres and precious treasures of England are bestowed, he has only to read the history of the reigns of Charles II. and William IV. The "Great Commoner" was a nobler distinction for William Pitt than any title his King could have conferred; and Lord Brougham manifested a momentary contempt of the peerage, when he once said to the House of Lords that he wished they would pass an act to *unpeer* him, that he might resume his professional pursuits in Westminster Hall—an employment which was not consistent with aristocratic etiquette, or as long as he continued a member of their House.

This state of the social system of England will not always continue to exist. The public mind is now, and has for some time been, intensely directed to the inquiry, whether the existence of such privileged orders be consistent with the belief, that all men are born equal and free: whether individual merit be not the only just foundation for distinctions in society? The progress of such inquiry cannot be arrested, except by a despotism like that which holds Poland in chains, and crushes all the noble aspirations of our nature beneath the foot of its own iron power. Such a despotism England is not destined to endure. The time may come when a fire—like that in our Western prairies—will be kindled in England, which will burn from the Cheviot Hills to the Straits of Dover, and by whose mighty raging King and Noble may alike be consumed. When Samson awakes to a sense of his

condition, the cords by which he is bound are sundered as easily as the flax is burned by the flame.

Why do the politicians and political writers of England continually predict the downfall of our institutions? "The wish is father to the thought." Why do they so eagerly seize an opportunity to comment on every instance of lynch-law—of the use of the Bowie knife—of quarrels in our legislative bodies? Are there not wicked men, and men of ungoverned tempers, in every country? Why do they interfere with our social institutions? A writer, in a late article in the leading journal of Europe—the court-journal of England—in case of war between the two countries, advocates the attempt to array the interests of the North against those of the South. What right have Englishmen to wage a war of extermination against the accidents of birth? They contend for hereditary titles and privileges—distinctions derived from birth, and, with few exceptions, unattainable by those not born to them: and on these their social and civil institutions are based. That portion of our population is more happy—better fed and clothed—than millions of the subjects of that "Power, which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, daily circles the earth with one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

The public men of England have sufficient to occupy them in preserving their own institutions. The operation of the Corn Laws has intensely excited the public mind. It is stated in English papers, that

the city of London pays daily £20,000 more for bread, than she would have to pay if the Corn Laws did not exist. Meetings of the people in primary assemblies are held, resolutions adopted, and petitions and remonstrances addressed to the Queen and to Parliament for their repeal. If the constitutional remonstrances of the people be disregarded, they have the power to redress their wrongs, as they have done in other days. Charles I. and James II. experienced the efficacy of that mode of redress. The people of England will not submit to the continued operation of a system by which it is said, on high authority, that twenty thousand of the population of Great Britain are annually hurried to premature death, and four hundred thousand are now starving in one manufacturing district: a system designed, at the expense of starving thousands,* to

* The following details, which were presented at a "Meeting of the Dissenting Ministers of London," held on the 24th of June, 1842, shew the distress which continues to prevail in England and Scotland:

"In Wigan, many families remain in bed during the day because hunger is less intolerable when the sufferer is in a recumbent position. In Accrington, in Lancashire, out of a population of nine thousand persons, not more than one hundred are fully employed. Families are known to have subsisted many days on boiled nettles, with a little meal sprinkled upon them. In Marsden, near Burnley, out of five thousand persons, two thousand have become paupers, and most of the remaining three thousand are on the verge of pauperism. The poor's-rate is one shilling in the pound per month.

"Mr. Thompson fearlessly stated that there were at this moment millions who were in danger of perishing from absolute hunger. There was a daily diminishing respect for the laws and constitution of the country—a daily diminishing regard for the rights of property—and a growing feeling of despair. He passed through Stockport lately; every second house was closed. He also visited Bol-

support the landed interests, a great portion of which exists with the Aristocracy. The United States could supply with corn the starving artisans of Birmingham, Sheffield, and other manufacturing districts of Great Britain. The great Valley of the Mississippi—extending from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and

ton, and he was accompanied by a respected friend of his, who was appointed to collect correct statistics of that town. His friend said he would take him to none of the suffering people but those who were known to be deserving. In the whole of their peregrinations, they did not find a single blanket. They only found any thing in the shape of food in two of the dwellings. The people would not touch it until the middle of the day, that they might put off the cravings of hunger as long as possible. They found many of them lying on the sacking; beds there were none. Young girls, who, a few months ago, cheerfully rose in the morning to go to the factories, were, with the father, mother, grandfather, and sometimes grandmother, all starving together, huddled up in one corner of the room. He said to them, 'Why do you lie here?' and they answered, 'We are less afflicted with hunger when we lie down.' This was the state of Bolton; yet he did not hear an expression of murmuring in one of them, or any allusion, of a reprehensible kind, to obtain relief. He went to Wigan, and he had not been in the town five minutes before the Coroner sent him some depositions which he had taken at an inquest held on the body of a man who had died of absolute starvation. The doctors had declared their belief that he had died of hunger; and, while he was reading these depositions, a messenger came from a neighbouring village, and said that a man had just died of absolute hunger, for he was seen the day before *gnawing the grass*, scanty as it was, in the fields around. He—Mr. Thompson—had been in Glasgow, and was informed by a most respectable and worthy individual, that there were in that city thousands dying of hunger. Many of the people were patiently waiting for death. He had also visited Paisley—of that they had heard enough. He had visited Huddersfield also, and from information he derived from various sources, public and private, he came to the conclusion that he was surrounded by a perishing population."

from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, comprising more than two-thirds of the land of the United States, and one twenty-eighth of that of the globe—has grain-growing regions sufficient to make her what the Northern coast of Africa was in the days of Roman grandeur—the granary of the world. America has abundance of corn; Great Britain has abundance of manufacturing labour; and we can give corn for labour. But, the operation of the Corn Laws paralyses the arm of the English manufacturer, and defeats that wise and merciful ordinance of his Creator, In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. When pressed by famine, Jacob sent his sons into Egypt to buy corn, "That we may live and not die." But England—more cruel than Pharaoh—refuses to let her starving subjects buy the corn which the bountiful Earth gives from her fruitful bosom for her hungry children. This may be called protection of her agricultural interests. But it is not protection for encouragement and the public good: it is protection attended with starvation and death. Where—let me ask, in contemplation of such instances of suffering thousands—Where is the truth of the boast of Englishmen, that, "The spirit of British law makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil: it proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation?"

What is the position of England, at this time, in relation to Scotland? She is carrying on a contest

with the Church of Scotland for the maintenance of a prerogative which Scotchmen will never admit until there is no longer an arm to draw a sword. The Church of Scotland declares, as a fundamental principle of her Ecclesiastical Constitution, "That no pastor shall be intruded into any parish contrary to the will of the congregation; and that this Church, as every Church of Christ, is free from secular control in the exercise of those powers of spiritual government and discipline which she has received from her great Head —powers which some are now attempting violently to wrest from her, because they have been used in defence of the rights of the Christian people."

She further declares, "That any attempt to have it established, as a fundamental principle, that the Civil Courts have jurisdiction in every case in which those Courts think fit to declare that temporal interests are in any way involved, is subversive of the government which Christ has appointed in his Church, and in direct opposition to the principles on which the present Ecclesiastical Constitution, ratified by the statutes of the realm, is founded."

These resolutions are thus promulgated because the patrons of the Strathbogie parishes—a patronage which is another of the means to support the Aristocracy which grasps even the Church—had intruded ministers against the wishes of the congregations. The authorities of the Church deposed the clergymen. They appealed to the Civil Courts, and hence the contest which has so intensely agitated Scotland. If the English ministry persist in their claims, a power which

the Queen of Scots feared in John Knox alone, more than an army of ten thousand men—over whose grave the eulogy was pronounced, Here lies one who never feared the face of man—will aid the oppressed. The Presbyterians of Ireland,* the Independents of Eng-

*The following sketch, from an address by James Gibson, Esq. of Dublin, delivered on the 10th of June, 1842, before the Bi-Centenary meeting in Dublin, assembled for the purpose of commemorating the organization and establishment of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, will not, as an historical record, be without interest to the reader:

"In the course of a few years, from about the year 1609, there arrived in the North a great number of families from Scotland, and, owing to the attempts made to introduce Prelacy into that country, several ministers who were exposed to persecution there, on account of their non-conformity, came over to Ireland, and found a temporary refuge in the remoteness of the infant settlement. The Scots ministers for some time, during the reign of James, enjoyed undisturbed opportunity of labouring in their office. The effects of their ministration were soon apparent: and in the early years of Charles, there appears to have sprung up under their instrumentality the most remarkable revival of religion, as if in token of the Divine approval of their efforts. When Charles succeeded to the throne, his attention was drawn to the rising importance of the Scots in Ulster, and by the counsel of Laud, aided by Wentworth, measures were soon taken in Ireland to effect that conformity which was the ill-fated project of that monarch's unfortunate reign. Four of the most eminent ministers were shortly silenced—Blair, Livingston, Dunbar, and Welsh. The thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England were adopted by the Irish Church, and, after a hopeless struggle with Leslie, Bishop of Down, a number of the Presbyterian clergy, and about one hundred and forty of the laity, determined to abandon the country, and emigrate to New England. In Scotland, the affairs of the Church had at the same time reached a crisis. By attempting to introduce the Canons and Book of Common Prayer, the King had driven the people again to revive the Covenant of 1581, and, kindling with the deepest enthusiasm, all Scotland bound

land, have expressed strong sympathies for the Church of Scotland, and, in case of extremities, will, on com-

itself by solemn obligation to resist the imposition. The Presbyterians of Ireland were known to share the feelings of their countrymen, and Wentworth, apprehensive of its manifestation, determined to repress it by an act of bold but characteristic policy. He issued a proclamation commanding all above sixteen years of age to take an oath, by which they were to bind themselves not to 'protest against any of the King's royal commands, but submit themselves in all due obedience thereunto,' and to abjure all covenants and oaths contrary to the tenor of this engagement. This oath they could not take without violating conscience, and they refused compliance with the unjust demand; and to their refusal thus to swear, and to the principle which that refusal involved—the same principle as that which was affirmed in the Solemn League and Covenant, the right of resistance to arbitrary power and to compulsory enforcement of religious belief—were those countries indebted for all that civil and religious liberty which is now the boasted treasure of the British Constitution. Throughout Ulster, this black oath, as it was called, was rigorously enforced; but, rather than take it, multitudes submitted to fine, imprisonment, and voluntary exile. The execution of Strafford, which took place soon after this daring act, suspended their trouble; and, as the English Parliament was chiefly composed of members favourable to the Presbyterian interest, their hopes began to brighten and revive. In the midst, however, of these gladsome anticipations, a storm arose in another quarter, with rage no less fearful, and nearly swept them all away before it. The rebellion of 1641 broke out, and, though providentially discovered before its object was attained, yet scenes of massacre and pillage followed which live even yet in traditionary recollection, and perpetuate the feelings of deadly animosity and distrust which they first engendered. Yet even that event was overruled; the previous tyranny of Wentworth had forced the ministers to flee to Scotland, where they were afterwards restored to their people. The rebellion introduced a Scottish army into Ulster, and, with its regiments, a band of chaplains—Scottish ministers—who, on the first cessation of hostilities, erected elderships in their several regiments; and, having established the discipline of the Church of

mon principles, make it a common cause. Who are the men against whom the ministry declares this war

Scotland, after the model of its best days, held the first meeting of Presbytery, regularly constituted, that ever took place in Ireland, on that same day two hundred years ago—on Friday, 10th June, 1642."

In 1642, the Irish Presbyterian Church consisted of one Presbytery, and a few ministers. In June, 1842, it numbered thirty-three Presbyteries, four hundred and eighty-six ministers, and 700,000 Presbyterians.

In continuation of this historical record, some statements—which will not be without interest—in relation to the Presbyterian Church in various parts of the world, are added. They are part of an address delivered by Mr. Wm. Kirkpatrick, at the same Bi-Centenary meeting: "In Scotland, the Established Church, which is Presbyterian, numbers nearly 1300 congregations. In addition, there are 500 congregations of Dissenters who are Presbyterians. In England there are considerably above one hundred congregations; at one time they were far more numerous; but owing, in a great measure, to their disuse of the peculiarites of the system of elders, sessions, and presbyteries, they diminished in number, in purity of doctrine, and in influence. Recently a great revival has taken place: their sessions, presbyteries, and synods have been re-organized; and, instead of hanging, as hitherto, a mere appendage to the Church of Scotland, they are about to be constituted the Presbyterian Church in England. At their meeting of Synod, held a few weeks ago, it was proposed to enter correspondence and communion with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, whose doctrines were identical, and whose government bore a close affinity with their own. These number upwards of 500 congregations. In Holland there is a Presbyterian Church, with 1400 ministers, and a constitution exactly similar to that of the Church of Scotland. In France there are at least 400 congregations which are Presbyterian—at one time they amounted to 2000, but were reduced to their present number by the fearful and prolonged persecution by which upwards of a million of its members were driven from the kingdom, and of which they had a memorial in the French Church, still standing in this city, and in the many families of respectability still existing among them, descended from

of prerogative? Lord Brougham, in a speech delivered some time since in the House of Lords, called them, "A body of men to be held in lasting veneration for the unshaken fortitude with which, in all times, they have maintained their attachment to civil liberty: men to whose ancestors England will ever acknowledge a boundless debt of gratitude, as long as freedom is prized among us. They, with the zeal of martyrs, the purity of the early Christians, the skill and courage of the most renowned warriors, obtained for England the free Constitution she now enjoys." And, of the same men, Hume the historian, with all his decided impressions in favour of absolute monarchy, says, "The precious spark of liberty had been kindled, and was preserved, by the Puritans alone; and it is to this sect

the French refugees. In the Netherlands there exists a portion of the French Reformed Church, termed the Walloon Church, Presbyterian in its constitution, and differing from the Church of Holland only in the use of the French language. In Switzerland, also, the Protestant Church is Presbyterian, and D'Aubigné, the author of the celebrated history of the Reformation, is a Presbyterian minister. In Prussia, in each of the ten provinces into which the kingdom is divided, there is a consistory, composed partly of ecclesiastics and partly of laymen, for managing the internal concerns of the Church, and communicating with the Government by means of superintendents, who are not, however, like the prelates of this country, considered as belonging to a distinct order of clergy, and as possessed of distinct powers, but are mere presbyters in ecclesiastical rank. In America, the number of Presbyterian ministers of various religious bodies reaches 5000. In Canada, in Nova Scotia, in the West Indies, in Ceylon, in New South Wales, in New Zealand, the Presbyterian Church is well known. There are between two hundred and three hundred ministers of the Church of Scotland labouring in the British colonies at the present moment."

the English owe the whole freedom of their Constitution." In entire accordance with these opinions of illustrious men, the Rev. Thomas Scott, a distinguished member of the English Establishment, says, "The tree of liberty, sober and legitimate liberty, civil and religious, under the shadow of which we of the Establishment, as well as others, repose in peace, and the fruit of which we gather, was planted by the Puritans, and watered, if not by their blood, at least by their tears and sorrows. Yet it is the modern fashion to feed delightfully on the fruit, and then revile, if not curse, those who planted and watered the tree." Are the descendants of such men to be forced, by the arm of civil power, to abandon their principles? They have most solemnly declared before Heaven and the Church, that they will never relinquish their position. If this controversy be carried to the extreme point, the Church of England cannot escape without agitation; because such principles will, on investigation, address themselves to the reason of all dispassionate men, no matter how their opinions may be entrenched behind habit and education; and they will inquire into the right of presentation to the parishes of the Establishment, irrespective of the consent of the people. Should a civil war ever be waged in Great Britain on such principles and by such men, another Cromwell may appear, and a King of England may again ascend the scaffold and lay his head upon the block. I do not wish to be understood to affirm that the Ministers of the Church of Scotland contemplate a resort to arms for the redress of her wrongs. Their present purpose—if the

civil power continue to invade her rights—is to retire from the Establishment. But the people of Scotland will make common cause with their Church; and, in the progress of events—estranged as they will be from the Government of England—the time may arrive when the popular discontent cannot be controlled by holy men, whose message is peace. Is it not then true that England has sufficient cause to be occupied at home, without interfering with the social and civil institutions of other nations?

The spirit of the age is, *inquiry;* and such employment of the human mind will inevitably lead to the establishment of civil and religious liberty. "Christianity," says Dewitt Clinton, "is in its essence, its doctrines, and its forms, republican. It teaches our descent from a common pair; it inculcates the natural equality of mankind; it points to our origin and our end, to our nativity, our graves, and our immortal destinies, as illustrations of this impressive truth." In proportion as the spirit of Christianity prevails and extends, the influence of the republican spirit will be enlarged. It has been said by a writer of the present day, that, The Representative system, and public opinion conveyed by the press and the deliberative assemblies, will predominate before the expiration of this century, in all the royalties; not, perhaps, without dreadful struggles between the monarchical pretensions and *common wealth* rights and energies. It is for the United States to verify and recommend the ancient maxim, That is the best government in which,

with free institutions, the magistrates obey the constitution and laws, and the people the magistrates.*

*Since the commencement of the contest with the Church of Scotland—and she has received testimonies of sympathy and encouragement from England, Ireland, Switzerland, Prussia, and America—the difficulties of the English Government have been increased by the controversy with the Irish Presbyterian Church, caused by the law relative to the legality of marriages, solemnized by Presbyterian clergymen, between Episcopalians and members of the Presbyterian community in Ireland. The law is *retrospective*, as well as prospective; and thus it unsettles a practice which has prevailed in Ireland for two centuries. The question not only involves the legality of such marriages, but also opens the ulterior one of the meaning of holy orders. This case has been decided, in favour of Presbyterianism, by the Court of Queen's Bench; and will go, for final decision, before the House of Peers.

DAVID BRAINERD.

"How awful is goodness!" is a sentiment suggested by the contemplation of the character of an eminently holy and devout man. It has been said that, such are the beauties of Virtue, if she were to descend from heaven and assume human form, all men would fall down and worship her. Such has not always been the homage of the world. Virtue assumed the form of humanity when the Divine Teacher came down from heaven; and the cry was, Crucify him, Crucify him. Other men have lived who would have voted with the Athenian for the banishment of Aristides, because they were tired of hearing him styled, The Just. The explanation of this exhibition of human depravity, is derived from the reproof which an eminently holy life administers to those who place their happiness in worldly pursuits, and sensual indulgences. Such men may have a feeling of respect and admiration for holiness; but, there is a principle of repulsion within them which prevents them from loving that, which, by its inherent excellence, constrains their homage.

Biography is history teaching by example; and has always been a favourite study with the Christian, and the scholar. It has been observed that a man improves

more by reading the life of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. No uninspired writings have a greater tendency to excite holy emotions, than well written lives of eminently devout Christians. In addition to this, one of the most convincing evidences of the truth of the Christian system, is derived from the life of a good man. The majority of mankind think, and speak, and act, as if the present state of being limited the exertion of their greatest powers, and claimed the engrossment of their warmest affections. The man of pleasure, the soldier, the statesman, and the scholar, pursue their objects of desire with reference to the term of three-score and ten years; as if that were the whole of the life of man. The transient emotions of a different character which may be casually excited—like the lightning which shews the way to the traveller—are followed by deeper darkness. They call themselves Christians, because such is the faith of the land in which they were born. They do not examine into the truth of the evidences of Revelation. But the example of a holy man compels them to inquire into the truth of the system by which his actions are prompted and sustained. Thus Brainerd proved the sincerity of his faith by the purity and devotedness of his life: the only true evidences a man can give to others of his belief in the doctrines of the Bible.

Alexander thought Achilles most fortunate in having Homer to perpetuate the memory of his deeds in immortal song. Brainerd—the holiest missionary, if

not the holiest man, of modern times—has found a worthy biographer in one who is considered by many as the greatest man of his age. President Edwards could not have performed a more useful service than when he placed before the Christian public the memoirs of a man who has exercised such influence over modern missionaries. I am not an admirer of many of the numerous biographies of the present day. Although the subjects of them may have been devoted Christians, there was nothing sufficiently distinctive in their characters or actions to require the presentation of their written lives. This is too frequently the mode by which friends manifest their partiality for those who are taken from them: the memory of whose virtues would, with more propriety, be perpetuated in the hearts of those with whom they lived, and by whom they were loved.

A century has passed since the death of Brainerd; but, his name is as familiar with the present generation as household words. The honour bestowed upon the woman who poured the box of precious ointment upon the head of Jesus, has become the distinction of this holy man. Wherever the Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, his deeds shall be told for a memorial of him. In early life, he became the subject of religious convictions which ended in an entire change of character. He was a most distinguished member of Yale College, from which he was expelled as a punishment for an indiscreet remark in relation to a member of the Faculty—made under peculiar circumstances during a time of deep and extensive religious

excitement. At the age of twenty-four he began to preach to others the truths of that divine system, the influence of which he had so deeply felt. He passed the remaining years of his life as a missionary among the Indians of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey. He died in 1747, at Northampton, Massachusetts, at the house of President Edwards, when in the thirtieth year of his age. With the exception of the Father of his Country, no man has died within a century,* over whose grave I would stand with feelings of respect and admiration so profound, as that of David Brainerd.

Brainerd was a man of remarkable intellectual endowments. His invention was ready; his eloquence natural, with great facility of expression; and he combined sprightly apprehension with strong memory; close and clear thought with admirable judgment. He possessed great knowledge of human nature, with clearness in communicating his thoughts, and the talent of accommodating himself, in all his efforts, whether from the pulpit or in conversation, to the capacity and circumstances of those he wished to instruct. His disposition was eminently social, and his conversation entertaining and instructive—remarkable for the ability displayed in defending truth and confuting error. Perhaps no uninspired man ever excelled him in pure and undefiled religion. Purity, self-denial, benevolence in its largest sense, humility, devotion, and deadness to the world, were conspicuous in his daily life.

*John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians—a man who has claims on the homage of the human race—lived a century before Brainerd.

Holiness and heaven were objects of his warmest desire; prayer was the very breath of his life; and he passed years of laborious self-denial among the red children of the woods, making himself familiar with all their wants, and thus securing their affection; "In journeyings often, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in weakness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." He prepared for himself simple dwellings among those poor heathen, to which he retired when nature would sustain no greater toil: having no companion but that God with whom Enoch walked; no friend but Him who sent the widow and the ravens to support Elijah. Does the reader desire to be informed as to the causes which can lead a man to make such sacrifices and endure such privations and toils? Let him receive the answer in the words of Francis Xavier, than whom a man of nobler mould, or of more exalted magnanimity has never lived. "If those lands" said the Apostle of the Indies, when his friends would dissuade him from visiting the islands of the Indian Archipelago, "If those lands had scented woods and mines of gold, Christians would find courage to go there; nor would all the perils of the world prevent them. They are dastardly and alarmed, because there is nothing to be gained there but the souls of men. And shall love be less hardy and less generous than avarice? They will destroy me, you say, by poison. It is an honour to which such a sinner as I am may not aspire; but, this I dare to say, that, whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready

to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul." Such was the heroic language of a man, who, at the age of forty-seven, and after passing ten years in missionary labours, sank under disease, privation, and toil; and, exclaiming, *In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum!* "bowed his head and died."

Brainerd's knowledge of theology was extensive and accurate; particularly in all that relates to experimental religion. President Edwards says, "I never knew his equal, of his age and standing, for clear, accurate notions of the nature and essence of true religion, and its distinctness from its various false appearances." Truth, says Milton, is the daughter, not of time but of heaven; only bred up here below in Christian hearts, between two grave and holy nurses—the doctrine and discipline of the Gospel.

With such qualifications, it causes no surprise that the labours of Brainerd were eminently successful; and that his moral wilderness budded and blossomed as the rose. He was only the agent; the power came from above. "Son of man, can these bones live?" Not until the Lord God saith; "Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain that they may live." Brainerd taught his Indians to discard their belief in a heaven consisting of green fields, and flowing streams, and pleasant hunting grounds, with their faithful dogs for their companions. They believed, with him, in a heaven where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

Brainerd and his biographer were, in early life, remarkable examples of that kind of conviction which results in many of the appearances of true conversion; but, where subsequent experience proves that the work was incomplete. The reader who wishes to see striking illustrations of the extent to which the unregenerate heart may go, in emotions and the performance of acts of devotion, will be interested with the memoirs of these two eminent men. Similar cases are by no means uncommon. A Christian education, and the example of pious parents, combined with various other circumstances, may produce feelings and actions difficult to be distinguished from those prompted by true religion; when, subsequently, as in these two instances, convictions of a different kind are experienced. Much of their deep knowledge of the human heart, as the subject of religious emotions, was derived from the experience of their early lives; and, hence, the peculiar qualifications they possessed for directing the inquiries of others to a discovery of their true spiritual condition. The work of Edwards on Religious Affections, stands without a rival in any uninspired age of the world.

The melancholy of Brainerd was a defect in his character, as is admitted by his biographer; and was acknowledged by himself towards the close of his useful life. This was his natural temperament; and the constitutional infirmity was increased by his want of a missionary companion during the five years he lived among the Indians. In addition to this, he had a deep and abiding conviction of the importance of

the mission to which he had devoted his powers and his life. There was an abandonment of self; a constant sorrowing for the blindness and miseries of man; an hourly desire to excite the sinner to a sense of his condition; an ardent longing to live, daily, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of that high communion with his Maker which belongs only to heaven. And, because clouds sometimes concealed the blessed light, he mourned as one without hope. He did not consider that the darkness of night adds new charms to the returning day; that the snows and cold of winter prepare for the more beauteous appearance of verdant Spring. This melancholy, arising from deep impressions, is not peculiar to the Christian. Lucius Cary*—the "god-

*Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, took sides with the party of Hampden in the early period of the contest between Charles I. and Parliament. But he was one of those with whom a reaction took place, on account of what they deemed the excessive attacks on the royal prerogative; and he became, with Clarendon and others, a Constitutional Royalist. He fell, while fighting in the King's army, at the battle of Newbury. In illustration of the part of his character referred to in the text, I make the following extract from Hume: "Devoted to the pursuits of learning, and to the society of all the polite and elegant, he had enjoyed himself in every pleasure which a fine genius, a generous disposition, and an opulent fortune could afford. In public life he displayed that masculine eloquence, and undaunted love of liberty, which he had imbibed from his intimate acquaintance with the sublime spirits of antiquity. Still anxious for his country, he seems to have dreaded the too prosperous success of his own party, as much as that of the enemy; and, among his intimate friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, he would, with a sad accent, reiterate the word, *Peace*. From the commencement of the war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity became clouded; and even his usual attention to dress, required by his birth and station, gave way to negligence. On the morning of the day

like Falkland," of Pope, the accomplished, the brilliant, the gay cavalier—during the civil war mourned over the miseries of his country; and on the morning of the day which saw him laid low in battle, as if with a deep presentiment of his fate, he cried, "Peace! Peace!" Another parallel may be found, when, on the morning of his last battle, Falkland adorned himself in his most splendid military costume, and then threw himself into the thickest of the fight, as if he courted death. Brainerd took the "breast-plate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit;" and then, forgetting that the missionary who takes proper care of his health, will live longer and accomplish more work, he was prodigal of life. This was no less a fault with the devoted Christian missionary, than with the brilliant British soldier.

The memoirs of Brainerd may be read with profit by every Christian. Almost every page is filled with aspirations after holiness and heaven. He was a "devout man, and full of the Holy Ghost." Read the account of his closing scene, abounding with spiritual joy: "My heaven is to please God, to glorify him, to give all to him, to be wholly devoted to his glory. That is the heaven I long for; that is my religion; that

in which he fell, he shewed some care in adorning his person, because, as he said, he believed he would fall in battle; and he did not wish his person to be found in a slovenly condition. I am weary of the times, he said, and foresee much misery to my country." He died at the early age of thirty-four. His death, and that of Hampden which occurred two months earlier, in 1643, were unfortunate events for England.

is my happiness; and all those who are of that religion will meet me in heaven." "I do not go to heaven to be advanced, but to give honour to God. It is no matter where I shall be stationed in heaven, whether I have a high or low seat there; but I go to love, and please, and glorify God. If I had a thousand souls, I would give them all to him; but I have nothing to give when all is done. It is impossible for any rational creature to be happy without acting all for God. God himself could not make me happy in any other way." "I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God, with the holy angels; all my desire is to glorify God. There is nothing in the world worth living for, but doing good and finishing God's work; doing the work that Christ did. I see nothing else in the world that can yield any satisfaction, besides living to God, pleasing him, and doing his whole will. I am almost in eternity; I long to be there; I shall soon be with the holy angels; Jesus will come, he will not tarry; death is what I long for; O, why is his chariot so long in coming!" Such raptures the wealth of the Indies could not purchase: in comparison with them, the treasures and honours of the world are without value.

The names of the heroes of the earth live in story and in song: and men are taught to admire their deeds, notwithstanding they may have left the countries through which they marched, like the stillness of the land over which the whirlwind has passed—dreary and desolate: themselves unaffected by the anguish of the suffering, or the lamentations for the dead. They have had their day of glory; and the light of civilization, with

the progress of Christianity, will blot out their fame from the memory of man. But the name of this Indian Missionary will never die. When the heralds of salvation shall have circled the earth, and, meeting from the North and the South, from the East and the West, shall join in the joyous exclamation, The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, thousands will "rise up and call him blessed."

MAY THE FOURTEENTH, 1841.

"How soon the dawn, that shone so bright,
Is deeply veiled in silent gloom!
How soon a Nation's hope and light
Sink in the darkness of the tomb!"

PERCIVAL.

THE expression of the emotions of our nature, when they are excited by causes which involve the interests and affections of communities, cannot be repressed. So the streams which flow under ground—concealed in their existence from our observation—however far and silent they may pursue their course, at length find a vent through which they empty into the rivers, and contribute to swell the immeasurable volume of the great ocean of waters. When the fountains of the great deep were broken up, the resistless flood overspread the earth. The fountains of the great deep of popular emotion have been broken up by a blow from the same Almighty hand, and the voice of lamentation has been heard from every section of our country. The Henchman of other days obeyed the command of his chieftain; and, bearing the fiery cross, with the lightning's speed, over river, mountain, and valley, excited the clansmen from their repose. So now Death on his pale horse, having received his commission, has

executed his work; and the emblems of mourning have been spread in every valley, and have floated on every mountain-top. The streets of our populous cities—clothed with sable vesture—have given signs of woe, indicating that a people mourned. And yet we have heard no murmuring words; but the Nation bows the head in profound submission to the will of the great I AM.

"A great man has fallen in Israel!" was the expressive lamentation of the son of Jesse over the death of Abner. A greater than the Captain of David has, in the maturity of his days and his honours, fallen in our Israel: and the whole Nation will this day assemble to express their submission to the will of the Great Disposer; and to manifest their regard for the memory of him who was a Father to his country. The Jewish Lawgiver led his people out from the bondage of Egypt: and, having been their guide during the forty years they wandered in the wilderness, he halted in the land of Moab, on the banks of Jordan. He was there commanded to ascend the top of Pisgah, and behold the land which had been promised as the reward and the resting place for his long tried nation. Having accomplished his mission he was gathered to his people, and the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days. So THE GOOD PRESIDENT of these United States—after a long and weary pilgrimage, during which he devoted all his energies to the service of his country—ascended the top of the political Pisgah; and, having surveyed from that elevation the land which has been given to us for a possession, he

obeyed the divine commandment, and now sleeps with his fathers.

When Samuel died, all the Israelites were gathered together and lamented him at Ramah. In like manner our People will be gathered together this day: but, our lamentations will be accompanied with our confidence in that Being who provided the son of Nun as the successor of Moses; and who did not leave his people without a guide, when his Prophet was translated from the plains of Jericho in a chariot of fire.

It is indeed a most beautiful and sublime spectacle that is this day presented to the world. Seventeen millions of freemen—without regard to political distinctions, or religious creeds—having sustained a national bereavement, assemble in temples dedicated to the service of the living GOD; and, by their acts of most solemn worship, acknowledge the great truth, that there is a Being who controls the destinies of Nations. We do not find in our country a state of national feeling similar to that produced, in part, by the writings of the sage of Ferney, when the taste of a nation was corrupted, and profligacy did not seek concealment; when infidelity, like the leprosy, infected the land; when Reason, in the person of a woman, was enthroned and worshipped as a Deity. And what was the result of this national infidelity? The horrors of the Revolution overwhelmed France, like the outpouring of the vials of the wrath of Heaven. The guillotine and lamp post claimed their thousands of victims; and devastating war hurried to premature death hundreds of thousands of the chivalry of France, taken

from her populous cities, her vine clad hills, and her green valleys—leaving their bones to whiten on every battle-field of Europe, or covering them deep with the snows of Russia, or sinking them far beneath the waters of the Berezina. Had it not been for the interposition of that Great Being whom we this day worship, the spirit of Christianity, and the genius of Liberty had alike expired amidst such scenes of infidelity, misery, devastation, and blood.

The recommendation of the President of the United States to set apart this day for Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer—the fourth* time in the history of our country that the recommendation of such an observance has proceeded from our National Executive—has been received with the most cordial approbation by all classes of citizens. We are a religious people. Our ancestors expended their treasures, and shed their blood in the defence of religion and liberty. When they were not allowed to worship their Creator in temples built by the hands of man, they retired to the mountain-sides; and, in the primeval simplicity and freedom of Nature, made the valleys resound with the praises of the Great Jehovah. When the persecuting arm of civil power reached them there—trusting to the guidance of HIM who made the stars to direct the mariner—they crossed the pathless ocean, and landed on these shores: and, under their culture, the wilderness has

*In 1789 President Washington, by request of the two Houses of Congress, recommended a day for public religious service and thanksgiving. The elder President Adams issued a proclamation for the observance of a fast: and President Madison, during the late war with Great Britain, recommended a fast throughout the Union.

budded and blossomed as the rose. The same spirit animated our fathers in the conflicts of those days which gave to us our national existence: and, when that spirit shall have ceased to animate their children, an end will have arrived for the enjoyment of those blessings which they purchased with their blood. The ceremonies of this day give evidence of the existence of that principle, as a national feeling, which will ensure the transmission of our institutions to unborn generations. We mourn the removal of one, who, while he was exalted, was also good. But, while we mourn, we humble ourselves with fasting and prayer; and, as we contemplate this forcible illustration of the emptiness of all earthly glory, we bow in submission to that Great Supreme whose right it is to reign. That was a magnificent and solemn spectacle, when the body of Louis XIV.—surrounded by the nobility of the realm—was placed in the Cathedral Notre-Dame, with the drapery of mourning on every side; and Massillon arose, and, with flowing vestments, and uplifted arms, and bowed head, exclaimed, GOD ONLY IS GREAT.

It was a saying of one of the sages of former times, that no man should be called happy before his death. We have styled him whose departure we this day mourn, THE GOOD: and, if we adopt the opinion of Solon, we may now call him, THE HAPPY. Death has placed her final seal on his actions and his fame; and, in that hallowed sanctuary where he now sleeps, he is safe from the strife of men. He commenced his life in the service of his country: and, after having led

her armies and conquered her enemies, he added the laurels of a statesman to the trophies of a soldier. In imitation of heroes of other days, whose names still live in the greenness of youth, he retired from public life to the banks of the Ohio, without pollution on his hands, or corruption in his heart. He was called from this honourable retirement by the voice of his country; and, having marched to the Capitoline height, amidst the gush of national enthusiasm and the flood of national joy, in a triumphal procession—more imposing than any that ever graced the return of Roman conqueror to the Eternal City—he there, in the presence of the God of Nations, swore to preserve her Constitution. From Cincinnati to "the distant Capitol, his step was one triumphal arch, whose keystone was the unbought voice of myriads: whose buttresses were the aspirations and blessings of all hearts. Those hours of enthusiasm in the life of the nation soon passed: for the fine old man went out like a victim to the altar—crowned with flowers, but marching to the grave." Before the shouts which rent the air—the voluntary expression of the heart-felt love and joy of freemen—had died upon the distant mountain-tops of our land, he closed his eyes on all earthly glory as he calmly placed his head on the pillow of death: and the sable car, and the muffled drum, and the mournful array, bore him to that sacred sanctuary which has been appointed as the final resting-place for the great family of man. The ambitious statesman and soldier—whose souls pant for glory—as they stood by and looked into that opening sepulchre, might have adopted the im-

pressive words spoken by Burke when, during an exciting canvass, he heard of the sudden death of his political rival, "What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue!" The glare of worldly distinctions conceals from our view the true nature of man, and of his honours: but, the shroud, the coffin, the mattock, and the spade, prompt us to exclaim, "The grave is mine house: I have made my bed in darkness. I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister." So the lightning which flashes along the horizon, dazzles the eyes of the beholder; but, when it has passed, leaves him sensible of the "darkness visible"—"darkness which may be felt."

Gen. Harrison was a soldier—a patriot—a statesman. But, the crowning glory of his character has been more particularly disclosed since his death—he was a Christian; and his Country may be consoled by the consideration of those sublime words of inspiration, I am the resurrection and the life. On this day the entire population of our Country will assemble and humble themselves in the presence of the Ruler of Nations, who, in infinite wisdom, has taken from us one whom we honoured while living, and whom we mourn when dead. If his country do not erect a monument to his memory, his name will go down to posterity. By the glorious deeds he performed for her he has erected a memorial of his fame, more lasting than monumental marble.

JULY THE FOURTH, 1842.

THE celebration of birth-days has always been a favourite custom with our race. On such occasions, children assemble around the parental board, and look with reverence upon their grey-haired sires; and the grey-haired sire,

> "Beneath his old hereditary trees—
> Trees which in youth he oft had climb'd—he sees
> His children's children gather'd round his knees."

Nations celebrate the birth-days of those who have guided them to the possession of liberty; and manifest their appreciation of the blessings of freedom by the affection with which they cherish the memory of those by whom it was bestowed. But how grand is the spectacle when the birth of a Nation is celebrated by seventeen millions of freemen! There was moral sublimity in the act of Brutus, when—believing that he had secured liberty for Rome by the death of Cæsar—he raised his arm, and shook his crimsoned sword, and hailed the Father of his country: but it was the last blow that was struck for freedom; and the chains of the slave were more firmly riveted by the ineffectual attempt to break them. We this day com-

memorate the successful efforts of heroes, and the birth of a Nation.

On the fourth of July, 1584, two English ships appeared in sight of the coast of this Continent, and afterwards took possession of a portion of it in the name of the Crown of England; "In the right of the queene's most excellent majestie, as rightful queene and princesse of the same." England was thus unconsciously preparing a refuge for freedom when she should depart as an exile from her own shores; and the Anniversary of the arrival is now celebrated, not as that of the origin, but of the downfall of her American power.

Two centuries have passed since the Long Parliament of England appointed a joint Committee of Lords and Commons to inquire into, and report on, the state of the nation. The immortal John Hampden*—a noble representative of England at the birth

* George Washington and John Hampden are among the few instances of great men who "neither sought nor shunned greatness; who found glory only because glory lay in the path of duty." Hampden was a most distinguished parliamentary debater and manager, a statesman, and a soldier. The motto he used as a device was, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. His mind was "healthful and well proportioned; willingly contracting itself to the humblest duties; easily expanding itself to the highest; contented in repose; powerful in action." He possessed, says an eloquent English writer, "That sobriety, that self-command, that perfect soundness of judgment, that entire rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone." His virtues and talents, his valour and accomplishments, made him the greatest and most popular man in England. Hume, a royalist historian, describes him as being distinguished by "affability in conversation; temper, art, and eloquence in debate; penetra-

of all the liberty of modern times—was at the head of the Committee of the Commons who brought into the House the "Grand Remonstrance." The fire kindled by Hampden and his associates has never been extinguished; and, when the vestal vigilance which guarded the sacred trust was not allowed the undisturbed discharge of its functions in the land of its birth, it was brought to the New World, where an altar could be erected on which the fire and the incense might burn forever.

Who, even at the distance of sixty-six years, can contemplate the deeds of 1776, without being filled with admiration? The government of an Empire on whose possessions the sun never went down, oppressed three millions of people, and the spirit of Hampden revived within them. They spurned the rod of the oppressor, and made declaration to the world, that they were prepared to contend for the possession of that freedom which was the gift of the God who made them. And they were not the men to abandon their determination because of the attendant trials. They were descended from those who were driven by the pains and penalties of persecution to seek an asylum where they might worship the God of their fathers according to the dictates of their own consciences—the

tion and discernment in counsel; industry, vigilance, and enterprise in action." If he had lived, he would have commanded the army of Parliament; and that might have made the Civil War a still greater blessing to England. Hampden and Cromwell were equally "capable of *gaining* the victory" for England: but Hampden was "incapable of *abusing* that victory when gained." He died in 1643, at the age of forty-nine.

inherent and inalienable right of every human being: who escaped the fires of Smithfield by encountering the dangers of the ocean; who landed on the shores of a country whose woods were filled with savage beasts, and more savage men; who built humble dwellings from which they offered their ardent homage to the God of Israel who had protected them by his pillar of cloud, and guided them by his pillar of fire; of whose temples the everlasting hills and mighty oaks were the columns, and the star-decked heaven the canopy. At the time they commenced the contest we cannot suppose they had a view of half the glories of the land of promise to which they were to guide the nations. When the Prophet sent his servant to the top of Carmel, he discovered a little cloud arising out of the sea, like a man's hand. But this little cloud was the precursor of a great rain which clothed the earth with verdure, and relieved the famine of a nation. So the little cloud which appeared in '76 has enlarged until the heaven is black with a covering which promises to overspread the earth. The famine of despotism shall not always prevail. The victim of power, of every land and in every clime, the iron of whose captivity "enters into his soul," would laugh at the tyrant's frown and dance in his chains, as he shook them "in transport and rude harmony," if he could hear the ten thousands of Pæans which this day ascend from the hearts of the free to the God of the oppressed. Here, the Morning Star of Liberty has arisen upon the nations; and, we believe the time will come when its light will visit every dark habitation: when its power

will strike the galling chain from every captive's arm; wrest the merciless lash from every oppressor's grasp; and man stand forth in all the native dignity of his nature, "regenerated, redeemed, and disenthralled."*

*The deep impression made on European mind by the war of the Revolution, is described in the following extract from a recent number of the British and Foreign Review:

"In looking over the numerous German memoirs, reminiscences, &c., to which we alluded at the beginning of this article, we are struck with the unanimity on one point—the mighty impression made on all minds by the American war. This event seems to have startled Europe to its remotest bounds and its obscurest recesses. All these writers, however distant the places of their birth, however different the circumstances under which they lived, refer to this as one of the most vivid and indelible impressions of their childhood. What Goethe says of it must be familiar to many of our readers. He, however, was a native of a great and much frequented commercial city; but in the remote and tranquil seclusion of a small town of Norway, the hearts of men were stirred with strange hopes and lofty aspirations for their race."

THE SEA-SHORE.

"PLEASANT, yet mournful," are the associations connected with the last rose of Summer. The thoughts recur to fruitful fields, and unclouded skies: delicious odours, and beautiful parterres, and sweet flowers. Prospectively contrasted with these, are Autumn frosts and nature clad in the livery of incipient decay; the yellow leaves of the forest; the icy chains and snowy dress of Winter.

The visiters who remain on this shore may now be occupied with reflections similar to these. The saloons are no longer crowded; the merry laugh is no more heard, Terpsichore, with her soul-inspiring music, has departed; and the silence of which Ossian complained in the hall of his fathers, reigns here. After a few more days this place will be left to the solitude which belongs to its position. They who have enlivened its shore have returned to friends and home, having exchanged the,

> "Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been,
> A sound which makes us linger; yet, farewell!"

They return to plunge again in the engrossing pursuits of life; and the man of avarice, and the devotee of

pleasure, will continue to worship their idols, as if they had not here contrasted the nothingness of man, with the glorious works of the mighty God. I am not one of those to whom this place has no charms, unless crowded with gay companions. No man is more fond of society than myself. I love sprightly conversation; and beautiful faces, and sweet smiles. But I also desire sometimes to feel that I stand alone in the presence of the great I AM, and commune with him through his works that are spread around me. I love solitude like this: yet, it is when I know I can, at any moment, dissolve the charm, and return to crowded streets and the busy haunts of men. They who met here and have parted, will never again assemble until the trump of the Archangel shall sound. Another and more boundless Ocean lies before us. One by one, willing or unwilling, we must spread our canvass on the bosom of that mighty sea; and where we shall land, Oh, who can tell! Why should not man indulge solemn thoughts, even amidst festive scenes? Objects for the gratification of our senses are profusely spread above, and beneath, and around us; but, it was never designed that we should enjoy the bounties of his providence, and forget Him who gave them. The roaming savage of primeval forests recognises a God in the clouds and the winds; why, then, should not Christian man be led by the contemplation of His works to that best of all knowledge—the knowledge of HIMSELF?

I do not know any place of Summer resort for those who seek an escape from the business associations, and

oppressive heat of large cities, which, for the purposes of health and quiet enjoyment, equals the Sea-shore. Why, it is ecstacy to plunge in old Ocean; to buffet his mighty breakers; to contend against his tremendous power, and feel a proud consciousness of your own skill and strength as you emerge, unharmed, from his briny wave. The drive along the shore, with the expanded view and invigorating sea-breeze, is exceedingly pleasant; and, if any magic power could afford the inhabitants of cities access to it on a fine afternoon, with their lovely faces and gay equipages, the scene would surpass that presented by the London parks. Sometimes the indications of an approaching storm present a scene of surpassing interest; the breakers dashing with fury, as they roll up the inclined plane and thunder on the shore; the white-caps dancing, in ceaseless succession, as far as the eye can reach; the porpoise displaying a portion of his dark body, and then plunging beneath the wave; the sea-gull poising himself in the air as if engaged, while hovering over the billows amidst elemental strife, in beholding and admiring the mighty power of the God of storms.

A walk on the shore at sunset is most beautiful. Rich and various colours are reflected along the sky by every pendent and scattered cloud; and the broad expanse of the Ocean is before you, peopled by its myriads of animated nature, and enriched by the treasures of a thousand shipwrecks which will be forever locked up in its "dark, unfathomed caves."

Many persons prefer to pass the Summer months at the interior watering-places, because they are con-

sidered more fashionable; and, for this consideration, they submit to the annoyance of heat and dust. Why should not lovely woman, who has passed Winter and Spring in gay saloons and high excitements, seek repose in Summer; and thus allow the roses to bloom again on cheeks which are tinged with unhealthy hues? In London, when a mother sees her fashionable daughter with pallid cheeks, or hears her complain of restless nights, she sends her to some country relative, that she may observe regular hours and breathe pure air. A quiet Summer on the coast, or in mountainous regions, would be equally salutary to the fair daughters of our large cities. But fashion is the most inexorable of all tyrants, and constrains them to encounter all the inconveniences attending on places of gay resort. Her terms are as despotic as those of Islam, The tribute, the Koran, or the sword.

No description of the Ocean equals that by Lord Byron, in the fourth Canto of Childe Harold, commencing with,

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue Ocean—roll.

It is, indeed, a glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests, boundless, endless, and sublime—the image of eternity—the throne of the Invisible. What must have been the inspiration of his genius, when these sublime conceptions arose in his mind. Had not that great mind been perverted, nature would have been an open volume from which he would have read, with improvement, the character of his Maker;

a correct knowledge of whom he might have imparted to men. The high-born and gifted Alfieri, a brother-spirit, felt—like Byron—the inspiration of the view, when, in early life, the Sea-shore exerted such influence over his unconscious genius: "Almost every evening, after bathing in the sea, it delighted me to retreat to a little recess where the land jutted out; there I would sit, leaning my back against a high rock, which concealed from my sight every part of the land behind me, while before and around me I beheld nothing but the sea and the heavens: the sun, sinking into the waves, was lighting up and embellishing these two immensities; there would I pass a delicious hour of fantastic ruminations; and there I should have composed many a poem, had I then known how to write either in verse or prose, in any language whatever."

I have long had a desire to see the Ocean during a storm; and, a few days since, I was partially gratified. At two o'clock there was violent rain, with thunder and lightning; but the Ocean did not become much agitated until towards evening. The sun-set was brilliant, decking the clouds with a thousand beautiful colours, and covering the landscape with a robe of living light. Notwithstanding the calmness and beauty of the sky, the mountain-waves were rolling towards the shore, like "a war-horse foaming from the battle;" and, such was their fury, they would have dashed whole navies to atoms. The lightning which played along the horizon as far as the eye could extend over the bosom of the Sea, added to the grandeur of the view. I sat for a considerable time, in unbroken silence, and sur-

veyed the magnificent scene. That was a glorious temple of Nature, at whose altar man, the High Priest, might have bowed down in silent adoration and worshipped the Great Spirit.

I have also sat on the shore, at a late hour, surrounded by a stillness which was broken only by the roaring billows, and witnessed a beautiful display of falling stars. I had never seen one half so brilliant. The fall was very frequent, and they seemed to be extinguished in their watery bed. While occupied in the contemplation, I thought of those lines, which describe the fate of woman when she departs from virtue:

> "Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame,
> And one false step forever blasts her name.
> In vain with tears her loss she may deplore;
> In vain look back to what she was before;
> She sits—like stars that fall—to rise no more."

In a Christian sense, I am a worshipper of Nature. The character of Deity shines in the sun and moon, and twinkles in the stars. It is seen in the ocean, the mountain, the cataract; and is whispered by the gentle zephyr which gives health and happiness to his creatures. I can deny with Job, that "my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand as I beheld the sun when he shineth, or the moon walking in brightness;" but, if I had never received light from heaven, I should have worshipped the "Unknown God," not in the form of a senseless image, but in the glories of his creation. We are all in the hands of the Great Being who made us—whose power

is equalled by his mercy—and we may well be content to leave the apportionment of our lot with him. Yet, if I might be allowed to supplicate, I would say, Let me possess, while I live, the exercise of reason—the ennobling attribute of my nature: and, when the hour shall have arrived that I must die, let me, like Rousseau, be placed where I can behold the setting sun, with all the attendant glories. Not that, like him, I may be guilty of Persian idolatry by worshipping Nature as a deity; but that, having my mind occupied with the contemplation of her indescribable wonders, I may, in my expiring hour, admire, and love, and worship God her Creator.

On the afternoon of my arrival, it was amusing to observe a group of mothers and fair daughters, surrounding a gentleman who was seated in the piazza and reading from a paper an account of a scene which occurred a few evenings before. The persons were indicated by initials and descriptions; and it was pleasant to watch the countenances of those who looked as if they supposed allusion might be made to them—the eager expectation, the half-suppressed breathing, the listening ear. When a description was read, That's you, that's you, exclaimed a dozen gleesome voices, and two dozen sparkling eyes. No, that does not mean me, replied the delighted girl: but, the laugh in her eye, and the smile on her lip, and the tint on her cheek proved that,

"The lovely maiden stands confess'd."

Perhaps in that group there may have been some lovely creature who has just budded into womanhood;

whose full, soft eye, indicates a fountain of all tender emotions which exists within her gentle bosom; whose open countenance convinces the admirer that no guile, or unkindness will be found in her intercourse with society; thus affording assurance that mature life will fulfil the promise of the early blossoming. A being so lovely might wander over far distant lands, be fanned by other winds, and warmed by other suns, without being forgotten by those she left behind. Such is a character to inspire the sentiment,

> "Where'er your wand'ring footsteps rove,
> Where'er your gentle spirit be,
> My heart the favour'd spot will love,
> And bless the clime that blesses thee:"

and to excite the serious reflections that sometimes occupy the mind when contemplating the future of young and guileless woman. There is an association, the feelings accompanying the formation of which have been described as,

> "The deep trust with which a maiden casts
> Her all of earth—perchance her all of heaven—
> Into a mortal hand; the confidence
> With which she turns in every thought to him,
> Her more than brother, and her next to God,
> Hath never yet been meted out in words,
> Or weighed with language."

If disappointed in the expectations she indulges from that association, her condition is hopeless, because it is a "bankruptcy of the heart."

Many persons become weary of the Sea-shore after remaining a few days. They who have no occupation

to engage their attention, and who are without mental resources, soon tire of life itself. Visiters go to a watering-place with high anticipations of enjoyment from pleasant associations with many whom they may meet; and give free indulgence to buoyant feelings. After a few days their friends begin to depart; the novelty of the scene and of the amusements has passed; and they desire to seek a relief from *ennui* by a change of place. We should not be dependent on the excitement of company for our happiness; but, rather, like the old philosopher, we should endeavour to feel "never less alone than when alone."

A few mornings since I walked on the shore, and saw the sun arise in all his glory. No description can convey a just conception of the view. The light that was spread along the horizon gradually increased, diffusing its golden tints on all surrounding objects; the segment of a luminous circle then appeared, and, as if by a sudden leap, the full-orbed sun was in view, seeming to stand forth like a "strong man rejoicing to run a race." It was as if Phaeton, having plunged beneath the Western waters and enjoyed a night of repose, had again harnessed his horses to the chariot of the sun. The billows were dashing on the shore, and retired after exhausting their fury, leaving the white foam behind them. The rays of light, as the sun advanced, were reflected from the spray in a thousand combinations, unsurpassed in brilliancy by the diamonds that sparkle on the brow of beauteous woman. Of all the forms of idolatrous worship, that of the Persian is least irrational.

After a few hours shall have passed, I shall leave this charming place, and return to mingle again with the population of my own city; but, amidst the various pursuits that may engage me there, memory will often recur to these scenes which I shall leave behind, and to the friends from whom I have parted. Farewell! "Thou deep and dark blue Ocean!" I have walked along thy smooth shore, and listened to thy sounding billows, and felt my own nothingness as I cast my eyes over thy measureless expanse. I have "wanton'd with thy breakers," and, when standing amidst their raging, have "laid my hand upon thy mane." "I have loved thee, Ocean;" and, in future life, I shall delight to return, and be again received to thy bosom. Till then, "Thou deep and dark blue Ocean," Farewell.

August 184—

JAMES BARBOUR.*

THE numerous friends of Gov. Barbour have, with the deepest regret, been informed of his somewhat unexpected death. Fourteen months ago, his medical advisers knew that his life could not be prolonged beyond a very few years: but, such was the extent to which his naturally vigorous constitution had re-acted after a violent illness during the past Winter, that his departure was unexpected to his family.

Previously to four or five years since, he had almost uninterrupted enjoyment of health—not often, during a long and active life, having been afflicted with sickness of any kind: and, since his retirement from the anxieties of public employments, his agricultural pursuits, with the bracing air of the region of the Blue Ridge, gave promise for the extension of his term beyond the three-score and ten years. A year or two before the great political struggle of 1840, his health began to fail without any assignable cause. During that contest, which enlisted the active exertions of dis-

*The Sketch which was published, in a number of papers, a few days after the death of Gov. Barbour, was little more than a general outline of his private life. It has been re-written and enlarged for this volume.

tinguished men of the day, he yielded so far to the urgent solicitations of political friends and the promptings of his own patriotism, as to visit different sections of the country, and address numerous assemblages of his fellow-citizens. The apprehensions of his family, as to the effects of such severe labours, were painfully realized by his impaired physical powers.

After the close of the contest, he repaired to Baltimore and Philadelphia for the benefit of eminent medical and surgical advice; and it was ascertained that he had been, for several years, suffering under the slow and insidious advances of a disease, which had, by irritative fever, gradually impaired his constitution; and, for the ultimate cure of which surgery could offer no promise. Palliation and a prolongation of life for a few years—results only to be attained by the strict observance of all the regulations which surgical science prescribed, as adapted to the disease—were all that could be expected. Subsequently to the discovery of this condition of his system—which restrained him from the active pursuits of life while it deprived him of hope—he repeatedly expressed the wish that the curtain might drop and close the drama; as he did not deem life desirable after the actor had lost the power to perform his part.

During the Autumn of 1841, his health had improved so far as to allow him to anticipate a visit to his friends in this city, early in the past Winter. In the accomplishment of that purpose he left Barboursville in December, expecting to arrive at Baltimore by the way of Richmond, where he was called to attend

the Agricultural Convention of Virginia. At that place he was so much indisposed, from the excitement of travel and the change from the quiet and comforts of his own fireside, that he was induced to relinquish the further prosecution of his journey and to return to Barboursville. An aggravation of the symptoms indicated the progress of the disease. After an illness of several weeks, attended with the most painful anxieties of his friends, he was restored to a comfortable state of health; and was able to devote a portion of his time to the management of his estate. His design was, during the season, to visit the Virginia Springs. But, the return of Summer, aided in its effects by the moisture so peculiar to the season, induced colliquative symptoms, which, acting on his debilitated system, could not be arrested. In the possession of his mental faculties, with a perfect consciousness of his approaching dissolution, and surrounded by his family, he died at Barboursville, Orange County, Virginia, on the seventh of June, 1842; having completed, within three days, his sixty-seventh year. Thus a distinguished man—who, since his death, has been described by one of the most eloquent writers of the day, as "One of the noblest of the sons of Virginia; the virtues of whose private life and character outshone all the splendour with which popular favour or political distinction could adorn his name"—has calmly yielded up his spirit to the Great Being from whom it came.

I will not invade the privacy of the domestic circle, by speaking of the kind and loving Husband; the affectionate and indulgent Father; the "Old Master,"

as he was called by his servants, who spoke of, and to him, almost with the affection they would have had for a parent. I will not draw aside the veil which conceals from public view the anguish of her, who, with all of woman's devotion, was his companion for more than forty years: or that of his children, whose reverential love approached almost to idolatry. TIME THE COMFORTER, in commemoration of whose powers to console the mourner Montaigne proposed to erect a monument, will bring to them his healing virtues on his wings.

That portion of the biography of Gov. Barbour which relates to his public life, is indelibly written in the histories of his State and of his Country. During the last thirty years, few men have occupied a larger space in the public eye: none have been characterized by a patriotism more pure, or by a more unbounded devotion of time and talents to the public welfare. I do not propose to give any other than a general view of his public and private life.

James Barbour was born in Orange County, Virginia, on the 10th of June, 1775. He was educated in one of the Colleges of Virginia: and, having selected the law as his profession, he commenced, at a very early age, the discharge of its duties. His success was brilliant, and not often surpassed in the practice of County Courts. He was unequalled by any member of the Courts in which he practised, in the consummate ability with which he conducted jury trials. Had he chosen to devote his time and talents to his profession, his native genius, his perspicacity, and his eloquence,

would have placed him in favourable competition with distinguished legal men of his day. Law is jealous of her votaries, and requires unbounded devotion from those who desire to attain eminence in that science which "has its seat in the bosom of God," and whose "voice is the harmony of the world." Such devotion did not accord with the plans which he had formed for the direction of his future life. At this period, he was principally occupied, during the intervals of the terms of the Courts in which he practised, by agricultural pursuits: thus laying a foundation for the acquisition of the eminence he attained, and always maintained, as an agriculturist.

In 1798, at the early age of twenty-three, he was chosen to represent Orange in the Legislature of Virginia. At this period, the Union was excited by the Alien and Sedition Laws; and the political creed of Virginia caused her citizens to feel the excitement more, perhaps, than those of any other section of the country. After his election, and before the meeting of the Legislature, the citizens of Orange assembled to express their opinions on the measures of the Administration; and Mr. Barbour offered condemnatory resolutions which attracted general attention.

He took his seat in the Legislature, in December, 1798; and was the youngest member of the House. That session was most important, exciting, and interesting—more so, perhaps, than any other in the history of Virginia. At a very early period of the Government, two great political parties were formed in the United States—the Federal, and the Anti-federal or

Republican. The Federal party was supposed to have a tendency to consolidation, or the concentration of power in the General Government: the Republican party favoured the retention of power by the People, and the States. Alexander Hamilton was the leader of the Federal party, and wished to form a strong Executive, or National Government, with paramount influence over the separate States. He did not believe that the Government could exist without a strong Executive. Misled by the examples of Republics in former times, he was convinced that institutions, strictly democratic, could not be maintained; and he exerted his brilliant powers in support of his views. He had seen the defects of the Confederation, which, as a system of government, was no stronger than a rope of sand; and he had not sufficiently appreciated the principles of the Constitution which was proposed. He did not make the proper distinction between the citizens of all the old Republics, who were unenlightened and became an easy prey to aspiring demagogues; and the people of our country who brought with them to our shores the religion, the civilization, the science, and the arts of England. Any comparisons between the two periods, as to the capacity of the People for self-government, were obviously unfair.

Thomas Jefferson was the leader of the Republican party, which controverted the doctrines of the Hamiltonian school, and contended that the greatest danger to the Republic was to be apprehended from the concentration of power in the Executive. They had confidence in the enlightened spirit of the age, and

were willing to confide the fate of the Republic to the good sense and integrity of the People. Although Mr. Jefferson, on account of the distinguished part he sustained in that ever memorable contest, was the acknowledged Republican leader, he did not fail to receive efficient aid. The political creed of James Madison was Republican. He maintained that the Constitution, as written, should be inviolate; that the rights of the States, as defined in the Constitution, should be preserved; that doubtful powers should not be exercised by the Federal Government; that defects in the Constitution should be corrected by amendments, in the manner prescribed by that instrument.

Such was the condition of political parties, when, in 1798, two Acts, called the Alien and Sedition Laws, were passed by Congress. The Republicans opposed the first, because it gave the Executive power to judge and decide, without a resort to the legal tribunals of the country, and without proof in strict conformity with the requisitions of law. They opposed the second, because it restricted the liberty of speech, and of the press; and was an arbitrary interference with the rights of the citizen.

This outline is presented in order to shew the condition of political parties, and the public excitement in Virginia, when, in 1798, Mr. Barbour took a seat in the Legislature. The separating line between the two parties was marked, during that Session, by the question involving constitutional principles, Had Congress the power, by the Constitution, to enact the Alien and Sedition Laws? The discussion of this question was

introduced by the presentation, by John Taylor, of Caroline, of a Preamble and Resolutions, prepared by Mr. Madison,* who, although not a member of the Legislature, performed this important duty in compliance with the urgent solicitations of his political friends. Such is the origin of the celebrated Resolutions of 1798. Six members of the Republican party were selected to advocate them on the floor of the House; and Mr. Barbour was one of the chosen advocates. He delivered a speech in their defence, principally in reply to George Keith Taylor, of Prince George, who was the champion of the Federal party. The speech, young and inexperienced as he then was, produced a strong impression, and was regarded as a very remarkable effort; and, at the close of the Session, he had acquired a reputation as a statesman, not often attained at the age of twenty-three.

Mr. Barbour was a member of the Legislature for successive years; but continued the practice of the

*See a pamphlet entitled, "Eulogium on the Life and Character of James Madison: By James Barbour, 1836."

Mr. Madison was elected to the Legislature, in 1799, and was the author of the celebrated Resolutions of that year; which, with those of '98, became a political text-book. Patrick Henry was elected to the Legislature of '99, in order to lead the minority in opposition to the principles of the Resolutions of '98. His genius, eloquence, and popularity would have made him a formidable antagonist to Mr. Madison; but, they did not meet in the Legislature—Henry having died in June, 1799. It cannot be difficult to decide who would have been the victor, if they had met in argument on great constitutional questions. Henry's torrent-like eloquence would, at first, have swept away every opposing barrier: but the mild and persuasive eloquence of Madison, aided by great powers of argumentation, would have taken captive the judgment of his audience.

Law, during the recesses, until he was elected Governor of Virginia. His labours while in the Legislature have identified his name, in the Code of Virginia, with many important Acts: among them, those relating to the Public Lands, the Literary Fund, and the suppression of Duelling. He was the father of the law in relation to Duelling. The first time he presented the Bill, it passed the lower House, but was lost in the Senate. At the succeeding Session he was elected Speaker; and the same Bill—which could not be brought forward by the Speaker—was offered by a friend of his, and became a law. The Bill was ably defended by him in Committee of the Whole, where his position as Speaker of the House, did not, *ex officio*, prevent him from addressing the Committee. He was elected Speaker in 1808. His commanding personal appearance, his almost intuitive judgment of character, his dignity, and his eloquence, eminently qualified him to discharge the duties of that station in such manner as to secure the respect of all parties. During his continuance in the House, he acquired great popularity and influence; and eloquently and successfully opposed the employment of power, gained by political revolutions, as an instrument of general political proscription. Throughout his long public life, he always maintained the character of a liberal and enlightened patriot.

Mr. Barbour continued to occupy the Speaker's chair until the Session of 1811, and '12, when he was elected, without opposition, Governor of Virginia. The circumstances which attended the early period of his Administration, called into action all the firmness

and manly independence of his character; as the adoption of measures, prompt and decisive, was required by the exigencies of the crisis. War was declared against Great Britain, in June, 1812, on account of her impressment of American seamen—her doctrine and system of blockade—her adoption and continuance of the Orders in Council. Virginia was without preparation, by legislative acts, for her own defence: and Gov. Barbour "armed the local militia, and arranged a levy *en masse*, so as to be prepared for action at a moment's warning." In January, 1813, hostile appearances induced him to call out the militia, and he proceeded with them to Norfolk. Acting on his official responsibility, he called into service a military force for the protection of Richmond. When the State Treasury was exhausted, he borrowed from the Banks of Richmond $200,000, giving in pledge his individual responsibility. "He took the field in person, and discharged the combined duties of Commander-in-Chief and Governor." His conduct received opposition and censure, which, as he was discharging a high constitutional duty, he fearlessly disregarded; and the success of his measures vindicated the soundness of his judgment. Censure was followed by popular applause: the Legislature sanctioned his measures, and testified approval by re-election, with but feeble opposition. This was the most responsible and important portion of his political life. Under trying circumstances, he exercised that cool self-reliance which is one of the attributes of genius. He afforded an illustration of the truth of the remark, that, "Mankind judge mea-

sures by events: they connect wisdom with good fortune, and folly with disaster."

On the expiration of his second gubernatorial term, Gov. Barbour was elected Senator of the United States; having had as his competitor for that honourable position a distinguished citizen, who has gone down to the grave, leaving behind him an imperishable name as a lawyer, an orator, and a man of letters; in commemoration of whose genius, eloquence, and learning, Mr. Adams* pronounced, at the time of his death, an admirable eulogy in the Hall of Representatives; "He was never a member of this House; but if we should erect a statue to his memory, we might place on it the words which were inscribed on that of Molière in the Hall of the French Academy, 'Nothing was wanted to his glory; he was wanted to our's.'"

*The following lines of Cowley on Hobbes, may be applied to Mr. Adams, who, at the age of seventy-seven—after having passed half a century in the service of his country—retains the intellectual vigour of middle life. The philosopher of Malmsbury lived to attain extreme old age, with unimpaired mental powers. At eighty-seven, he published the Odyssey in English verse; at eighty-eight, he published a similar translation of the Iliad:

"Nor can the snow which now cold age does shed
Upon thy rev'rend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all that thou hast been,
And all that youth can be, thou'rt yet:
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.
So contraries on Ætna's top conspire:
The embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep.
To things immortal time can do no wrong;
And that which never is to die, forever must be young."

The reputation Gov. Barbour had acquired, during his connexion with public affairs in Virginia, was not confined to that State. He was well and extensively known when he appeared in the Senate Chamber. It is not proposed to trace, in detail, the very important and influential part he sustained while a member of that distinguished body which contained many of the most eminent men of the country. His moral, mental, and personal qualities eminently enabled him to occupy a high position in the Senate At different periods, he was Chairman of the Military Committee, of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and President *pro. tem.* of the Senate. He bore a conspicuous part in the proceedings involved in Finance, the West India Trade, and the Missouri Question.

In 1820, the Territory of Missouri applied for admission into the Union. On the discussion of this question in Congress, an amendment was offered, "ordaining and establishing that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said State." By virtue of an Act of a former Congress, the introduction of slavery into the North-West Territory had been prohibited. It was also excluded from States, subsequently admitted into the Union, which were formed from portions of that Territory. But, Territories in which slavery existed, had been admitted into the Union without the restriction—among them, Louisiana. Missouri formed part of the Louisiana Territory, which was ceded by France to the United States, in 1803. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were admitted with the restriction; because slavery, by a previous legistative Act of 1787, under

the Confederation, had been excluded from the North-West Territory.* Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, had been admitted without the restriction, as they were formed from States or Territories in which slavery existed at the time of admission.

The discussion of this question—thus concisely stated—produced great excitement, and threatened most disastrous results. President Monroe had frequent consultations with Messrs. Clay, Lowndes, Barbour, and other distinguished members of Congress, in order to attempt to arrange a compromise of the difficulties. Mr. Clay exerted talents and eloquence which would have conferred honour on Greece and Rome in their proudest days; efforts which entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his country, and acquired for him the name "Pacificator"—a name more noble than that of Emperor. The one may be the accident of birth: the other can only be attained by the combined efforts of genius and patriotism. While Gov. Barbour was faithful to the interests of the South, he was not unmindful of the general welfare; and compromise and conciliation were objects at which he constantly aimed. Dark and portentous were the clouds which then hung over the Republic. Let his memory be enshrined in the grateful recollections which belong to those who adjusted a momentous question—a question, not only involving the existence of one Government, but the interests of the world.

*See, Laws of the United States, Vol. 1. p. 480, Art. 6.

He was elected to the Senate for two successive terms; and vacated the seat during the second, by accepting the appointment of Secretary at War under the Administration of Mr. Adams. I have no knowledge of any of the documents which issued from that Department during the three years he was at its head, except a Report which he communicated to the House of Representatives, in 1826, on the subject of the preservation and civilization of the Indians—a paper alike remarkable for its ability and its philanthropy. He was taken from the War Office, and sent by Mr. Adams as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James; and, during his residence in England, while he discharged with ability his duties to his country, he made numerous friends among Englishmen with whom he was brought in contact by his official and social relations. The following extract from the pen of one who was familiar with the history of the period, will shew his qualifications for that station: "In making this appointment, Mr. Adams had reference to those important and delicate questions, the satisfactory adjustment of which the predecessors of Mr. Barbour had failed to negotiate. From his peculiar talents, temper, and manners, no individual could have been selected better adapted to the duties of such a mission than Mr. Barbour. Although but a few months an accredited Minister near the Court of St. James, no Representative of the American Government ever made a more favourable impression on the British public. The marked and flattering attentions which were paid him, from his introduction at Court, by the most distin-

guished personages of the Kingdom, are testimonials of the influence he was likely to command in the settlement of these questions, embracing as they did the deepest and most intricate principles of international law." His Government gave him instructions as to the principles which should direct him in the settlement of the questions in dispute, arising out of the British Colonial Trade with the United States. His determination was, not to allow "the American eagle to crouch at the feet of the British lion." The contest of 1828, between Mr. Adams and Gen. Jackson, resulted in the election of the latter as President; and, shortly after the commencement of the new Administration, Gov. Barbour was recalled from the British Court—too soon to have enabled him to accomplish the objects of his mission. His return to the United States in the Autumn of 1829, was entirely the result of a change in the predominance of political parties, and occurred in the same year in which Gen. Harrison was recalled from his station as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia—an appointment made, in 1828, by Mr. Adams.

After his return, Gov. Barbour employed himself, with renewed zeal, in the cultivation of his estate. His interest in such pursuits had been increased, during his residence in England, by his intimate intercourse with the late Earl of Leicester—better known as "Coke of Holkam"—and other eminent English agriculturists. His almost continued absence from Barboursville during the twenty years he had been in public stations, leaving the control of his estate in the

hands of managers, must, of necessity, have been attended with great pecuniary sacrifice. The mission to England was the closing act of his public employments: a close worthy of one who had been promoted, in rapid succession, under the State and General Governments; and who was controlled by a patriotism as pure as ever glowed in the bosom of man.

In 1831, Gov. Barbour was chosen to preside over the National Convention which assembled in Baltimore to select a candidate for the Presidency; when the nomination was bestowed on Mr. Clay—then, and until separated by death, his very intimate friend. In 1839, he was called to occupy a similar station in the Harrisburg Convention, when Gen. Harrison received the nomination. With him he had maintained relations of intimate friendship from the time they served together in the Senate of the United States, until they were severed by the death of "THE GOOD PRESIDENT."

I have already alluded to his arduous labours in the political struggle of 1840—a struggle the excitement of which has never been approximated in this country, except by that of the contest of 1800, between Jefferson and Burr. During this contest he repeatedly and publicly proclaimed, that, in the event of the success of his party, he did not desire, and would not accept, any office in the gift of the Government. His arduous, and—with his feeble health—imprudent labours, were prompted by a deep and abiding conviction that the time had arrived when every man who had influence over the popular mind, should freely expend his strength for the public good. Had it not been for his well

known and long established opinions on the Bank question, in connexion with the views of some members of the Assembly of Virginia, he would, on the accession of Gen. Harrison, have been sent to the United States' Senate; an event which—on account of his health—would have been deeply deplored by his friends. The distinguished Senator who was then chosen, and now occupies that seat so honourably to himself and his State, would be among the foremost to admit that no other Virginian had equal claims to that distinction. The pre-eminent position which he occupied in the confidence and affection of his political party, in Virginia, was, a few months since, publicly and emphatically expressed by Mr. B. Watkins Leigh, and the Editor of the Richmond Whig. His name was mentioned, during the last Session of the Legislature of Virginia, in connexion with the gubernatorial chair; but the suggestion was abandoned, because it was well known to his friends at Richmond, that, on account of his health, such an appointment he could not accept.

The last public act of his political life took place at Washington, a few days before the inauguration of Gen. Harrison: when, as President of the Harrisburg Convention, he called together the Delegates, who had assembled in Washington to witness that imposing ceremony, that they might exchange congratulations. His address on that occasion was characterized by all the vigorous thought and fervid eloquence of his better days; and was in striking contrast with his debilitated and emaciated frame. The flickering lamp sheds around a brilliant light just before it goes out in dark-

ness. The noble courser champs the bit, and snuffs the wind, and paws the ground, when he appears, for a final struggle, on the field where he had so often triumphed. The undying soul sometimes asserts the immortality of its nature, even when surrounded by material decay.

When in the enjoyment of vigorous health, Gov. Barbour was one of the finest looking men of his day. His personal appearance was highly imposing. He was tall, and—before he was broken by disease—graceful, and erect; with manly proportions, and strongly marked features. His forehead and the general formation of the head, were intellectual. The eyes were deeply set, and the eye-brows were remarkably prominent. Whether seen in private, social, or public life, he at once impressed a stranger with the conviction that he was not a common man.

I have already alluded to his eminence as a public speaker. A gentleman of distinction in Virginia, and a competent judge of oratory, told me he heard him deliver a speech, during the autumn of 1840, at Staunton, Virginia, to a large assemblage, when he spoke for five consecutive hours in a manner which, for eloquence and power, he had never known to be excelled on such occasions. During the same season he addressed a very numerous audience in Monument Square, in this city; but his feeble health made it impossible for his voice to be heard, except by a small portion of the thousands assembled in that large area. He had but few equals in the ability with which he delivered an extemporaneous address. His conversa-

tional powers were very remarkable. A mind stored with varied knowledge and anecdote, and an easy flow of language, made him the charm of every circle. Like Coleridge, he would sometimes assume more the manner of lecture than of conversation; and, on such occasions, he enchained the attention of every auditor —his intimate acquaintance with the prominent men and events of the age, at home and abroad, imparting peculiar interest to all he said. Notwithstanding his personal connexion, for thirty years, with prominent public transactions, his conversation was without the weakness of *egoism.* His style in conversation has been criticised as wanting in simplicity. A stranger was impressed with something of the *ore rotundo* in his conversation; but the impression was nearly lost on intimate acquaintance. The late Gen. Taylor, of Norfolk, Virginia, approached him more nearly as a conversationist than any other man I have ever known: superior in elegance and finish; but inferior in richness and vigour.

The traveller who passes over that portion of Virginia which lies between Charlottesville and Orange Court-House—journeying along the road which is West of the South-West Mountain—about midway between the two points reaches Barboursville; having his view on one side bounded by the South-West Mountain; on the other by the Blue Ridge. A beautiful landed estate of seven or eight thousand acres is embellished by a large brick mansion, which, with its surrounding improvements, is, perhaps, not surpassed by any other in Virginia. The visiter who remained

there a day, a week, or a month, had no restraint imposed on him; and he imposed none on the inmates. He was at liberty to follow his own inclinations in out-door amusements, or with books; while the members of the family pursued their accustomed daily avocations. The proprietor was on his horse by day light, and met his friends at breakfast. After breakfast he was employed in riding over his estate until mid-day, when he returned, dressed for dinner, and joined the domestic circle. After tea he would engage in conversation for an hour or two, and then retire without ceremony, leaving his guests with the younger members of his family. Mr. Trelawny—author of Adventures of a Younger Son, and the friend of Byron who closed the eyes of "Childe Harold" as he died at Missolonghi—when in this country, eight years ago, passed several months at Barboursville, and said the mode of life almost made him suppose he was at the seat of an English country gentleman. Such was the mansion where friends often assembled, and in which the weary, or benighted traveller was received with a cordial welcome and a hospitable board. The Sages of Monticello and Montpelier, were the neighbours and intimate friends of Gov. Barbour; and their loss, when removed by death, was deeply felt and deplored. When Mr. Madison died, he pronounced, in compliance with public invitation from citizens of Orange, a glowing eulogy on his illustrious friend.

The esteem of his fellow-citizens for Gov. Barbour—the confidence in his undeviating integrity, his political principles, and his ability—were never more strongly

manifested than in the expression of opinions of his character, during the past year. His age—his talents—his unsullied honour—his long and distinguished public service, justify me in saying, without disparagement to any other citizen, that no man in Virginia had an equal hold on the regards of his political party. For long years he was one whom they "delighted to honour:" and, as a man—leaving political faith, and party feelings out of view—he was supposed to be the most popular citizen of the State. Since his death, one who knew him well in public and private life, wrote of him in the following terms: "Few public men have led purer lives; and to none, with more truth than to him, can be applied the line of Horace,

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.

His private character was blameless: and, in the whole course of his distinguished public career, an ardent patriotism and noble disdain of self pervaded all his actions. He was always true and steadfast to his friends, and his heart knew no guile. He was unsurpassed in singleness of purpose, and disinterested love of country." Like every other distinguished public man, he was often assailed by the press of the opposite party: but now, when he has gone down to the dead, the feelings that were excited by political conflicts will lie buried in his grave. The memory of virtuous and patriotic citizens belongs to the country, and not to a party.

The virtues of the departed patriots of Greece long animated her sons in their heroic struggles for liberty.

The history of America will carry down to posterity the memory of men of patriotism as pure as was ever offered in sacrifice on the altars of that temple, which has been erected, in the name of the God of Nations, for the freedom of the world. Other nations of the earth in distant days, in their struggles for freedom, may adopt, as their battle-cry, the noble exclamation of Patrick Henry when he gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution, Give me liberty, or give me death. May the degeneracy of future times never give occasion for the American patriot to invoke the presence of the spirits of our departed Fathers, that they may re-enkindle their own holy fires in the bosoms of their children.

INSANITY.

EXTRACT FROM A REPORT MADE TO THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES, AS CHAIRMAN OF A SELECT COMMITTEE SENT TO VISIT THE MARYLAND HOSPITAL, AND REPORT ON ITS CONDITION AND WANTS. *February 19th*, 1839.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

YOUR Committee consider themselves bound by imperious duty, before closing their Report, to call the attention of this House to the important subject of making provision for the accommodation of the pauper lunatics of Maryland. A mother loves and takes care of her children: but, by a merciful principle in the constitution of her nature, she manifests double anxiety for those who are unable to contribute to their own protection. The State of Maryland is the mother of her citizens, and cannot divest herself of the obligations under which she is placed to provide for the unfortunate.

The subject of insanity excites great, and increasing attention in the present enlightened and benevolent age. The mind is filled with horror by the consideration of the former modes of treating this terrible species of human suffering. The miserable victims were confined in dark and loathsome cells, and loaded with chains; while stripes and severity in various

other forms, were employed to subdue this malady of the "mind diseased."

In 1792, Pinel, a French physician, directed his attention to this subject; and, having obtained permission to make experiments at the Bicêtre in confirmation of his views, he entered the abodes of misery; knocked off the chains, and soothed the irritated feelings of furious maniacs; and succeeded in restoring some of them to a consciousness of the dignity of their nature. The first patient on whom he experimented was a Captain who had been chained forty years; who had killed an officer of the Institution with his manacles, and was supposed to be hopelessly lost to society. When soothed by kind assurances, and, on his promise of obedience, restored to liberty, he employed the first hour of freedom in walking through the Hospital; and, as he looked at the sky, he exclaimed in ecstacy, How beautiful! From that time he continued to improve, and, in two years, was restored to society and the pursuits of life.

It is remarkable that, while the large cities of Europe and this country have, during the last half century, gradually advanced in the knowledge of lunacy as a disease, the interior has not been much enlightened. It is now a well ascertained fact, that lunacy, when judiciously managed in its early periods, is as curable as many other forms of disease. If allowed to continue without judicious remedial attention, it becomes more intractable—the difficulty of treatment increasing with the period of neglect. If we consider that, by the medical statistics of New York, and other sections

of the country, it has been ascertained that one in every eight, or nine hundred of our population is a victim of this fearful calamity, the great importance of having the attention of the Legislature, and of the State, directed to this subject, will be most manifest. The poor are supplied with food, clothing, and medical attendance in our alms-houses and infirmaries. But the pauper lunatic is often confined in jails, and other receptacles of misery or crime, where no proper curative plan can be adopted; and, thus, may be forever lost to his friends and his country. Paupers do not form the only class of lunatics having claims on the compassion of the State. The wealthy lunatic should be removed from his friends, and all the associations of place which are connected with the disease, that he may have the most favourable prospects for recovery. In private practice, cases of insanity are, comparatively, so rare with any individual practitioner, that he cannot acquire, from experience and observation, the skill so essential to the successful treatment of this formidable disease. The advantages to be derived from proper restraint, from removal beyond injurious associations, and from experience, are eminently connected with well conducted Asylums.

Your Committee do not deem this to be a suitable occasion to remark, at length, on the delicate structure of the human mind, and its consequent liability to disease. Like the statue of Memnon, which gave out sweet sounds when it first received the rays of the rising sun, the mind of man responds in melody when touched by the light of skilful education. If you

break one string of the delicate instrument, it becomes as silent as the same celebrated statue after it was overthrown by the Persian invader. Nor will your Committee, on this occasion, attempt to excite your commiseration by drawing a picture of the miserable condition of that portion of our race, who are deprived of the healthy exercise of that noble attribute of our nature which allies us to Deity. That picture will be presented, with more propriety, when this Report shall come, for final action, before this House. But they cannot refrain from endeavouring to impress this House with the conviction, that it is only by the judicious application of the means of cure, derived from a knowledge of the philosophy of the human mind, that restoration can be reasonably expected.

The attention of the State, your Committee believe, has never before been particularly directed to her obligations to her helpless pauper lunatics. Will Maryland consent to remain so far behind other States in this work of benevolence? Massachusetts has an Asylum for the Insane Poor of Boston: the Asylum for poor lunatics at Worcester, founded in 1833, and supported by large expense: the McLean Asylum at Charlestown, established in 1818. Connecticut has provided a Retreat for the Insane, which was opened in 1824: and, in 1836, Vermont established, at Brattleboro', an Asylum for the Insane Poor. New York has a State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, with a farm of 120 acres, and designed to accommodate one thousand inmates: a private Asylum at Hudson: an Asylum for the Insane Poor of the City of New York, on Blackwell's Island:

an Asylum for the Insane, at Bloomingdale. Virginia has an Insane Asylum for Eastern Virginia, at Williamsburg. This building was erected before the Revolution; and was the first Insane Asylum established in this country. With the exception of one department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia, which was used for the insane in 1752, it was the only one of the 18th century. She has also an Asylum for Western Virginia, at Staunton. Ohio has a Lunatic Asylum at Columbus: Tennessee one at Nashville: and Kentucky one at Lexington. Pennsylvania has been prominent in attention to the cause of suffering humanity. The mild spirit of the religion of her founders hovers over Philadelphia—well deserving the name of the "City of Brotherly Love": and, when she surveys her Hospitals and other Asylums, she may exclaim with the Roman poet,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

And will Maryland refuse to follow such noble examples?* Let her rather imitate the practice of the good

*Since this Report was made, the following additional Asylums have been established in the United States: An Insane Hospital at Augusta, Maine; Asylum for the Insane, at Milledgeville, Georgia; New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane; Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, two miles West of Philadelphia; State Asylum for the Insane Poor in Pennsylvania, provided for by a law of 1841; and, I believe, there is an Insane Asylum at Columbia, South Carolina. Some action—not decisive—has also been taken on this subject in New Jersey. An appropriation was made, during the late Session of Congress—1842—to provide accommodations for the pauper insane of the District of Columbia.

The Pennsylvania Hospital was chartered in 1751. This Hospital, and the Asylum at Williamsburg, Va, are the oldest Institutions in

Samaritan, by pouring the oil of healing into the wounded body, and the oil of consolation into the bruised spirit. In these Institutions, the observance of the Sabbath, and the ministrations of religion are not withheld: and the experience of late years has proved, that the shattered minds of such unfortunate victims may be led, with advantage, to the contemplation of the Great Spirit from whom they came, and to whom they tend. By her fostering care, the State may cause the vacant eye of the lunatic to "kindle with the undying energies of genius; and his shrunk and shrivelled soul" may be expanded by contemplations which approach those of a Seraph.

Your Committee refer this House to the Interrogatories and Answers, which form a part of this Report, for further details of the present condition and wants of

this country in which provision was made for the treatment of insanity. On the 20th of March, 1841, ninety-three insane patients were removed to the new Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, mentioned in this note as two miles West of Philadelphia. Between 1752, and 1841, thirty-eight thousand and four hundred patients had been received into the Pennsylvania Hospital; of which number, four thousand three hundred and sixty-six were insane. The new Hospital for the Insane has been erected by the accumulated funds of the old Pennsylvania Hospital—amounting to three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—and is the branch of that Institution designed, exclusively, for the accommodation of the insane. This magnificent building is four hundred and thirty-six feet long; and is connected with a farm of one hundred and twelve acres. There is also an Asylum for the Insane—the notice of which was omitted in the text—at Frankford, Pennsylvania, established in 1817.

In noticing the different Asylums, the names by which they are known have been used. This will account for what might, otherwise, be considered as useless repetition.

the Maryland Hospital; and they recommend the adoption of the following Resolution:

Resolved, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the Treasurer of the Western Shore of Maryland be, and he is hereby authorized and directed, to pay to the President and Visitors of the Maryland Hospital, or to their order, the sum of thirty thousand dollars, in six equal annual payments, from and after the passage of this Resolution; to be by them applied for the benefit and improvement of said Hospital: distinct reference being had, in making the improvements, to its future *exclusive* use as a Lunatic Asylum: *provided*, that the said President and Visitors give bond and security, to be approved by the Treasurer, for the faithful disbursement and application of said sum of money: *and also provided*, that *one-half* of said Institution shall hereafter be appropriated to the accommodation of *pauper lunatics* of this State; who shall there be accommodated at the expense of the County so sending such pauper lunatics; *provided*, that the same shall not exceed one hundred dollars for each pauper lunatic so accommodated.

INTERROGATORIES,* *by the Chairman of the Select Committee: and* ANSWERS, *by the President of the Board of Visitors.*

INTERROGATORY 1. What class of patients are received into the Maryland Hospital: lunatics exclusively; if not, what other patients?

*These *Interrogatories* and *Answers*—which form part of the Report—are inserted because they give, in part, a concise history of the Institution. The history will be made more complete by adding the following list of Laws and Resolutions, prepared, by request, by

ANSWER. By the law of 1828, all patients are to be admitted, excepting those afflicted with contagious

David Ridgely, Esq., late librarian of the Maryland State Library. The provision for lunatics of this State does not afford accommodation for the whole of that unfortunate class of our citizens: but, in the present embarrassed condition of the State finances, nothing further can be accomplished. It will be the duty of the friends of humanity, at some more propitious period, to bring this subject before the Legislature; and, as an article for future reference to aid in the accomplishment of this object, the following list of Laws and Resolutions was obtained, that a condensed view of legislation in Maryland, in relation to insanity, might be presented.

Laws and Resolutions in relation to the Maryland Hospital:

LAWS.

1793. ch. 57. Sec. 7. A temporary hospital to be erected, &c.

1797. ch. 102. $8000 to be applied to the establishment of, &c.

1797. ch. 114. Sec. 7. Lunatics to be received, &c.

1808. ch. 106. A Lottery to improve, &c.

1811. ch. 140. $5000 to be paid to Drs. Colin M'Kenzie and James Smyth, for three years; and pauper lunatics from the Counties to be received on the same terms as from Baltimore City.

1813. ch. 21. The Chancellor, on proper application, to commit lunatics and idiots to the Maryland Hospital.

1816. ch. 156. Maryland Hospital incorporated, and a President and Board of Visitors appointed.

1817. ch. 78. Levy Courts authorized to remove pauper lunatics from the Counties to the Maryland Hospital: and providing that the Counties pay $100 per annum for each pauper lunatic so removed.

1824. ch. 49. What description of persons to be considered pauper lunatics.

1826. ch. 259. Buildings to be erected, &c: and authorizing the conveyance of the claims of the City of Baltimore to the Maryland Hospital, to the President and Board of Visitors of said Hospital: in virtue of which Act, the Hospital became the property of the State of Maryland.

diseases. The Institution has, however, from several causes, become more a Lunatic Asylum than a general Hospital: 1st. On account of the establishment of the Infirmary; 2d. Because patients, with ordinary diseases, do not like to be in an Insane Hospital, for fear of the character of insanity being fixed upon them.

INTER. 2. What number of lunatics were in the Hospital when it came into your possession in 1834; and what number now?

ANS. The Board of Directors took charge of the Maryland Hospital, 1st January, 1834. At that time

1827. ch. 205. Incorporating the Maryland Hospital as the property of the State, and appointing a President and Board of Visitors.

RESOLUTIONS.

1816. No. 45. Drs. Colin M'Kenzie and James Smyth to borrow $5000 annually for the term of six years.

1819. No. 52. Dr. C. M'Kenzie to receive from the Treasurer the first instalment.

Similar resolutions were passed every year, until the six instalments were paid.

1832. No. 75. Treasurer to pay to the President and Board of Visitors $5000 for repairs.

1833. No. 94. To be surrendered, on certain conditions, to the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore for a Lunatic Asylum.*

1835. No. 75. Treasurer to pay to the President and Board of Visitors $15,000 in three annual instalments.

1838. No. 65. Treasurer to pay the President and Board of Visitors $30,000 in six annual payments of $5000 each.

1838. No. 66. The President and Visitors to refund surplus, if any: and to report annually to the Legislature.

*On inquiry at the office of the Mayor and City Council, it has been ascertained that no action followed this Resolution; consequently, the Hospital did not become the property of Baltimore.

there were twenty-six patients in all; eighteen were lunatics. During the year, one hundred and seven patients were treated for various diseases; of whom seventy-nine were lunatics. During the year 1838, two hundred and seventy-two patients were admitted: of whom one hundred and fifteen were lunatics; thirty-two from intemperance, and sixteen from mania a potu; making one hundred and sixty-three in the lunatic department for the year. At this time there are sixty-one patients in the house; of whom fifty-three are in the lunatic department.

INTER. 3. If the Hospital were complete in buildings and furniture, and free from debt, would it be able to support itself?

ANS. The Hospital is not at all in debt. It has supported itself since it was under the direction of this board, in 1834; and will always be able to do so. The board only require to have the necessary buildings and furniture to commence with; the Institution can always keep up a stock of furniture, if once purchased. At this time the house is well furnished for the number of patients contained in it.

INTER. 4. How many pauper lunatics from the several Counties are at this time in the Institution?

ANS. There are at this time ten.

INTER. 5. Are such patients paid for punctually; if not, what plan would you recommend to secure prompt payment?

ANS. They are not paid for punctually. In some instances, the clerks of the Levy Courts will not even answer letters addressed to them. The only plan that

can be adopted to secure the regular payment of the dues from the Counties, is the one adopted by the Legislature of Massachusetts; obliging each County to pay the amount due for each pauper lunatic that may be sent to the Hospital, to the treasurer of the State, at the time of sending the patient to the Hospital. The board should then be authorized to draw on the treasurer of the State for the amount.

INTER. 6. Is the price at present paid for such pauper lunatics sufficient to defray their necessary expenses; if not, what increase is required.

ANS. The sum now paid, $100, is not sufficient. It is barely sufficient to feed and take care of them. For clothing and fuel, no provision is made; and the expense of their necessaries may be put down at $25 each. But for the benefits arising from the pay-patients, the Institution could not be supported at all.

INTER. 7. What number of officers are now employed in the Institution; and what their salaries?

ANS. The President of the Board of Directors, who is the general manager of the Institution, as regards its finances and its internal government, with a salary of $500: one resident physician, salary $1000: twelve nurses, at $5 each, per month: Three hired women, at $5 per month each, and three men at $10 each per month.

INTER. 8. What number of lunatics require close confinement; and how many apartments have you for the accommodation of such patients?

ANS. All lunatics require separate, and—at times—may require close confinement, as stated in answer

second. There are fifty-three lunatics now in the house; and there are forty-eight rooms proper for lunatic patients—some of them still requiring bars to the windows. There are also ten rooms on the ground floor, in which the pauper lunatic patients are accommodated. They are, however, damp, and not as good as should be provided for this unfortunate and helpless class of beings. It has frequently occurred, during the two last years, that the Institution had, at one time, between sixty and seventy lunatic patients. At one period there were seventy-four. We were of course obliged to place several in one room, taking proper precautions to guard them. At that time we were obliged to refuse admission to some patients of both classes—pay as well as pauper.

INTER. 9. How many such apartments, additional, would the completion of the West wing afford?

ANS. The completion of the West wing, and of the third story of the centre building, together with three or four small out-houses for the very noisy patients—a thing most desirable—might enable us to accommodate about fifty more lunatics, in single rooms each.

INTER. 10. What appropriation do you now require, and for what purposes; and have you ascertained, from competent judges, the probable cost of such improvements?

ANS. It is the opinion of the board that forty thousand dollars will be required, to do all that is deemed needful to give full effect to this Institution; which should not only be complete as a building, but should

have the grounds around it as convenient and attractive as the cause of humanity requires for such purposes. A wall* around the entire grounds is indispensable for the protection and government of the lunatic patients. This will cost from eight to ten thousand dollars, according to its height; the West wing about twenty thousand dollars; the third story of the building two thousand dollars; roofing the main building with tin to

*The Boston Prison Discipline Society published the Speech—which is inserted in this volume next to this Report—with these *Interrogatories* and *Answers*, in their Fourteenth Annual Report; and, commenting on this proposal to build a wall, say, "We think $10,000 may be saved in the proposed improvements, by not building the wall as contemplated; of which we have no doubt they would be convinced by visiting the Institutions at Hartford, Worcester, and Charlestown, where they have no such enclosures; and would not have them, if they could be built for nothing." And in the Sixteenth Annual Report, speaking of the Maryland Hospital, they say, "It was proposed to enclose this land with a high wall, at an expense of $10,000. We hope this part of the plan has been abandoned, as it would be money worse than thrown away; giving the place a prison-like appearance, without the least utility." Perhaps there may be something in the local circumstances of this Institution which induced the Board of Visitors to recommend the erection of the enclosure. At the new Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, two miles West of Philadelphia—and to which is attached a farm of one hundred and twelve acres—forty-one acres are appropriated as a pleasure ground and vegetable garden, and are surrounded by a substantial stone wall. The wall is five thousand four hundred and eighty feet long, and ten and a half feet high. But, from the character of the ground, only a small portion of the wall can be seen from any one position; and this circumstance, in connexion with the size of the enclosure, prevents what might otherwise arise—the unpleasant impression of restraint upon the patients. The West side does not seem to be enclosed, as, from its position, the wall does not appear; and the patients have a beautiful view of "two public roads, the farm and meadow, a mill-race, a fine stream of running water, and two large manufactories."

render it fire-proof, furniture, and improvement to the grounds, about eight thousand dollars; in all forty thousand dollars.

INTER. 11. What sums have been appropriated for the Institution, since it came into your possession? In what years made, and how applied?

ANS. The sum of $5000 was given, when the Institution first went into operation, for repairs, furniture, and provisions to commence with. This sum proved inadequate for the repairs and furniture, and a debt of near $7000 was contracted for repairs and furniture. To liquidate this debt, to purchase a lot of ground of three acres and a half, to build furnaces, six in number, and to construct fourteen new rooms in the East wing, the Legislature granted, in 1836, fifteen thousand dollars, payable in three annual instalments. The money was borrowed in anticipation, at a discount, to make the necessary arrangements; and consequently the Hospital did not receive the full benefit of the appropriation.

INTER. 12. What number of patients had you the first year of your administration; what the receipts from them; and what the number of patients and the receipts the past year?

ANS. The total number of patients during the first year, 1834, was one hundred and seven. And the amount received by the Hospital for board of patients $4500. Six hundred dollars were given for provisions in this year, out of the first sum appropriated. Not one dollar has been required since for the support of the patients. During the last year two hundred and

seventy-two patients have enjoyed the benefit of the Hospital; and the total receipts are about $15,000, with good debts of about $3000 more, which will be collected during this year. The disbursements, and the responsibilities of the house amount to about the same sum.

INTER. 13. Does the want of accommodations compel you to refuse admission to patients?

ANS. We have been obliged to refuse patients—some from the Counties—and some were good pay-patients. The Institution cannot, in any way, accommodate more than ten or twelve pauper lunatics; and it is presumed there are at this time about one hundred in the State of Maryland. Some are in the Baltimore County alms-house, and other alms-houses of the several Counties; whilst others are in jails, or confined among their friends. This is a matter of deep solicitude to all benevolent persons who have turned their attention to the care of lunatic paupers in this State; and it is hoped the wisdom and benevolence of our Legislature will not be less conspicuous for this charity than Massachusetts, Vermont, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and some other States, which have given, and still give, much attention to this subject.

INTER. 14. Would you advise the construction of a wall around the Hospital ground; if so, for what reasons, and what the probable cost?

ANS. A wall around the grounds of the Institution is all important, not only to keep the patients from running off; but to keep them from intercourse with the population around the Hospital. The cost, as stated above, would be about eight or ten thousand dollars.

INTER. 15. Would you recommend that the Institution should, at a proper period, become exclusively a Lunatic Asylum?

ANS. I do urgently recommend that the Institution should be made subservient only to the treatment of lunacy, because there should be such an Institution in our State; and it is a fact well established, that lunatics should not be mixed with other patients. The rules for the two classes of patients do not harmonize.

INTER. 16. What proportion do your lunatic patients bear to those from other causes and diseases?

ANS. We have at this time sixty-one patients in the house; of whom fifty-three are lunatic, and mania a potu patients.

SPEECH ON INSANITY,

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES, IN SUPPORT OF THE PRECEDING REPORT. *March 13th*, 1839.

MR. SPEAKER:

I appear with great reluctance, at this late hour, before this House, the members of which must be already exhausted by the important and protracted discussions of the morning. But, Sir, as it seems to be the desire of honourable members that this Report should, at this time, receive their attention, I waive all personal considerations, and proceed with the discussion.

I am proud to adopt as a maxim for the regulation of my conduct, the line of Terence which was received with boundless applause when first spoken on a Roman stage,

Homo sum: nihil humani a me alienum puto.

In the discharge of the duty which you, Sir, as the presiding officer of this House, assigned to me, I appear here this morning as the humble advocate of the pauper lunatics of the State of Maryland. And, while I express my regret that greater powers than those I may possess are not brought to bear upon this interesting subject, I most respectfully say to this House, in the words of Brutus when he would justify

himself before the citizens of Rome for Cæsar's death, Hear me for my cause.

An equal exposure to common misfortune unites the great human family in efforts to relieve the distressed. If we were told that the inhabitants of a remote portion of the world were suffering the miseries of famine, our sympathies would be excited, and no expense would be spared to afford them aid. Even the soldier who has just passed through the tumultuous strife, as he walks over the battle-field covered with the wounded, the dying, and the dead, raises the foe whom perhaps his own steel had pierced, and "bathes every wound with a tear."

Sir, insanity is the most fearful of all the calamities which afflict our race. Reason is the great attribute of our nature. Hence, it will readily appear why the distant approaches of insanity should be perceived with horror by the unfortunate victim. An immortal poet of England, who, during portions of his life, was afflicted with one form of this malady, concludes a description of a lovely being, who was hurried by blighted affections to the extremities of despair, with the simple yet pathetic words in which he appears to have condensed all his conceptions of the highest degree of human suffering, "Kate is crazed." The idol of Ireland of his day—the great author of the Drapier's Letters—when, in the vicinity of Dublin, he stood and contemplated an oak decayed at the top, and, placing his hand on his head, told his friends he should die like that tree, had a sad premonition of the fate which awaited him. The discord of the most

delicate instrument is soonest discovered by him who is most accustomed to its use. Sir, the kingdom of mind, like that of matter, gives indications of approaching derangement. When the volcano is about to pour forth the lava which destroys all surrounding objects; or the earth to open her bosom to receive the bodies and the habitations of men, the distant rumbling, and the mighty throe foretell the coming doom.

Sir, the age in which we live is one of progression; and the wonderful improvements in science and the mechanic arts have almost entirely changed the condition of the world. Amidst this general advancement, medical science has not been stationary; and one of the most remarkable changes has been in the mode of treating lunacy. Until a recent period, insanity was considered an incurable disease; and the opinion was entertained that it was a judgment of heaven which could not be reversed by human art. And, when the judicial tribunals pronounced a person to be insane, he was consigned to the abode of the convict, where his life was passed in abject, helpless, hopeless wretchedness; "in violation of the very decisions of your laws, by which you distinguish infirmities, which are misfortunes, from motives, which are crimes." And, Sir, if a faithful picture of the pitiable condition of the insane pauper could be drawn—confined in his lonely cell, deprived of the sweet air and light of heaven, cast off from all the tender charities of life, forced into returnless banishment—the recital, like the lyre of Orpheus, would move the very stones to pity. Sir, I do not design to impugn the wisdom or mercy of the

Great Disposer. I ask not why he should thus allow a derangement of those faculties of the creature, by which he is allied to his Creator. In this, as in other mysteries, I "wait the great teacher death, and God adore." Above me, beneath me, around me are mysteries: Sir, I am a mystery to myself.

The condition of the wealthy lunatic of your State, deplorable as it may be, is not remediless. He can be sent by his friends to Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, or Virginia: States whose enlarged benevolence has made provision for the unfortunate. But, even he is separated from those who would take a mournful pleasure in inquiring at the door of the Asylum for the victim's fate; and, when he dies uncured, he is laid in a grave remote from those where his kindred sleep, in violation of that principle of our nature which made barbarians exclaim, when told they must emigrate, Can we say to the bones of our fathers, arise and go with us? But, Sir, your pauper lunatics have no means to take them from their blighted homes. The State has provided for them no Asylum; and they are placed in alms-houses where they cannot be cured, or confined in prisons, bearing a convict's chain in a convict's cell. You reclaim your friend from his moral aberrations by kindness, not by severity: when his body is wounded, you allow the ulcer to heal by keeping it free from irritation: but, you permit your lunatics to be confined in places where they are exposed to constant annoyances, although their sensibilities to pain are exquisitely quickened: and thus forever destroy all hope of curing a mind whose disease is ir-

regularity hurried on to delirium, and which should be pacified and soothed, that it may return to harmonious action. Why, Sir, the very dog along your highways will not attack a lunatic. The same Great Being who deprived him of reason, gives him a protection, in the expression of his features, from the assaults of the lower orders of creation. And shall not man indulge sympathy, and make provision for his suffering fellow?

It would not be difficult, Mr. Speaker, to assign reasons why the poor should be liable to lunacy, from the circumstances of early education; the privations, and, too often, the despair of subsequent life. What, Sir, is the condition of the child of the poor? The almost daily demands of hunger cause a premature developement of thought. The mother, amidst the pressure of her hourly occupations and sorrows, has no time to relieve its sufferings, to soothe its cries, to "kiss away its tears." The food it receives does not supply the nourishment which its young nature requires. It is not delighted with songs, and toys, and "nursery-tales." The dreams of the cradle which visit the children of the rich, never fill its young mind with hopes of the future. Almost as soon as it can walk, it is allowed to live in streets and alleys, where it receives every kind of moral contamination. Can you wonder that such an education should predispose the mind to disease?

If the citizens of Maryland could be assembled, and listen to the appeal which the condition of the pauper insane would address to their sympathies, I would be content to leave the fate of this Report to their decision.

We represent the State, and should feel it to be our duty, to consult her wishes and her honour. We have this morning passed a Bill to abolish the law of imprisonment for debt. I ask this House to consummate the labours of the day by the adoption of this Resolution, which is designed to provide for the relief of the far more pitiable imprisonment of the mind. As far as I am informed, this subject has never before been brought under the consideration of the Legislature of this State. Maryland has been lost, in profound forgetfulness, to this branch of the cause of suffering humanity; while other States, as shown in the Report, have erected Asylums, and made ample provision for their maintenance. It is time for her to awake: not like Samson when he raised his head from the lap of Delilah, with shorn locks and wasted strength, but as a strong man refreshed by slumber.

Sir, I do not design to go over the details contained in the Report I had the honour to present to this House. In that Report I attempted to shew that insanity, when treated in its early stages, is as curable as other forms of disease; that it is only in well conducted Asylums that proper treatment, mental and physical, can be adopted; (and this is the great argument in favour of the establishment of Lunatic Asylums;) that it is only in such institutions the necessary medical skill can be acquired by experience; and, that even the wealthy lunatic cannot be properly attended at his own home, surrounded by all the associations connected with his disease.

In the answer to the thirteenth Interrogatory of the Report, the President of the board says the Hos-

pital cannot now accommodate more than ten or twelve pauper lunatics; and he presumes there are about one hundred in the State. Where are the ninety? Again I ask you, where are the ninety? Sir, when I tell you they are in the abodes of misery, or guilt—in alms-houses, or common jails, or confined among their poor friends, where, from the very circumstances of their situation, they are utterly, incurably, irredeemably lost to society, I am sure your heart will bleed. Sir, compassion for the helpless brought the Saviour from heaven. Commiseration for the poor was adduced by himself, as one of the evidences of the truth of the system he came to establish. Sir, you may close your alms-houses: you may turn out their miserable inmates to beg a scanty pittance by the way-side. They will not be entirely miserable; for their reason is left to them; and they can contemplate the beautiful sky, and the green landscape, and the wide ocean, and think of the Great Spirit, and look forward with hope to the hour when they shall repose from their sorrows in the bosom of the Earth, their mother. But, the pauper lunatic has no light within to enable him to discover and enjoy the beauties and glories that are around, and beyond him. The State makes ample provision for every other class of the poor: but this, by far the most destitute class, she has hitherto neglected. Legislators of Maryland, "lend me your ears." Friends of humanity, listen to my appeal. Make this appropriation for the completion of this Asylum, and, through life, you will think of the act with an approving conscience. When you see a

poor lunatic, you will know you did all in your power to provide for his misfortunes; and if, in the revolutions of human affairs, privation and sorrow should be your portion, you may expect to receive the tender compassion you now extend to others.

Sir, men have ever sought to perpetuate by monuments the memory of their names. The Pyramids have withstood the storms of three thousand years, and will resist those of thousands yet to come; but, the names of their builders have perished, or are known only in fable. The same desire of immortality induced the incendiary to fire the temple of Diana, that he might thus connect his name with one of the seven wonders of the world. But, Sir, I had rather have the reputation of Howard, who passed his life in exploring the abodes of misery that he might be able to devise better plans for the relief of the unfortunate, than that of Napoleon, who built a splendid name on crowns and kingdoms desecrated and overthrown, and on the bleached bones of slaughtered millions. Sir, I had rather that my humble name should go down to posterity, in connexion with some plan for the relief of suffering human nature, than have it inscribed on the proudest monument of stone or marble ever built by the hands of man. We only fulfil our great destiny when our lives are passed in efforts, however humble, to promote the happiness of our race. Sir, the monuments that have been erected to perpetuate deeds and names will crumble and fall: and, when fierce Ruin shall drive her plough-share over and around their base, the "*Ilium fuit*" will be all that is left. But, Sir, this

will not be the case with a monument erected to the great cause of suffering humanity. That is a monument of which it can with truth be said, that the storms of heaven, and the waves of ocean, and the decay of ages, shall assail it in vain.

Sir, the pauper lunatic of your State, in utter destitution, knocks to-day at the door of this Hall, and sues for pity. Behold him there, with his rayless eye, his irregular motion, his ragged vestments: himself a living, walking sepulchre, in which his mind is entombed as in the solitude of the grave. He tells you he has none to provide for him—none to pity him; and, in tones of supplication, he asks the State, his mother, to open her arms, and take her outcast child to her bosom.*

*The Resolution was adopted by the House: and, having subsequently passed the Senate, became a law. The appropriation has been expended; and we are indebted to its judicious application by the President and Board of Visitors, for the improvements to this noble Institution. The old West wing, which was the original Institution of 1797, had gone into entire ruin. This has been removed, and a new wing erected. The third story of the centre-building is finished: and, thus, the original plan for the edifice has been completed.

REMARKS,*

On Insolvency with Fraud, made in the House of Delegates, *January* 23*d*, 1839.

My friend from Baltimore County appeals, Mr. Speaker, to my humanity. He asks why I am disposed, by this amendment, to oppress this individual. Sir, I will not indulge before this House in remarks to prove the kinder feelings of our nature that may belong to my character. On that subject I appeal to my life; and am perfectly willing to abide the verdict which may be rendered from that evidence. Sir, the misfortunes of our race claim, and receive deep commiseration from every well constituted mind—every benevolent heart. The judgment of man is not unerring in choosing his ends, or the means by which he may attain them. *That* would be perfect wisdom. No matter how profound may be the consideration of our

*A Bill was brought before the House for the relief of a citizen of Baltimore County, who was under imprisonment for debt; the circumstances of the case justifying a suspicion of fraud. The passage of the Bill was supported by a member from Baltimore County; and an amendment was offered, providing that the debtor should be released by the commissioners of insolvent debtors, if, on inquiry into the case, they did not ascertain he had been guilty of fraud within one month prior to his application for the benefit of the Act. An appeal having been made to the humanity of the mover of the amendment to induce him to withdraw it, the following remarks were offered in reply.

plans, they may fail; and his heart must be obdurate indeed, who would punish an unfortunate man for events over which he had no control. But, we must not forget, that, as members of society, the dictates of humanity are not always to direct our actions. Justice also has her claims; and when the indulgence of humane emotions conflicts with the claims of justice, the good of the whole requires the sacrifice. Sir, on that principle society is constituted: abandon it, and the social fabric must fall. We surrender to social law a part of our natural rights; and, in return, we claim the protection afforded by her ample shield.

Sir, have the mercantile community no claims on your consideration? Are they to be preyed on by the dishonest, and the offenders be permitted to escape? What are the facts of this case? This petitioner from Baltimore County purchased goods in the city of Baltimore; and is said to have taken them home, and, without having unpacked the boxes, to have transferred them to members of his own family to secure a debt he owed them; and then he applied for the benefit of the insolvent laws.

Now, Mr. Speaker, what does my amendment propose? It simply provides that the commissioners of insolvent debtors shall give him a discharge, if, on inquiry, they find he was not guilty of fraud within one month before he applied for the benefit of the Act. Sir, is there any thing oppressive in this provision? I do not say this applicant has been guilty of this fraud. I only state that the charge has been made. He applied to the commissioners, and they refused him. He

appealed to the Court, and was rejected: was tried, Sir, by a jury of his peers, and condemned. And now he applies to this House, as a Court of the last resort, to give him a discharge; and denies that he has been guilty of fraud. Does the amendment oppress him? If he have not been guilty of fraud, the amendment does not touch him. If he have been guilty of a dishonest act, so flagrant, what member of this House will say he ought not to be punished?

Sir, the honourable member from Baltimore County appeals to your sympathy. He states that this petitioner has already been confined in jail for nearly two years; and has, therefore, suffered sufficiently. But, Sir, for what has he suffered? Not for fraud, but for debt. If he did not commit the alleged fraud, he ought to go free; and I would vote for his discharge without the hesitation of a moment. But, if he be guilty of fraud, let him be convicted; and then will be the proper time for the interference of judicial mercy. Sir, to what would the doctrine of the honourable member lead? You might go into your penitentiary, and find unfortunate victims of crime, who, in some unguarded moment, had yielded to the promptings of their evil spirit: some devotee of pleasure, who had cast himself on the bosom of the waters of self-indulgence, and was carried by their tide over a precipice as fatal to his moral being, as the falls of Niagara would be to the safety of his person: some husband whose companion is mourning her desolation; whose children are inquiring with tears of a heart-broken mother, Where is the father to whose protection the laws of

nature give us a claim? Sir, adopt the doctrine of the honourable member, and you may go to your penitentiary, and open its doors, and make its inmates as free as the four winds of heaven which blow above your head.

Mr. Speaker, I am entirely aware of the weakness of human nature: of the power of temptation. I have observed it in others: Sir, I have felt it within myself. With feelings of deep humiliation as a member of the human family, I admit the necessity of laws to prevent the commission of crimes. I am aware that vindicatory justice does not belong to earthly tribunals. Our laws are designed for the protection of society; and they present the transgressor as an example to others, by which they may be restrained from a similar violation of the rights of men. At the same time, they endeavour to promote the reformation of the offender, who has justly been made to feel the force of their penalties. It is an admitted principle with all legislators, that the certainty of punishment would more effectually ensure the obedience to law, than could be attained by enactments more severe, when a false humanity shields the transgressor from the penalties due to his crimes. Then, Sir, is it just to make appeals to our humanity, that we may be induced to defeat the objects of our Penal Code? Is a member of this House to be charged with inhumanity, because he desires to give efficiency to laws which this House has aided to enact? Sir, while I will always be desirous to extend mercy to the unfortunate, I ask for justice for the merchants of the city I have the honour, in part, to represent.

REMARKS,*

MADE IN THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES, DURING THE LAST NIGHT OF THE SESSION, *April 5th*, 1839.

I CONFESS, Mr. Speaker, my astonishment at the course of this debate. When I left Baltimore, three months since, she was supposed to be in a prosperous condition. Her monuments and her spires pointed proudly towards heaven; the sounds of business were heard along her streets and in her factories; the sails of her ships were unfurled along her wharves; the owners of her fifty millions of property did not dream of any want of security in their possessions. But the argument on the Bill, now before this House, is conducted as it would be, if she were in the condition of bankruptcy.

Now, Sir, is this the fact? Does any member on this floor seriously believe the State would incur any risk by the exchange of bonds provided for in this Bill? I have been informed that Baltimore five per cent. stocks, of recent emission, have been bought up by a few German Houses; and, that her six per cent. stocks have always been at par, or commanded a premium. Does

*The following remarks were made in support of a Bill from the Committee on Ways and Means, which provided for the transfer of bonds of the State of Maryland to the City of Baltimore, in exchange for similar bonds; to enable the city to pay her subscription to the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company.

any member here believe the State would incur any risk by this guarantee? Let him look at her streets crowded with business; at her well filled and spacious warehouses. Let him consider the character of her merchants, as intelligent, high-minded, and successful, as those of any other city; and who have carried the proud name of your State into every port where your ships have entered.

Sir, why does Baltimore ask this guarantee? Because it is even supposed to be possible that the State will ever be called on to pay the bonds? Not at all Sir. The application is based on a principle which is recognized every day by your banks. No matter what may be the known and acknowledged wealth of the individual who applies for a discount, an endorser is required. This is an indispensable part of the business transaction. And is it not the interest of the State at large to enable Baltimore, a part of herself, to obtain the loan on the best possible terms? For this purpose it is that she asks the use of the name and credit of the State.

The gentleman from Prince George, lays it down as an axiom, that the public credit is only to be used for the public good. I admit its truth, and contend for its application to the case before this House. Sir, the prosperity of the Counties is indissolubly connected with the prosperity of your Metropolis; and I tell every land-holder on this floor, that he cannot cripple her energies, without seriously affecting the value of his lands. Pennsylvania and New York are making gigantic efforts to obtain the trade of the country beyond us; and are pouring out their treasures like water to accom-

plish this object. If this trade be once diverted from our territory, it is lost to us forever.

Sir, the question of the policy of our undertaking the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, is not now before this House. Our predecessors on this floor settled that question; and, I believe, they settled it wisely. The necessity for that great work was suggested by the enterprising spirit of the times; and, Maryland would have been false to her true interests, if she had folded her arms, and looked with indifference on the strife for mastery which was maintained by other States. Sir, our predecessors paused on the banks of the Rubicon. After they have made the plunge and passed the stream, it is too late for us to look behind: the work must be accomplished. A man who stakes his fortune on an act must "stand the hazard of the die." Baltimore is the heart of the State; and this great work will be the Aorta—the large artery—which will circulate healthy action to every part of the system. We have already invested large sums in this work; and, if we abandon it now, posterity must pay the penalty imposed by our want of wisdom in having commenced the construction, without being able to finish. Sir, we have all been taught from childhood, the folly of the man who begins to build a house, and abandons it before completion.

Mr. Speaker, I deeply regret to have observed, on various occasions, on this floor, the existence of jealousies towards the city, which, of necessity, must be the centre of our commercial system. Do members from any sections of the State, suppose they advance

the interests of their constituents, by depressing her? Are not their interests connected with her prosperity? Sir, this is no new exhibition of the character of men. More than two thousand years ago, Menenius Agrippa appeased the dissatisfaction of the people of Rome, by the well known fable of the belly and the limbs. The Counties ought to understand, that, if proper nourishment be withheld from the centre, the legs and arms will very soon share in the debility which must ensue. But, Sir, at this midnight hour, so near the close of the Session, and with so much important business to be transacted in the few hours that remain, I will not longer continue to occupy the attention of this House.

SPEECH,*

DELIVERED AT HAVRE-DE-GRACE, *May 27th*, 1840.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

In the discharge of the duty assigned to me, as a member of that Legislature to which reference has been made in the sentiment just offered, I rise to return all due acknowledgments. I ask your kind indulgence, while I avail myself of this opportunity to offer a few remarks on the interesting occasion which has caused us to assemble here: interesting to the whole country, as one great family having a common concern in the welfare of all its members: to us particularly interesting, as more immediately connected with the great work, the completion of which we this day celebrate. There is one view which invests this celebration with peculiar importance to Maryland. She has

*This Speech was delivered, by request of the Directors, at the celebration of the completion of the Susquehanna and Tide Water Canal; and was made in reply to the following toast:

The Legislature of Maryland of 1838–'39—The million loaned by that body to the Tide Water Canal, while it is an honourable evidence of their liberality, will ever remain also as a memorial of their wisdom.

On the same occasion, Speeches were made by the Hon. John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore; Ovid F. Johnson, Esq., Attorney-General of Pennsylvania; William Bose, Esq., of Baltimore; and Nicholas Biddle, Esq., of Philadelphia.

largely partaken of the spirit of the age, and has liberally invested her means in attempts to draw within her limits a portion of the trade of the vast country which lies beyond her; and her prosperity is most vitally connected with the completion, and successful operation, of those great works. The Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad Company have lately consummated a work having an important bearing upon the interests of the State. We this day witness the termination of another of her gigantic efforts; and joyfully hail it—like the bow in the cloud which cheered the hearts of the early inhabitants of our world—as the sure promise of all that is to follow.

I shall never forget the first extended view I ever had of the Internal Improvements which characterize our age and country. Four years ago I had occasion to visit Pittsburg, and passed along the Pennsylvania Canal. I was astonished at the magnitude of the work. Rivers opposed no insurmountable barrier to the enterprise of man; and mountains were ascended, or a passage effected through their bowels—an achievement more noble than that of the great Carthagenian Captain when he crossed the Alps. His object was to devastate the beautiful and sunny plains of Italy; to sack her cities; to deluge her fruitful fields with rivers of human blood. But *there* the object was the promotion of the welfare and happiness of man. And, as I glided along that peaceful Canal, and surveyed the scenery by which it is environed—the fruitful fields, the precipitous mountain-sides covered with the pride of the forest, the flowing river, and all the splendours

of an evening sky—I was most deeply impressed by the view of the beauties of nature, in connexion with the triumphs of art.

This would not be the suitable occasion, even if I possessed the ability, to give a history of Internal Improvements, as contained in the works of this, and other countries. All who hear me have a general knowledge of that subject, as the works have been projected, and carried on, in our day. That history will be written at some future period. I shall not enter upon a comparison of the prospects of trade in our day, with the trade of former times. I might detain you with a description of the caravans which conveyed luxurious commodities over Arabian deserts; of the fairs which assembled multitudes for the purchase of the products of far distant climes; of Palmyra rising, as if by enchantment, with Eastern splendour amidst steril wastes, but now without a tenant or a lord; of Bagdad invested with all the magnificence belonging to a mart for the commerce of nations. That day, with all its glories, has long since passed. A troop of camels might suffice to convey silks and spices for the consumption of the luxurious; but could not transport the coal and iron which lie buried deep within the bosom of the earth. The quest of other days was for luxuries; with that, our age combines the useful.

The doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasquez de Gama, was one of the great achievements of its age, and effected an entire revolution in the intercourse of nations. But how much greater will be the facilities for trade, when the perils of a voyage around

the Cape will be avoided, if the connexion of the Arabian Gulf with the Mediterranean Sea ever pours the wealth of Asia into the lap of the civilized world. Who will deny that the discovery of a Northwestern passage, or a communication across the Isthmus of Darien, may connect the Atlantic with the Pacific; and, avoiding the dangerous track of Anson around Cape Horn, give us ready access to the rich treasures of the East? The experience of the past is our guide in forming anticipations of the future. Fifty years ago, philosophy, in her wildest visions, did not not dream of the accomplishment of what we witness in our day; and, who will limit what may be performed by the mind of man, in the fifty years that are to follow? The genius of one man gave a new continent to the Old World; and, the genius of other men may accomplish that which will produce as much surprise as was excited among the inhabitants of Spain by the return of Columbus, with the tidings of his great discovery.

It is not without reason we have assembled this day to celebrate the completion of this Canal, and to witness the mingling of the waters of the Susquehanna with those of the Chesapeake. This meeting of the waters, although, like another, it may not be immortalized by the genius of a poet, will be handed down in perpetual remembrance by the benefits it will confer. You cannot pass your eyes over the map, without being forcibly impressed with the importance of this work. By this Canal the trade of the Ohio will be poured into the Chesapeake, and conveyed on her

broad and beautiful bosom wherever it may be needed. The immense coal and iron treasures of the valley of the Susquehanna will find a ready transit to navigable waters, and thus give profit to the owner, and comfort to the consumer. Why are the deep bowels of the earth pregnant with treasures? Why are the inland fields weighed down with harvests* which the cultivators cannot consume? Has a beneficent God made any thing in vain? Was it designed that those mines should be unexplored—those harvests unconsumed? The art of man here ministers to the beneficence of his Creator, and conveys the rich products of the earth to those who require them. We celebrate, this day, the triumphs of the art of man; not employed in devising instruments of destruction, but in bestowing the comforts of life. It was said by an immortal patriot of Ireland, that he is a benefactor of his country, who

*The following Table, containing a condensed view of various productions of the United States, is collected from the volume of the enumeration of the inhabitants and statistics of the United States, as obtained from the returns of the Sixth Census—for 1840. This volume—which has been issued during the present year, 1842—can be obtained by very few citizens, and possesses great value. Round numbers—expressing *millions*, or *fractions of a million*—are employed in the Table. This method is adopted for condensation. The term, *corn*, is used in the American sense. In England, corn includes all kinds of cereal grain: and, what we call corn, or Indian corn, the English designate by the term, *maize*. It has been computed that, in the United States, four and a half bushels of corn are consumed to one of wheat.

The estimates of the produce of the District of Columbia are omitted in the Table: also other *very small* estimates. The Sixth Census contains—it is presumed—the enumeration of the produce of the year 1839.

causes two blades of grass to grow where but one had

TABLE.

STATES.	No. of bushels of Wheat.	No. of bushels of Corn.	No. of bushels of Oats.	No. of bushels of Rye.	No. of bushels of Buckwheat.	No. of bushels of Potatoes.
Maine	9/10	1	1 1/10	1/7	1/10	10 3/5
New Hampshire	2/5	1 1/5	1 8/10	8/10	1/10	6 1/5
Massachusetts	1/5	1 4/5	1 8/10	1/2	1 1/2	5 2/5
Rhode Island	. .	1/2	1/2	2 1/4	. .	1 9/10
Connecticut	1/10	1 1/2	1 1/2	7/10	8/10	3 2/5
Vermont	1/2	1 1/10	2 1/5	1/4	1/4	8 9/10
New York	12 8/10	11	20 7/10	3	2 8/10	30 1/10
New Jersey	8/10	4 2/5	3 1/10	1 7/10	9/10	2
Pennsylvania	13 1/5	14 1/5	20 3/5	6 7/10	2 1/10	9 1/2
Delaware	8/10	2 1/10	9/10	1/4	. .	1/5
Maryland	3 2/5	8 1/5	3 1/2	7/10	1/3	1
Virginia	10 1/10	34 3/5	13 1/2	1 1/2	1/4	3
North Carolina	2	23 9/10	3 2/10	1/5	1/3	2 3/5
South Carolina	1	14 7/10	1 1/2	1/2	. .	2 7/10
Georgia	1 4/5	20 9/10	1 3/5	1/6	. .	1 8/10
Alabama	8/10	21	1 2/5	1/5	. .	1 7/10
Mississippi	1/5	13 1/5	7/10	. .	. .	1 3/5
Louisiana	. .	6	1/10	. .	. .	4/5
Tennessee	4 1/2	45	7	2/10	1/5	1 9/10
Kentucky	4 8/10	39 4/5	7 1/5	1 8/10	. .	1 1/10
Ohio	16 3/5	33 7/10	14 2/5	4/5	3/5	5 4/5
Indiana	4	28 1/5	6	1/7	1/10	1 1/2
Illinois	3 8/10	22 3/5	5	1/1	1/7	2
Missouri	1	17 8/10	2 1/5	1/4	1/5	4/5
Arkansas	1/8	4 4/5	1/5	. .	. .	8/10
Michigan	2 1/5	2 8/10	2 1/10	1/2 1/4	1/8	2 1/10
Florida Territory	. .	9/10	7/10	. .	. .	9/10
Wiskonsin do.	2/10	4/10	2/5	. .	. .	2/5
Iowa do.	1/5	1 2/5	1/5	. .	. .	1/4
Total	85	377 1/2	123	18 1/2	7 8/10	108 1/4

before been produced. He is no less a public bene-

TABLE—CONTINUED.

STATES.	Tons of Hay.	Pounds of Cotton gathered.	Pounds of Tobacco gathered	Pounds of Sugar made.	Pounds of Wool.	Pounds of Rice.
Maine	7/10	. .	. .	1/4	1 1/2	. .
New Hampshire	1/2	. .	. .	1 1/2	1 1/4	. .
Massachusetts	2/5	. .	1/15	1/2	1	. .
Rhode Island	1/16	. .	. .	. .	1/5	. .
Connecticut	2/5	. .	1/2	. .	1 9/10	. .
Vermont	4/5	. .	. .	5	3 7/10	. .
New York	3 1/10	. .	. .	10	10	. .
New Jersey	8/10	. .	. .	. .	2/5	. .
Pennsylvania	1 8/10	. .	1/3	2 1/4	3	. .
Delaware	1/4 4	. .	. .	. .	. .	. .
Maryland	1/10	. .	25	. .	1/2	. .
Virginia	2/5	3 1/2	75	1 1/2	2 1/2	. .
North Carolina	1/10	52	17	. .	2/5	3
South Carolina	1/4 0	62	. .	. .	8/10	60 1/2
Georgia	6/10	164	1/6	1/3	2/5	12 2/5
Alabama	1/7 0	117	1/4	. .	1/5	. .
Mississippi	. .	194	1/12	. .	1/5	4/5
Louisiana	1/4 0	152	1/8	120	. .	3 2/5
Tennessee	1/3 2	28	30	1/4	1	. .
Kentucky	1/10	7/10	54	1 2/5	2	. .
Ohio	1	. .	6	6 2/5	3 7/10	. .
Indiana	1/5	. .	2	4	1 1/4	. .
Illinois	1/5	8/10	7 1/10	2/5	3/4	. .
Missouri	1/2 0	1/8	9	1/4	1/2	. .
Arkansas	. .	6	1/6	. .	. .	. .
Michigan	1/7	. .	. .	1 2/5	1/7	. .
Florida Territory	. .	12	1/13	1/4	. .	1/2
Wiskonsin do.	1/3 2	. .	. .	1/7	. .	. .
Iowa do.	1/6 0	. .	. .	. .	. .	. .
Total	10 1/4	790 1/2	216	155	36	81

factor who plans, and executes the means of conveying, at a reduced price, to the door of the citizen, the comforts he needs. We cheerfully award that meed to those whose intelligence, and perseverance have projected and executed this important work. We give all due acknowledgments to our neighbouring sister State for her kindness in allowing us to construct this Canal, and believe that the advantages will be reciprocal; that she will be twice blessed—blessed in what she take, as well as in what she gives.

It has not been my design to go into an extended and minute detail to shew the importance of this work. That duty has been ably performed by one who has preceded me. Nor will I enter, at large, on a consideration of the relation of Internal Improvements to the prosperity of our country. That relation is agricultural, commercial, and political. Your own reflections will fill up the outline, without aid from me. Our territory embraces almost every variety of soil and climate: and strength will be imparted to our institu-

The United States produces four millions of bushels of barley—a million and a quarter of pounds of hops. The value of the products of the dairy is thirty-four millions; of the orchard, seven and a quarter millions; of home-made, or family goods, twenty-nine millions; of the produce of market gardeners, two millions and six hundred thousand dollars. The quantity of wood sold amounts to five millions of cords.

The *live stock*—horses and mules, four millions three hundred and thirty-six thousand—neat cattle, fifteen millions—sheep, nineteen millions, and three hundred thousand—swine, twenty-six millions, and three hundred thousand. The value of all kinds of poultry is estimated at nine millions, three hundred and forty-five thousand dollars.

tions, when internal communications shall give us a home market for our various productions; and, thus, make us less dependent on other countries for what we buy or sell. The trade of the New York Canals amounted, last year, to seventy-three millions. Who can calculate the results that will arise from the general extension of such works? The American statesman, viewing our vast extent of territory, has been accustomed to anxious consideration on the prospect of the perpetuity of our institutions. No people have ever received the blessings that have been showered upon us: and it is the character of our nature, that the very extent of our happiness makes us look forward with anxiety for its continuance. The despotic governments of Europe look with a jealous eye upon our institutions: because they know if the serf who is bound to their soil, and is trampled in the dust by the iron foot of absolute power, shall ever feel the fires of liberty, kindled by our example, burn within his bosom, "his soul will walk abroad in her own majesty, and his body swell beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him."

The Republics of former times did not endure, because the people had not sufficient intelligence and virtue to resist the encroachments of despotism. But, our ancestors brought the religion and the philosophy of England to our shores; and the settlements they planted—Minerva-like—started forth in all the maturity of manhood. Other empires have fallen by their own weight; and the same event has been predicted as the result of our wide extent of country. True, our

territory reaches from the St. John to the Sabine, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific: and it might be supposed that the bonds arising from a community of interests, may not be sufficiently strong to hold us together, without the concentrated power of despotism. But the far-seeing statesman has looked forward to Internal Improvements as a strong cord to unite us together in one happy family, for ages yet to come. The genius of man has caused the shores of Europe to approach the shores of America: and the genius of man, by means of internal communications, may yet make the remotest citizen of our country almost our neighbour. Perhaps, another generation may see our Internal Improvements extend beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and thus cover our country with blessings, and with glory.

Allow me, in conclusion, to offer as a sentiment,

The Valley of the Susquehanna: Nature designed its products, like its waters, to flow into the Chesapeake. We celebrate the accomplishment of the purposes of Nature, by the triumphs of Art.

SPEECH,*

In behalf of the Manual Labour School for Indigent Boys, *November 30th*, 1840.

Mr. President:

Your kind partiality, with that of other benevolent gentlemen engaged in this noble charity, has selected me as an advocate of the orphan and the indigent. Conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, I respectfully ask this audience not to allow the feebleness of my advocacy to prejudice my cause.

On the 16th of December, 1839, a number of gentlemen met, and appointed a Committee to report on this subject. The Committee reported to a public meeting on the 17th of March, 1840, "That it is expedient to establish, in the neighbourhood of Baltimore, a Manual Labour School for Indigent Boys." Since then, the public mind has been intensely excited by the political questions which have agitated this country from the St. John to the Sabine; and, it was not deemed

*This Speech was delivered, by request of the Board of Directors, in the Sharp street Baptist Church, Baltimore. It was preceded by the following Resolution:

Resolved, That the effort, now being made, to establish, in the vicinity of Baltimore, a Manual Labour School for Indigent Boys, has, in an eminent degree, claims on the consideration and co-operation of the Christian, the philanthropist, and the patriot.

expendient to hazard the success of the plan, by calling for public aid during the existence of those all-absorbing political discussions. But now, Sir, the storm has ceased to agitate the bosom of the political and social ocean, which has subsided into its wonted repose; and this highly respectable assemblage of citizens of Baltimore has convened, this evening, for the purpose of hearing the claims of this Institution enforced; and then, if it receive their approbation, to contribute for its establishment.

The design of the Board of Directors is, to purchase a farm in the vicinity of the city, where they will be able to accommodate indigent boys, who are exposed to all the evils arising from want of culture, and from vicious associations; and, by combining mental cultivation with manual labour, cause them to contribute to their own support; while, at the same time, they will become qualified to obtain future subsistence. The charities of the Institution will first be extended to indigent orphans; and then, as far as its means will enable it, to other destitute boys, whose parents cannot, or will not, extend to them the protection and care which belong to the relation. The principal expense to the community will exist in the organization of the Institution, and during the first year. After that period, the proceeds of the labour of the beneficiaries will nearly, if not altogether, support the establishment.

This charity, in behalf of which an appeal is now made to this audience, is not an experiment, the success of which is to be determined by results. The experiment has already been made with distinguished

success. In 1835, a school was opened near Boston, on a farm of one hundred and twenty acres. In 1838, there were one hundred and five pupils in the establishment, between the ages of eight and eighteen: a number of whom, at proper ages, were bound out to farmers and mechanics, with highly satisfactory results. The labour necessary for the Institution was performed by the scholars, with the assistance of master-workmen. In one year, the produce of the farm amounted to four thousand and five hundred dollars; fifteen hundred of which were the product of sales; leaving three thousand to be consumed by the Institution. Thus, Mr. President, it will be perceived that the question presented to this community is, Shall indigent boys be allowed to acquire habits of vice, and become inmates of houses for juvenile delinquents, of jails, and of penitentiaries—ruined in morals, and lost to society: or, shall the means be afforded to train them up in habits of industry and virtue, and, thus, make them useful and honourable members of the great human family? Sir, the amount of money requisite to secure these blessings, when compared with the results, is not to be estimated as the small dust in the balance.

Mr. President, this Institution is designed for prevention—not for punishment. And I ask the attention of the audience to this view of the subject. Sir, we all know the power of temptation, even with those of mature years: that it often requires all the strength derived from the associations of early education and subsequent reflection, to enable us to resist the headlong torrent of impetuous passion. Who has not had

occasion to use that petition indited by the Great Saviour of men, "Lead us not into temptation"? What, then, are we to expect will be the fate of the poor boy, cut off from the humanizing influence of all the social relations of life, and left to the action of evil associations on the unbridled promptings of his corrupt nature? He is thus prematurely taught to be a violator of the law. We all know the effects of habit; and admit the truth of the saying of the philosopher, No one ever became most base in an hour. Small offences blunt the sensibilities, and lead to gross acts; and the experience of the world has confirmed the remark, that the head of an idle boy is the prolific shop of unnumbered evils. Is not society under obligations to assume the relation of parent to the helpless orphan? If the poor orphan boy stood before you to-night, he might address you in the beautiful and pathetic lamentation of Job, Have pity upon me; have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me.

When man is without moral and intellectual culture, the wild passions of his nature are left to their unrestrained influence on his character. In what respect is he then superior to the savage animals that roam the forest in quest of prey? Guided by impulse and not by reason, the law of self-preservation is the only law to whose influence he bows; and, were it not for the superior civilization by which he is surrounded and restrained he would be as incontrollable as the untamed wanderer of the woods, who has no knowledge of Deity except that he,

"Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

Intellect and morals would be sunk in sense; and the miserable outcast would soon become a victim to the laws he had outraged, but of the existence of which he was not informed. Is that benevolence? Is that justice? The welfare of society may require the sacrifice to the sternness of her statutes; but, true benevolence will endeavour to save the wretch from the commission of the crime.

An immortal poet, in the most finished and admired composition in the English language, indulges in reflections on the humble occupants of the receptacles of the dead; and supposes that village Hampdens, mute inglorious Miltons, and guiltless Cromwells, may repose there in the last, long sleep; but adds that "chill penury" caused them to die, unhonoured and unknown. Sir, we may apply the same reflections to poor youth wandering in our streets. With proper cultivation, they might illustrate our country by attainments in Science and the Arts, command the admiration of senates by their eloquence, and lead our armies to victory in defence of our liberties. But, instead of affording them the opportunity to become thus honourable and useful, you, by neglect, allow them to occupy a prominent place in the proceedings of your Criminal Courts, and to fill the records with the details of their crimes. And what, Mr. President, is the effect produced on the poor boy who is confined in our jail or penitentiary, as a punishment for violations of law? Without any to take care of him but that God who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," he may have committed an offence against a law, of whose penalty

or existence he was uninformed; and, he is confined in the abode of those who have grown grey in crime—contact with whom is leprosy to his soul. Better, Sir, let him lie down in the grave by the side of his dead father and mother, than place him amidst associations such as these. Can he escape from that prison-house without defilement, deep and damning? And even if he should, where can he go when the chains of his captivity are sundered? Will the virtuous receive him to their bosoms and their homes? Let him go where he will, a mark, as indelible as that of Cain, is upon his person; and he must die with a broken heart, or plunge into deeper crime. The tree that has been scathed by the lightning of heaven, is not a more conspicuous object for the gaze of man. It would be almost a blessing if the old fable were true, and that, in this case, all the footsteps pointed to the cave, but none indicated a return. Sir, is it not charity to endeavour to rescue the destitute orphan from misery such as this?

Mr. President, moral education, to be effective, must be continuous: not confined to a day in a week, but must extend through months and years. This is a great recommendation to the Manual Labour School system. I have not time, Sir, to develope this subject; but, if you will contrast the Sabbath in such a school, with the Sabbath of the indigent boy in your streets, you will readily appreciate the full force of the argument. Sir, the man who fails to reform others, or to prevent the commission of crime, when reform or prevention are in his power, is responsible for the future acts. If I see a man about to throw himself from a

precipice, when consequent destruction would be inevitable, and possess, without exercising, the power of prevention, am I not a murderer? If such conduct towards my fellow-being be crime, when its effects are confined to the welfare of his person, by what name should it be called when it extends to the destiny of his spirit? Society is a system of mutual obligations—mutual dependencies. Whether you strike the tenth or the ten-thousandth link of this great chain, its integrity is alike severed. Man has no right to confine himself, like a shell-fish, within the limits of his own interests. Wherever you find a destitute fellow-being in need of your charities, and you are able to relieve him, Sir, he is your brother. That divine system which the Great Friend of man brought down from heaven, makes good Samaritans of all who feel its saving power.

Mr. President, the State has many benevolent institutions which she sustains: but, sometimes, charitable enterprise, single or associated, can effect more in the cause of beneficence, than State supervision. Such I conceive to be pre-eminently the case with the Manual Labour School system. Baltimore is rather behind other large cities, in her charitable institutions; and, Sir, they are the noblest monuments they could erect for the perpetuation of their fame. Let us, then, add to our noble monuments—erected to individual glory—the far nobler monuments for the melioration of the condition of man. The morbid appetite for ruthless war has been succeeded by the peaceful pursuits of enterprise and beneficence. Far better, Sir, to be the followers of HIM who went about doing good, than of

that bloody spirit of darker days which seeks whom it may devour.

The limits assigned to me this evening, Mr. President, do not allow a further expansion of this interesting subject. But, I cannot refrain from asking those who occupy the seats before me, What made you to differ from those unfortunates, whose claims I this evening advocate? Perhaps your mothers were spared to your early infancy, and your fathers to your maturer days. Lessons of virtue were instilled into your young minds while standing by your mother's knee; and early habits of industry acquired from the example of a father. Shew, then, your gratitude for such inestimable blessings by making provision for the poor orphan. Look into your own benevolent hearts, and you will there find arguments, more convincing than any I can offer, in behalf of those whose cause I advocate.

The Resolution I have the honour to submit for your adoption declares, that the Manual Labour School has claims on the Christian, the philanthropist, and the patriot. I will not invade the distinctive duties of those who minister in this consecrated temple, by dwelling on the relation between early instruction and the future condition of man. The philanthropist may not be called to imitate the examples of Howard and Fry, and explore the dark depths of the damp dungeon in order to meliorate the condition of the captive; but, we fulfil our destiny by labouring, in our sphere, to increase the happiness of our race. The patriot who wishes to perpetuate to future ages our example of a free government, and this asylum for the oppressed of

every land, will endeavour to educate the poor*—a class so powerful for evil, or for good. The intelligence of the early settlers on our shores gave impulse to the best model of civil government the world ever saw—a model which the ignorant can never imitate, while trodden down by the iron foot of oppression. But ignorance leads to vice; and vice will place her shoul-

*Fourteen thousand dollars have been collected for this Manual Labour School; nearly one-half of which was subscribed on this occasion. A valuable farm of one hundred and forty acres, six miles from Baltimore, has been purchased and improved, and suitable buildings erected. The Institution now contains forty boys; and a hundred pressing applications, beyond its ability to accommodate, have been received. The success of the Institution has surpassed the expectations of its benevolent projectors; and the numerous applications for admission which their restricted means compel them reluctantly to reject, give to it claims on further aid from a charitable public.

In connexion with this subject, I have prepared—with no inconsiderable labour—the following SCALE OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES, shewing the number of *white* persons over twenty years of age, in each State and Territory, who cannot read *and* write. It has been collected from the volume of the Sixth Census—for 1840—recently issued. All fractions lower than one-fourth are omitted. In preparing this Scale, I have deducted from the total population, all the coloured population, whether *free* or *slave*. The Scales of this kind which have been published in the daily papers, are very inaccurate. For example; they give Vermont the proportion of one to every four hundred and seventy-three: South Carolina one to every seventeen: Maine one to every one hundred and eight: Delaware one to every eighteen: Tennessee one to every eleven: N. Hampshire one to every three hundred and ten, &c. By comparing these statements with the Scale below, the importance of these errors will be manifest. It is obvious that these published Scales were calculated on the same principle on which I have compiled the one here inserted—the exclusion of the coloured population—because other States (free as well as slave-holding;) correspond in the calculations.

ders against the pillars of this noble temple of liberty; and, then, the time-honoured fabric, built by the toil of patriots, and consecrated by the blood of martyrs, will crumble in ruin

Any other mode of comparison would do great injustice to the slave-holding States.

SCALE.

Connecticut	1	to every	574	Mississippi	1	to every	21¼
N. Hampshire	1	"	301⅛	Florida	1	"	21½
Maine	1	"	185¼	Indiana	1	"	18
Massachusetts	1	"	164	Wiskonsin	1	"	18
Vermont	1	"	128¼	Illinois	1	"	17
Michigan	1	"	97	Missouri	1	"	17
Rhode Island	1	"	65¾	Tennessee	1	"	16
New Jersey	1	"	55	Kentucky	1	"	14¾
New York	1	"	53⅛	Alabama	1	"	14⅜
Pennsylvania	1	"	50	Virginia	1	"	12½
Ohio	1	"	43	S. Carolina	1	"	12⅝
Iowa	1	"	38⅛	Delaware	1	"	12
Louisiana	1	"	32⅔	Georgia	1	"	12
Dis. Columbia	1	"	29	Arkansas	1	"	10½
Maryland	1	"	27	N. Carolina	1	"	8½

SPEECH,

DELIVERED, BY REQUEST, IN BALTIMORE, *September 21st*, 1840.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I appear before you this evening, in compliance with an invitation from your Committee. In the discussion of the subject—the wages of labour—which I shall present to you, I shall not enter into elaborate arguments, nor weary you by tabular statements. Such a mode of discussion would not be appropriate to the present occasion. I shall confine myself to such statements and arguments as will be readily appreciated by every one present; and which you can easily expand when sitting around your own fire-sides, in the bosom of your own families. And, as the subject on which I design to address you has a most important bearing on your personal and domestic happiness, such will be the most appropriate time and place to give it your most serious consideration.

Labour has been defined to be the creative power of man; and, there are few subjects that more vitally affect the interests of the labouring men of every community, than the price they receive for their toil. Their capital consists in the strength of their sinewy arms; and, no portion of the population of a country is more entitled to respect, than that which complies

with the primeval command, In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. They are the bone and sinew of the land: what Goldsmith appropriately calls, "their country's pride." Such men constitute eight-tenths of the voters of the United States, and have an indisputable claim on the protection and fostering care of the Government. I employ the strong language of Mr. Webster when I say, The labourer of the United States, is the United States.

The Abbè De Lamennais has justly remarked that, "Labour is the action of humanity accomplishing the work which the Creator has given it in charge." It is thus that man fulfils his destiny. And, if it be correct to say,

"Act well your part; *there* all the honour lies,"

the man who labours, day after day, for his support, has higher claims to the respect of the community than he has, who lives on the product of the toil of his fathers; without occupation, without resource, useless to his country, and a burden to himself. In European countries, the ancient forms of society recognize artificial distinctions among men—distinctions arising from birth. But, in our Republican country, every man has the privilege of being the architect of his own fortune and position; and, any condition of life is honourable which enables a man to be independent by the exertion of honest efforts. Whenever a foreign foe threatens a descent upon our soil, the labouring-man shoulders his musket and girds on his sword; and, his glittering bayonet and flashing blade are interposed between the

invader, and the desecration of our temples and our homes.

The doctrine of this Administration is, that the Government has nothing to do with providing a currency for the People. It is justly inferrible from this that the Administration doctrine is, that the Government will take care of itself, and the People must take care of themselves. But, I will not believe that the People will ever sanction this monstrous doctrine. What makes the Government? The People. For whose interests was it established? For the interests of the People themselves. In comparison with these interests, the men who fill the high places of honour and profit are insignificant—the small dust of the balance. And, whenever they stand in the way of public prosperity, they deserve to be crushed by the wheels of a car, more ponderous than that which breaks the bones of the miserable devotee amidst Asiatic superstitions. The Administration may be regardless of the wages the poor man receives for his labour—on which wages his wife and children depend for bread. The United States' officers—from the President downwards—receive their pay in hard money; on which, if they choose, they can obtain a premium, and then buy the produce of the farmer, and the labour of the workingman, at reduced prices, and with depreciated money. This works gain to the office-holders, and loss to the People.

The French Revolutionists said it was nothing to sacrifice a million of lives in the establishment of a principle. So, the Administration seems to think it no

harm to sacrifice the prosperity of the People in the trial of experiments. The dying eagle looks with poignant feelings on the arrow winged with his own feathers, which has pierced his body; and, such must be the feelings of the People when their interests are sacrificed by those whom they have placed in power. This is not the first time that enormities have been perpetrated in the sacred name of Liberty. As an answer to the appeal which has been made to the gratitude due from the People to this Administration, I reply in the eloquent language of Colonel Barrè, when he answered Charles Townshend, who, in the conclusion of a speech delivered in the British Parliament, said, "And now these Americans—children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, protected by our arms—will they grudge their mite to relieve us?" To this Colonel Barrè replied, "They planted by your care? Your oppressions drove them to America. They nourished by your indulgence? They grew by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms? They have nobly taken up arms in your defence: for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior yielded all its little savings for your emolument."

The labourers of this country—including, in that designation, all of every age and sex, who, in some form, belong to the industrious and working classes—amount to sixteen millions out of seventeen millions of population; and, hence, it has been said that, "The labourer of the United States is the United States." They are far more respectable than the labourers of Europe: nine-tenths of whom have no interest in the

productions of their own toil; can never elevate themselves, but are often bought and sold with the soil they cultivate. Our labouring men take an active part in the politics of the country; and, when they possess ability and virtue, the highest stations may become objects of their ambition. No man in public life more distinctly represents the political views of the party now in power, than one of the Senators from Ohio. I will now quote his opinion on the subject of the price of produce and labour. It deserves the consideration of the farmer, the labourer, the mechanic, and the manufacturer. He says, "The price of labour is entirely too high. The labourer in this country can afford to work for eleven pence a day; and, the hard-money system will bring down wages to that sum. Wheat will also come down to sixteen cents a bushel, and every thing else in proportion. This is the best tariff you can have; and the only one that can enable our manufacturers to compete with those of England. The Sub-Treasury will effect both objects: it will put down the banks, and bring wages, and every thing else down." Dean Swift was a better political economist than the Ohio Senator. He says, the luxuries and necessaries of life were cheaper in Ireland than in England; and adds, that this is always the case in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them. It was inadvertently stated, by the opposition papers, that this Senator had given utterance to these sentiments during the delivery of a speech in the Senate of the United States: which statement he pronounced to be "false and a base forgery;" and offered

a reward of one thousand dollars to any one who would produce an authenticated copy of the speech. The opinions were expressed in conversation, at Steubenville, Ohio—as has been incontrovertably proved—and not on the floor of the Senate.

A member of the Administration party is reported to have used the following language: "It is true, Sir, that a greater portion of the population of France are deprived of the use of animal food: but, does it follow that, as a whole, they are the worse off? No Sir; so far from it, I have the authority of an English statesman, who speaks from observation and a critical examination of the subject, for saying, that the reverse is the case." The member who expressed such opinions —supported by the authority of an English statesman— as to what was requisite for the necessities and comforts of the labouring-man, was enabled, by his *per diem*, to fare sumptuously every day. We will attach due consideration to such opinions, when advanced by himself and his political associates, after they shall have tried the experiment of living without meat, and shall have consented to reduce their pay to the specie standard. Would it be unjust to infer, that they had learned their philosophy from the history of "The Parish Boy's Progress;" and that they agree, with the parish beadle, in considering "*meat*" as the cause of all complaints and insubordination?

It would appear, from the expression of such opinions by prominent men of the party, that the object of this Administration is to reduce the currency, prices, and wages of this country, to European standards. Let us

examine, for a moment, into the prices of labour in a few European countries. In England, the poor labourer receives from two dollars and a half to four dollars a week. In times of distress he receives but two dollars. In both cases, he supplies his own board and lodging. In France, the price of labour averages sixteen cents a day. In Corsica, the male labourer gets twenty-four cents a day, and the female eleven cents. In Prussia, the male working-man gets from eight to thirteen cents a day: the female about half. In Holland and Belgium, the farm-labourer receives from twenty-two to twenty-eight dollars per annum: the female half. In Austria, the field-labourer is paid twenty-two cents a day, deducting one-half for board and lodging. In Russia, no wages are paid to labourers; and the serf is bought and sold with the soil. In India, the people conform to the no-meat theory, and live on rice. Such are the standards to which the Administration wishes to reduce the wages of working-men in this country. Are they prepared for such results?

A Senator of the United States remarked, a few months since, as follows: "If a labourer receive one dollar as his day's wages, and has, at the same time, to pay one dollar for a bushel of grain, and for other necessaries in proportion, he will then have no higher wages than when he receives but fifty cents a day, and, at the same time, pays but fifty cents for grain; and for other necessaries in proportion." At the first view, there appears to be nothing objectionable in this position. But let us examine its bearing on the com-

forts and interests of the labouring-man. The position is maintainable, in a restricted sense, in its application to home products; but does not apply to the articles of importation. Moreover, it does not even apply, in every view, to home productions; because, while agricultural products are low in masses, the markets which furnish, in small quantities, the daily supply for our families, are high. Our importations considerably exceed one hundred millions annually: and, as regards all such articles, low wages affect the comforts of the labouring-man; because, the price of these articles remains unchanged, while his wages are to be reduced one-half. Is it not desirable that the working-man shall be able to purchase tea, coffee, and other luxuries, for his family? But, let us look at the bearing of such doctrines on the army of office-holders. While the wages of the labouring-man are reduced one-half, the salaries of the public officers are fixed; and they receive full pay in sound currency, on which they can obtain a premium, while those who pay their salaries suffer all the inconvenience. Is that a Democratic doctrine?

That country is most prosperous where wages are highest. No other proof of this position is necessary, than to compare the condition of the labouring men of our country, a few years since, with the peasantry of France, who wear wooden shoes, dress in plain cottons, and only occasionally have meat. There is no country upon earth where the working-man is as comfortable as he was in the United States, before the experiments of the present Administration. England

gives higher wages than other countries in Europe; and, the condition of the labouring-man there, approaches nearest to his condition with us. In China, and other portions of Asia, wages are very low, and the working population live on rice.

Low wages present an insurmountable barrier to the accumulation of property by working men. Under such circumstances they cannot do more than provide daily support for themselves and families. What is to become of them when all the decrepitudes of advancing life disqualify them for their former vigorous efforts? Every man wishes to provide a home, where his wife, and children, and friends, may assemble around his own fire-side. Society does not present a picture more beautiful than that in which the neat and industrious inmates are thus assembled; and, generally, more happiness is found there than in splendid mansions. Our country could furnish many such scenes as are presented in the "Cotter's Saturday Night." We want an equal bard to confer on them a like immortality. Have such citizens no claim on the protection of the Government? The labouring-man who is in debt, will suffer from the continuance of affairs in their present tendencies. In consequence of the expectation of better days, indulgence is extended from the creditor to the debtor. When that expectation no longer exists, collections of dues will be made in conformity with legal provisions. We will suppose the labouring-man to have leased ground, and built a house, when wages were high. With the continuance of health, in such times, he could easily have made the

property his own, in fee simple. But reduce wages one-half, and he has, essentially, to pay twice the amount of rent, and the value of the property is doubled to the owner. Is this the policy of a truly Democratic Administration? Its effect is to make the rich, richer; and the poor, poorer. The results I have depicted have, as yet, been only partially felt. But they are in progress; and, with the continuance of present measures, cannot be averted. Let the People, before it is too late, take charge of their own interests, and apply the proper correctives.

If the People be not true to themselves, to whom can they look for relief? When the oppressed children of Israel cried to Pharoah on account of their burdens, he taunted them, and refused their petition. They appealed to another tribunal, and the oppressor was overthrown. This Administration repels the complaints of the People, by telling them they are not to expect relief from those they have placed in power. If the heavens become brass above our heads, and the earth iron under our feet: if the ground refuse to reward the labour of the husbandman, and our cattle die on a thousand hills, we submit, without a murmur, to the will of Him whose right it is to reign. But, we deny that the People have no claim on civil Governments. Why did our forefathers separate from England? Because, when they were suffering under oppression, England refused to listen, or to relieve. She taxed her subjects, at the same time denying them the right of representation; and quartered her soldiers upon them, in order to compel submission to her oppressive

laws. And are we to submit to oppression, after having tasted the blessings of liberty? The proper corrective is in the peaceful remedy supplied by the ballot-box, not in the sword.

Why should our adopted citizens support this Administration? Why did you leave the home of your fathers, to seek a dwelling-place in a New World? Because you were trampled in the dust by despotism. And you came to these shores that you might enjoy the blessings of plenty and of liberty; and that, as the generous reward of labour, you might become owners in the soil. What will you have gained by having fled from one despotism, to be oppressed by another? It is your interest to aid in preserving the purity of our institutions, not only on account of yourselves and your children; but, also in behalf of your countrymen, who, in future days, may wish to find a refuge from the iron bondage of the Old World. Two hundred years ago, the Genius of Liberty rested on the rock of Plymouth—a second Ararat amidst the universal deluge of despotism. She has hovered over our soil, and extended her benefactions like the dews of heaven. A rich harvest of blessings has followed; and *here* man appreciates the dignity of his nature. He walks abroad in his own majesty; and, not fearing the frown of any tyrant, he bows down in humble adoration, and worships the God of Nations. Where else can liberty find a resting-place? Africa has been covered with thick darkness for six thousand years; and never, except for a period on her Northern shores, has civilization been found among her sable children. Ignorance

and superstition destroy the energies of man on the plains of Asia. Europe has been defiled with the blood of Poland; and the spirit of Kosciusko demands revenge on the oppressors of the free. The Isles of the Sea have not received the light of civilization and of Christianity; and, where that light does not shine, liberty cannot dwell. *Here*, then, is her last resting-place; and the oppressed of every land, whose souls pant for freedom, may turn their longing eyes to our shores, and exclaim, "Wherever liberty dwells, *there* is my country." If she be exiled from our land, she must return to that world from which she came.

JOHN WILKES.*

THE contest between Mr. Wilkes and the English Government, is one of the most remarkable cases in the political and judicial history of England. Notwithstanding the striking analogy between that case, and a recent occurrence in this country, I have no knowledge that it has, during the late political contest, been made the subject of comment, or allusion by public speakers, or political writers.

In 1762, a weekly political paper, called the Briton, was established for the defence of the measures of Lord Bute, and was conducted by Dr. Smollett. Mr. Wilkes, highly incensed at the abuse so bitterly lavished by this paper on his political friends, established another weekly paper for their defence, and styled it the North Briton. The forty-fifth number of this paper, containing remarks on a speech of the King in relation to the foreign policy of the Government, came under the notice of the law-officers of the Crown; and was pronounced by them to be an infamous and seditious libel, having a tendency to alienate the affections of the people from the King, and to excite insurrection. A *general warrant*—that vile instrument of oppres-

*This article was written during the Autumn of 1840.

sion, and so destructive of the liberty of the people—was issued, and returns made on it; and, notwithstanding each return made it *functum officio*, it was issued four times. This general warrant was served on Mr. Wilkes on the street; but, not finding his name in the instrument, he told the officer if he used violence to him there, he would kill him on the spot, as the warrant was illegal, and a violation of the rights of an Englishman. The officer agreed to go to the house of Mr. Wilkes, who, constrained by force, was taken thence to the office of the Secretary of State. In order to evade the writ of *habeas corpus* which had been issued, his custody was changed four times in twelve hours; and he was finally committed to the Tower. His house was then searched by the officers: closets, bureaus, and drawers were broken open: all his papers—his will and private pocket-book among them—were collected, and taken to the office of the Secretary. Two noblemen offered to become his bail in one hundred thousand pounds each; but, their proposal was not noticed. Mr. Wilkes refused his consent to the offer to give bail, unless his health failed; as he was determined to test what protection British law would afford to a freeman.

He was brought, by a writ of *habeas corpus*, before the Court of Common Pleas—Lord Chief-Justice Pratt presiding at this remarkable trial, which was to decide whether English liberty was a reality, or a shadow. He was discharged by the unanimous decision of the Court. Regarded by the people as the champion of English liberty, he was carried in triumph

and with acclamation by a vast multitude, and his liberation was celebrated by bonfires and illuminations.

Actions at law were commenced against the officers who had been instruments in the proceeding, and heavy fines were imposed by the juries. Lord North confessed, during a debate in Parliament, that this case cost the Government more than one hundred thousand pounds. Lord Halifax, the Secretary of State, evaded a decision on his case until Mr. Wilkes was outlawed; and then advanced the plea, that, as an outlaw, he could not hold any action. After the outlawry was reversed, the action was revived; and a verdict of four thousand pounds damages was rendered against Lord Halifax.

The results of this case, by the decision of a High Court of England, were, 1st. That there were but three cases which could possibly affect the privilege of a member of Parliament; viz. treason, felony, and a breach of the peace: and that, although a libel, in the sense of the law, was a high misdemeanour, it did not come within any one of these three cases. 2d. That the seizure of papers, except in cases of high treason, was illegal. 3d. That the warrant was illegal. When it is considered how important these decisions were to the private relations, and personal liberty of every man in the kingdom, it is not strange that Mr. Wilkes became the idol of the people; that he was elected Sheriff and Lord Mayor of London; and was repeatedly returned to Parliament, notwithstanding his expulsion from that body. He thus speaks of himself: "Whilst I live, I shall enjoy the satisfaction of thinking that I

have not lived in vain: that my name will pass with honour to posterity for the part I have acted, and for my unwearied endeavours to protect and secure the persons, houses, and papers of my fellow-subjects, from arbitrary visits and seizures." When the results of this remarkable case are considered, the propriety of the description of it given by Mr. Burke—as a tragi-comedy acted by the officers of the Crown, at the expense of the Constitution—will be appreciated.

These reminiscences of the political and judicial history of England have been caused by a recent case of the seizure of private papers. Such acts were not sanctioned by British law, eighty years ago, in the monarchical government of England. The name of Jeffries remains on the page of British history as a reproach to human nature, because he defiled the pure ermine of justice, that he might gratify the desires of a tyrannical master. While Justice suspends her scales her eyes are blinded, that she may be able to make her decisions without partiality. What says the Bill of Rights of the State in which this seizure was made? "The right of the People to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, ought not to be violated; and no warrant can issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."—I Rev. Stat. 93. The principles upon which this article of the Revised Statutes is based, have long been established in England; and are recognised by the Constitutions of all the States of the Union.

What right had the heads of the civil and municipal law of the city of New York to seize, without judicial process, the private papers of a citizen? Is not a man's house his castle? Did not the individual to whose keeping the papers were entrusted, represent the owner? Were not these officers bound by the Bill of Rights? Are the authorized interpreters of the law, above all law? Justice must die, if her own dispensers be permitted to give her the fatal stab. Her temples must perish, if her robes be worn by those whose putrescence generates the flames by which those temples will be consumed.

The time has arrived for a dispassionate examination of the acts of the twelve past years. The excitement of party strife has ceased: the voice of constitutional liberty will again be heard. Now is the time to realize the beautiful sentiment of Milton, Peace has her victories, no less renowned than War.

WILLIAM LENHART.*

THE seed which produces the most luxuriant harvest requires proper cultivation to make it minister to the necessities of man. The marble which is taken from the quarry has no attraction for the eye, until the chisel of the sculptor displays its tortuous veins, and gives the beauty of proportion. So, genius of the highest order—without the fostering care of patrons, and a suitable field for its display—often lies buried with the unknown possessor; and mankind are little sensible that a brilliant sun has gone down in darkness, which, under more favourable circumstances, would have fertilized and adorned society. If Lord Clive had not been employed as a clerk in India, he would, probably, never have displayed that brilliant genius which gave him rank with the nobility of England, and astonished the world.

William Lenhart was the son of a respectable silversmith of York, Pennsylvania, where he was born in January, 1787. His education received but little attention until, when he was about fourteen years old, Dr. Adrain—then obscure, but since extensively known as a mathematician—opened a school in York, and

*I am indebted to the Princeton Review for the facts on which this article is based.

young Lenhart became one of his pupils. Adrain soon discovered the great mathematical talents of his pupil; and assumed towards him much of the relation of a companion in study. The rock was smitten, and the waters of genius commenced to flow in an abundant stream. Before he left the school of Dr. Adrain he became a contributor to the "Mathematical Correspondent"—a periodical published in New York.

When he was about seventeen, he entered as clerk a store in Baltimore. At that time he was remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the agreeableness of his manners. While he remained in Baltimore, he occupied his leisure hours with reading and mathematical studies; and he made contributions to the "Mathematical Correspondent;" and also to the "Analyst," published by Dr. Adrain in Philadelphia. At the age of seventeen, he obtained a medal for the solution of a mathematical prize question.

After remaining in Baltimore about four years, Lenhart undertook the care of the books in a commercial house in Philadelphia. As a clerk and bookkeeper he was unrivalled. Such was the estimation in which he was held by the house, that, after three years, they offered him a partnership, by the terms of which they were to supply the capital—his eminent personal services being considered by them as an equivalent. During this period he cultivated mathematicial science.

Lenhart was now about twenty-four years old; and, thus far, his career—considering the difficulties with which he had to contend—had been one of great prosperity and promise. As to the remainder, "shadows,

clouds, and darkness rest upon it." When the pride of the forest is preyed upon by the worm, we are not pained by its gradual decay. The rude tempest passes by, and it falls in the beauty of its foliage. The majestic oak, as it stands upon the mountain-top, may be splintered by the lightning; but our feelings of regret, as we survey the prostrate trunk, are absorbed by the contemplation of the power of the Almighty. We have different emotions when it has been scathed, and withers, and every wind of heaven blows through its leafless branches. Deep must have been the anguish of Lenhart as he contemplated his situation, and felt that the bright prospects of his life were overcast, almost as soon as the morning sun had arisen. But, he calmly bowed his head to the stroke; and his noble spirit enabled him to endure, with a martyr's patience, that which, in the amount of suffering, surpassed the torture and the flame.

About this period he sustained a serious injury in consequence of being thrown from a carriage. The result was paralysis of the lower extremities. His sufferings, during the subsequent sixteen years, were indescribable. The intervals of pain were employed with light literature and music. In the latter art he made great proficiency, and was supposed to be the best chamber flute-player in this country. He composed variations to some pieces of music, expressive of the anguish produced by the disappointment of his fondly cherished hopes of domestic happiness: hopes based on a matrimonial engagement—the result of a mutual attachment from early life. These variations he would

perform with such exquisite feeling as deeply to affect all who heard him. In 1828, having so far recovered as to walk with difficulty, he again fractured his leg by a fall. His sufferings, at this time, were almost too great for human nature to endure. The progress of his disease paralysed his lips, and he could no longer amuse himself by playing on the flute: and, as light literature did not give sufficient employment to his active mind, he relieved the weariness of his confinement by the pursuit of mathematical science. It was under such unfavourable circumstances that he made those advances in abstruse science which have conferred distinction on his name. A year before his death, he wrote to a friend the following sentence, which will be duly appreciated by the mathematical reader: "My afflictions appear to me to be not unlike an infinite series, composed of complicated terms, gradually and regularly increasing—in sadness and suffering—and becoming more and more involved; and, hence, the abstruseness of its summation; but, when it shall be summed in the end, by the Great Arbiter and Master of all, it is to be hoped that the formula resulting, will be found to be not only entirely free from surds, but perfectly pure and rational, even unto an integer."

Until 1828, Mr. Lenhart was oppressed to such a degree by complicated afflictions, that he did not devote his attention to mathematical science. After this period he resumed these studies for the purpose of mental employment; and contributed various articles to mathematical journals. In 1836, the publication of the Mathematical Miscellany was commenced in New

York; and his fame was established by his contributions to that journal. I do not design to enter on a detail of his profound researches. He attained an eminence in science of which the noblest intellects might well be proud; and that too as an amusement, when suffering from afflictions which, we might suppose, would have disqualified him for intellectual labour. It will be sufficient to remark that he has left behind him a reputation—in the estimation of those who knew him—as the most eminent Diophantine Algebraist that has ever lived. The eminence of this reputation will be duly estimated when it is recollected that illustrious men—such as Euler, Lagrange, and Gauss—are his competitors for fame in the cultivation of the Diophantine Analysis. Well might he say, that he felt as if he had been admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the great temple of Numbers, and permitted to revel amongst its curiosities.

Notwithstanding his great mathematical genius, Mr. Lenhart did not extend his investigations into the modern analysis, and the differential calculus, as far as he did into the Diophantine Analysis. He thus accounts for it: "My taste lies in the old fashioned, pure Geometry, and the Diophantine Analysis, in which every result is perfect; and, beyond the exercise of these two beautiful branches of the mathematics, at my time of life, and under present circumstances, I feel no inclination to go."

During the autumn of 1839, intense suffering and great emaciation indicated that his days were almost numbered. His intellectual powers did not decay; but,

like the Altamont of Young, he was "still strong to reason, still mighty to suffer." He indulged in no murmurs on account of the severity of his fate. True nobility submits with grace to that which is inevitable. Cæsar has claims on the admiration of posterity for the dignity with which, when he had received the dagger of Brutus, he wrapped his cloak around his person, and fell at the feet of Pompey's statue. Lenhart was conscious of the impulses of his high intellect; and his heart must have swelled within him when he contemplated the victories he might have achieved, and the laurels he might have won. But, he knew "his lot forbade" that he should leave other than "short and simple annals" for posterity. He died with the calmness imparted by philosophy and Christianity. Religion conferred upon him her consolations in that hour when it is only by religion that consolation can be bestowed: and, as he descended into the darkness and silence of the grave, he believed there was another and a better world, in which the immortal mind will drink at the fountain-head of knowledge, unencumbered with the decaying tabernacle of clay by which its lofty aspirations are here confined as with chains.

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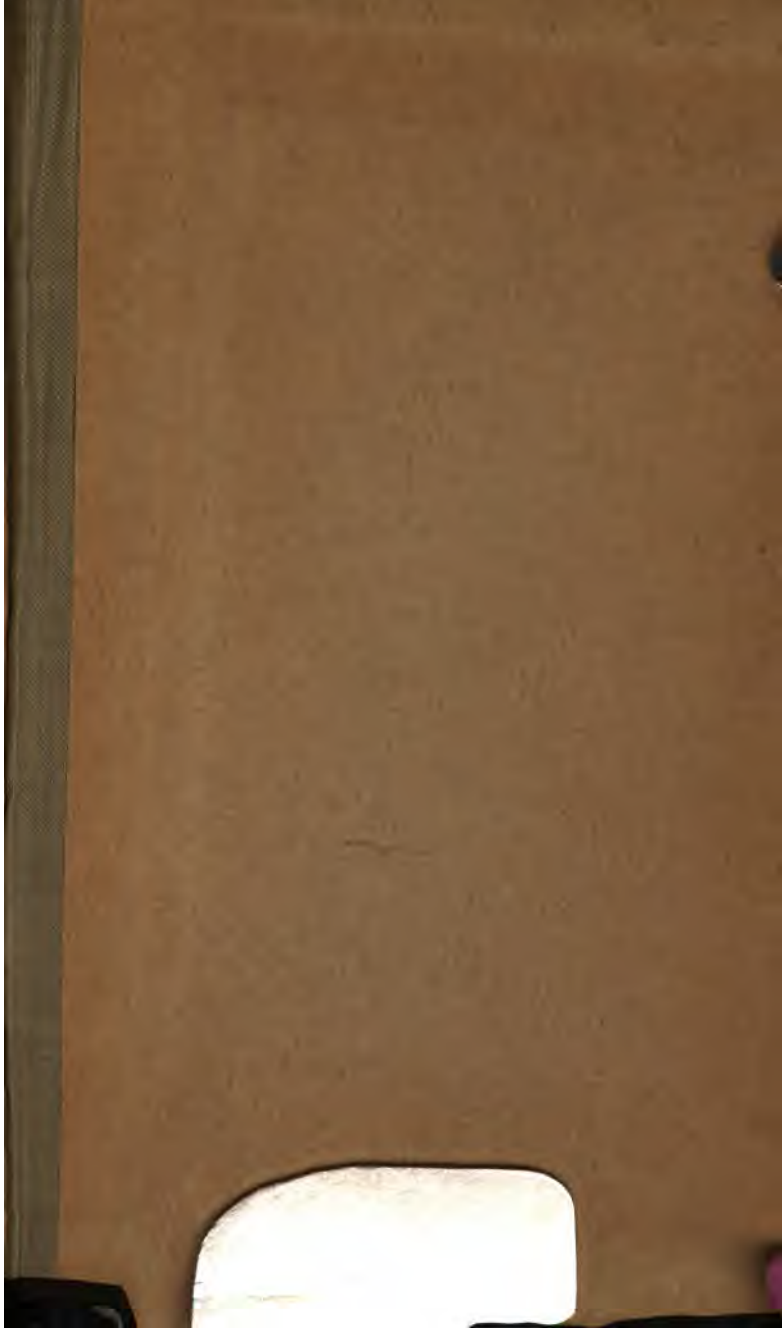
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